

**A SHOPPING
GUIDE TO
PARIS**

**THERESE AND
LOUISE BONNEY**





A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS

*M. Thérèse & Louise
Bonney*

GRANDMAISO
DE BLANC

GRANDS
BOULEVARDS
TELEGRAMME
ALL NIGHT

ALL

ESCARPOT

HALLS

BAZAR

HOTEL DE
VILLE

LE DOME

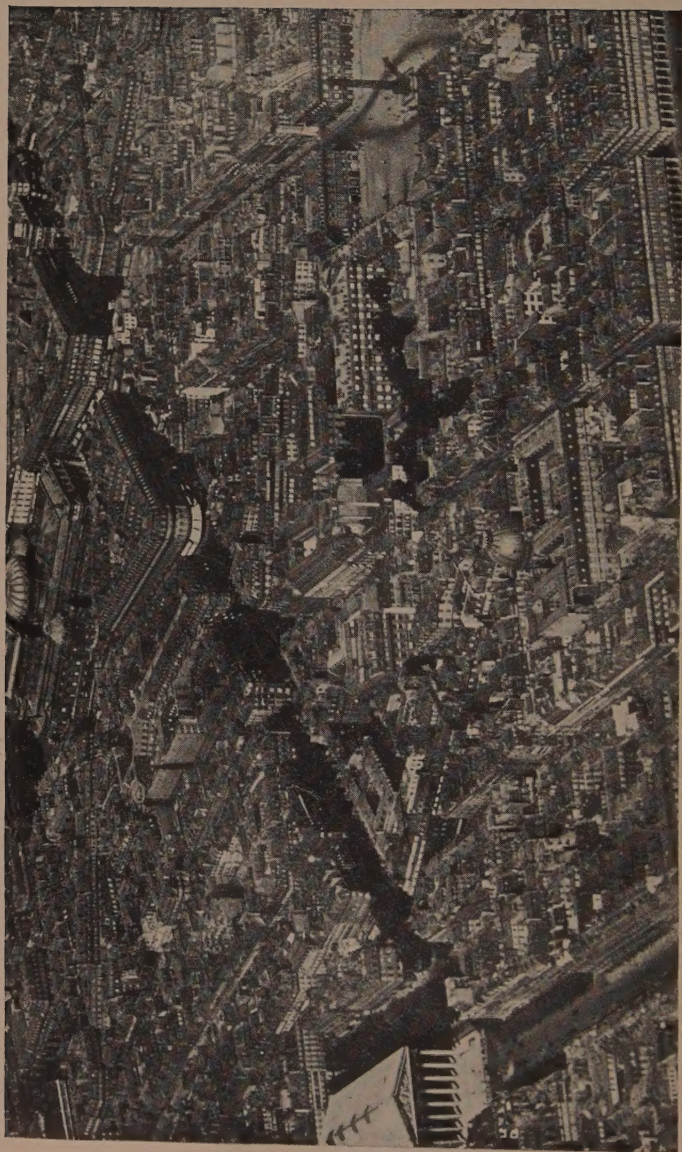
LA TOUR

LA TOUR
D'ARGENT

Mary S. Hollaway

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A SHOPPING GUIDE
TO PARIS



THIS IS PARIS OF THE GRANDS BOULEVARDS, THE RUE ROYALE, THE RUE DE LA PAIX, THE PLACE VENDÔME; THE MECCA OF ALL THOSE WHO WANT FINE THINGS TO WEAR, GOOD THINGS TO EAT AND GAY THINGS TO DO.

A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS

By
THÉRÈSE AND
LOUISE BONNEY

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A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS

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FOREWORD

You are going to Paris!

Dozens of books have been written telling you *what* to see—from the precious Sainte-Chapelle to the Ritz bar at noon. Now, *we* are writing to tell you *where* to buy, knowing from our experience of more than a few years—close experience with Paris and visitors—that buying is of as much importance as sightseeing in this enchanting city. It is our belief that you will derive as much pleasure from the “perfect gown,” a really authentic Louis XIV chair, the gift that will delight because it is the *dernier cri*, the unique setting of an aquamarine, the glowing beauty of a Gobelin, even the simple perfection of a handkerchief—as keen pleasure from the purchase of these as from the façade of some historic monument or some more *recherché hôtel particulier*. As much pleasure and all the more chagrin, if you make mistakes!

It is so easy to make these mistakes—in Paris. Shoppers, however sure of themselves at home and however confident that they know just what they want or will recognize it when they see it, succumb how often to the spell of some *bonbonnière* of a shop or the delicious appearance of its particular type of “confections” or the ingratiating manners of those in charge, in which case almost anything seems worth the asking price. [We hope to help protect you against yourselves.

And Paris shop-keepers are not always disingenuous. The invasion of France by perhaps 350,000 Americans each year has centered and unduly advertised certain business activities of the capital, so that without indi-

vidual direction or a word of friendly caution you are only too likely to be taken in by some "merely good" French product instead of the really chic or precious one.

You are safe enough in admiring Nôtre-Dame. Since it isn't for sale, you are beyond temptation. But when it comes to the many removable objects devised to unfasten the purse-strings of *Messieurs, Dames*—of all you "millionaire" *américains*—then you may not mind a bit of advice; for it is the quality of what you bring back with you that will give your trip distinction and the legitimate cost of it that will keep it an ever-pleasant memory.

This book is planned to "guide" you in the shopping world, to help you "make both ends meet" in this all too charming city, and to save you time when time is most valuable. Naturally you won't find listed and described every nook and corner where you can exchange your shining American dollars for miracles of French taste and ingenuity, because there are hundreds of dress-makers and milliners, dozens of bootmakers and jewelers. Nor, on the other hand, will all of you need to call the doctor in the middle of the night, or want a Lanvin gown or a Chateau desk. But some one of you will. We have gone shopping, and more than "shopping" in many fields, hoping that you will find the answers to most of your Paris questions.

It is our idea to introduce you to the most reliable houses, not only the internationally famous but also the more modest ones hidden in little crooked streets where the thrifty Frenchwoman and often her grandmother before her have bought charm with sous instead of francs. If you do not find your favorite dressmaker or your pet perfumer, know that each one given is somebody's favorite! Ten years of happy contact with the different

figures of this intricate world of styles—*grand couturier* and wholesaler, manufacturer and designer, artist and artisan, client and modiste—have favored us with many secrets which we can share with you.

And, incidentally, bear this in mind: we shall be happy to answer your questions and to keep on sharing secrets with you.

Further, we keep open house at our Paris address and shall be glad to help you. And, since turn about is fair play, if you have any contributions which you would like to share with the other 349,999 travelers for use in future editions of this book, these too will be welcome.

L. B. AND T. B.

*82 Rue des Petits Champs, Paris,
March 15, 1929.*

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The famous Prosper Montagné attends personally to the details of administering his restaurant even to the purchasing of supplies, as do many of his contemporaries. As at the Escargot, the chef performs the rite of binding the pigs' feet 231

ERRATA

The caption of the upper illustration, facing page 27, should read:

THE EXTREMELY MODERN *SALON INTIME* AT ELSPETH CHAMP-COMMUNAL'S. MURALS BY PRUNA WHOSE ART WAS AWARDED A PRIZE AT THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT.

A SHOPPING GUIDE
TO PARIS

CHAPTER I

THE DRESSMAKING WORLD

WHAT—another book about Paris?

No wonder you ask, for each year recently has brought its quota. Books that take you sightseeing, some laboriously, others pleasantly. Books that take you slumming in strange quarters of this romantic city. Books that lead you by the hand and brazenly “crash the doors” of shrinking celebrities. Books that tell you how to recognize the wine when it is red, and when it is white!

Still we have the presumption to offer another, because no one else has thought to write about shopping. More thousands of American dollars are spent in this activity than in any other by visitors to Paris. It is a difficult thing to spend them wisely in a city that offers so much. Hence, these 75,000 words suggesting ways of “making both ends meet.” Even if you are not planning a Paris trip, much of this book may make shopping in America more interesting and satisfactory and exciting, now that the ocean is really getting smaller every day. Whether you go to France or stay at home, there are few of you who are not interested in Paris clothes and Paris dress-makers. So we shall start with this world, which represents one of the largest industries of France, as well as one of its most important art expressions.

Any American woman trained by the monthlies, the dailies, and the rotogravure knows the leading dress-makers and milliners of Paris by name at least. If she

is discerning and interested she knows rather well the points that distinguish one from another. She can tell a Vionnet dress from a Poiret, and an Agnès hat from a Reboux. She is probably living in the dream that when she goes to Paris she will have one Paris gown at least, and as many more as her budget allows, possibly squeezing the budget a little! But when she arrives she finds that she cannot walk easily into a dressmaking establishment and buy a dress. This world has its etiquette. It serves best those who follow its ways. It is obliged to surround itself with safeguards, for the copyist is always alert. What may seem like positive ungraciousness is usually only an intolerance of some intrusion in its harmoniously ordered life, or a protective interest in knowing who you are and why you are there. At the entrance of every stranger this question is in the dressmaker's mind, and it must be answered satisfactorily if the stranger enters again. Then too there are times when strangers are less welcome, especially at the beginning of seasons when the houses are showing to journalists and transatlantic and European buyers. Usually there are two such openings, one the last week in July or the first in August; the other the last week in January or the first in February, the August one coinciding with the summer influx of Americans.

You will want to decide this important matter of the dress first, whether it be one or a dozen that you are selecting. It is the foundation of your shopping, and unto it must be added hats, gloves, shoes, bag, fur, scarf, handkerchiefs, stockings, jewelry, if you follow the smart Parisian woman in the emphasis she places on the ensemble. *Where* you will go for it depends on your taste and your pocketbook, but your shopping experience in any one house will be much the same as in any other,

and quite different from the Fifth Avenue formula. So perhaps you will be saved time and confusion if you know the technique of this kind of buying.

The price is of first importance! If the prices of the *grands couturiers* are beyond your range it will be best not to go, for no house is interested in giving some three hours or more of personal attention to a client who has no intention of buying. One experience "eye-shopping," and your welcome may be less warm next time. The prices range from seventy-five dollars for the simplest sport dress to thousands of dollars for something magnificent in the way of a fur coat. There are, however, few models at this minimum and not every large house has such a minimum. The houses really in vogue during any season are apt to have a low price of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Do you want to pay this? If you do, very well—start out on one of the thrilling experiences of your life. If you do not, my advice is this: (1) buy at the semi-annual sales of the big houses when the models are disposed of cheaply; (2) find a good dressmaker who, with many of the resources of Rodier, Bianchini, and the other fabric creators at her command, a searching eye, and nimble fingers, can do very well by you inexpensively; or (3)—and this may surprise you—buy some of the many good copies of French models in American department stores and shops! There are smaller houses, to be sure, myriads of them—Alice's, Germaine's, Madeleine's, Marie's. They are usually the result of the superior imagination and initiative, or the good fortune of a *première*, a *vendeuse* (saleswoman), or a designer from a big house. Sometimes, of course, they "grow up" into establishments of the first class. This type of house between the *grand couturier* and the less pretentious dressmaker, this book will not attempt

to cover. There are too many, their standards are not easily determinable, and their prices are not low enough to make purchases a bargain. Still we do not want to discourage you completely from experimenting with them. If you have a friend with admirable taste who has been well pleased with one, follow in her footsteps by all means if you want to. For myself I see little point in paying more for a gown than I should pay for one of like quality in New York and not enjoying the distinction of having one from a well-known creator.

The sales we have mentioned are held by most of the houses once or twice a year just before the showing of the new collection, to dispose of three types of models: (1) model gowns from the last collection; (2) model gowns which have been made for special exhibitions in other European cities; (3) new gowns, sometimes unfinished, ordered by a client but not delivered because of a precipitate departure or some other reason. Sometimes a house will sell these models throughout the year to clients whom it knows well. If your figure is an average one you will often find wonderful bargains. In many houses alterations will be made so that you can be fitted perfectly. Expect to find better bargains in street and sport clothes than in the more perishable dinner and evening gowns. If you become rather well known in a house, don't hesitate to say to your vendeuse as you are seeing an original collection—"Save that model for me, please, at the end of the season." If she likes you she will! And you will have the model for half price or less, depending on its condition. Mention will be made of these *soldes* again in the discussions of the different dressmakers.

The "little dressmaker" is a big figure in the average American woman's mind! She can buy many of her

fabrics from the big houses. She follows style movements through all the avenues known to the clever Parisienne. She is "tricky" with her needle, or rather her little midinettes are tricky with *their* needles. There are hundreds of her in the city to a few of whom we shall introduce you in another chapter.

Now if you have decided that you really want to shop in the high world of fashion you will want to know something of its etiquette. The collections of the big houses are shown once or twice daily, *at* the appointed hour, always ten-thirty or eleven in the morning, and two-thirty or three in the afternoon. The order of showing is usually from sport dresses on through to evening gowns, following the activities and the interests of a woman's day. The collection is shown only once although individual models may be repeated. There are from one hundred twenty-five to four hundred models depending on the policy of the house. Patou, for instance, designs prolifically, discarding the less popular models after the first week or two. These models, incidentally, often appear as exceptional bargains in the sales. The models are presented on mannequins, who have more graces than "bathing beauties," sometimes the more obvious ones which mark the mannequin, again the more subtle ones due to the training of the house or the background of the individual mannequin, for some of these girls are well born. You must not always expect to find facial beauty of a startling order. Their greatest asset is a well-proportioned body and a sense of this particular kind of drama which lies perhaps in an abstraction approaching art. Symbols of beauty, not flesh-and-blood beauty; mannequins, not individuals!

The models are either named or numbered, and the names will be a joy to you if you understand French!

Although you are usually given a program it is well to have your own memorandum book and pencil for note-taking. The parade is a little bewildering and your ideas of the gowns you liked best may be rather vague at the end. Your entry into a house will be less embarrassing and confusing if you know the name of a vendeuse or of a friend who has purchased there. If you do not, ask the directrice to be assigned one. She will usually speak at least "dressmakers' English." Her rôle is to stand by, to answer questions about name, price, material, and to note your favorites if you ask her. Do not hesitate to call the mannequin to you, and to inspect any details of the gown which may interest you. After the collection has been exhibited, you can ask to have any model reshown, either "in hand," or on the mannequin. As a rule it is best to insist on the mannequin, as it is impossible to know the values of a gown, the subtlety of line, the flow of material, and the relation to the figure, unless you see it on a model.

If now you find yourself really interested in buying, either order immediately or leave your name and address as is the custom, and return the next day, when the collection is not being shown to discuss the order with your vendeuse, and possibly with the head of the house. Consider well color, line, material. You can change the color if you feel sure of your taste; you can change the line somewhat to adapt it to peculiarities of taste or figure; but—you won't change the material unless you are particularly courageous or particularly foolish! This involves a very real risk since a model is practically always created around the texture values of a fabric. As a rule the fewer the changes, the greater the success. Changes too involve special handling in the workrooms and special fittings. If the model is materially changed

in spite of all this advice, think to ask the price, as it may be quite different, one way or the other! Perhaps it will be well to give you one more piece of advice here—Do not “bargain” as a rule. It is not the thing to do. These houses have artistic and commercial integrity, and unless you are an old customer or are ordering extensively, it is best not to question the established price.

Your fitting will be assigned to you. Be on time! Otherwise your fitter and your vendeuse may be required for another fitting before yours is over, and it does not pay to take chances with this new gown. The vendeuse takes charge of the fitting, advising minor changes if you are not interested in directing matters yourself. Sometimes she does very well, sometimes *not* so well! So do not hesitate to make suggestions if you are not satisfied and are one of those fortunate people who know what they can and what they cannot wear. I strongly advise a final trying-on, although most houses do not provide for it. But to guard against disappointment if you have set your heart on wearing this particular gown for some special occasion, or are leaving the city immediately, *insist* upon it, even if attempts are made to discourage you. A little nip under the arm, an inch more of freedom in the belt may make all the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful evening!

If you are not an old customer, arrange to pay at this last fitting or have the money ready in the hotel office when the gargon delivers the gown. It is the custom of the country to send a bill legalized by the stamp, with the delivery. Your response should be to pay. It is in no sense a reflection on your credit.

This—the technique of the order. The houses vary slightly in methods of presentation and control, but the principles are the same. Now the question is—

Where is this important gown to be bought? Out of the dozens of dressmakers in Paris, which will you choose? Obviously a difficult question for you or me to answer, given different tastes and different pocketbooks. So in the following discussion I shall try only to make you feel at home with certain of the dressmakers, and to save you from going to Poiret if you have a Vionnet soul!

Now and then some one springs into print with a list of the ten leading dressmakers of Paris, the ten highest of the high! I shall not presume to do that. The finest house in the city will not interest you if the spirit of its creations does not appeal to you. The house which boasts a startling success this year may not be so popular next, due to any one of a number of factors: a change of important designers, a change in management, the loss of a fine fitter, the failure of the season's materials to inspire the head of the house as happily as last year's. You should know enough of the personalities and the policies of a house to decide for yourself whether it will interest you. An unexpected detail may convince you more than any starred list or special recommendation. The well-dressed woman, no matter how she accomplishes this end, attends to the matter herself. So I shall leave the ratings to you.

The Champs-Élysées is becoming the new Rue de la Paix of Paris. We shall start there with the house of Jenny. If you are interested in interiors you will look to see what gives this house its charm. Perhaps you will be clever enough to feel soon that Madame Jenny is one of those rare people who can express the spirit of the age in beauty not incompatible with older beauties. She has shown her great artistry in the complementary expressions of elimination and creation: retaining the



THE FOUR CELEBRATED COUTOURIERS—O'ROSSEN, THE MASTER TAILOR; LELONG OF THE "KINETIC LINE"; MADAME JENNY, THE CREATIVE ARTIST, AND THE PEERLESS JEAN PATOU—HELP TO MOLD THE WORLD OF FASHION.



MADAME AGNES, THE FAMOUS MODISTE, WHOSE PORTRAIT IS SHOWN AT THE LEFT, HAS HER HATS
 MODELED TO THE PERSONALITY OF HER PATRONS.

gracious proportions and paneled outlines of the old rooms; eliminating the old decorative panels and substituting steel gray satin with exquisite embroideries of modernized flower motifs in white. Her salons do not shriek aloud that they are modern nor do they form an anachronistic background for the essentially modern clothes which she presents. The harsh spirit of to-day has been absorbed and given forth again in gentler outlines in Jenny's studio and in her creations.

Jenny herself is a strictly modern woman. She has one of the smartest haircuts in Paris. She wears the uniform of the business woman, the two-piece dress, cleverly individualized. One day it may be a pleated skirt with a charming sweater formalized by gold threads, made personal by the tiny line of blue around the bottom, repeated in the string of turquoise around her neck. You know that the selection of the color, the old pink of her collection perhaps, and the introduction of that simple line of blue which marries it to the turquoise, has been voluntary, an expression of an alert and creative mind; but unconscious too, so that she can wear it with all the unconcern of a really well-dressed woman, as she has created it with the unconcern of a true artist.

Unlike many creators Mme. Jenny does not make a mystery of herself. She appears often in her salons and she gives much individual attention to customers, always being ready to select harmonies of color, to advise slight changes of line, to cast the final eye over a difficult fitting—to direct the execution as well as the creation of a gown. Possibly this is the result of her peculiar training which has given her as much interest in the logical working out of an idea as in the immediate operation. For—Jenny started out to be a professor! She went through all the preparations, which demand a fine mind

and a cultural background in France. After her Junior College diploma she took one of the heaviest examinations in France, to which a limited number are admitted and passed brilliantly. This admitted her to the Ecole Normale de Sèvres, one of the outstanding educational institutions in the country. But having thus given herself the discipline of this training she decided to enter the world of dress creators! A courageous decision for a woman who saw a certain brilliant success before her in another field. But Madame Jenny knew what she wanted, and this certainly has carried her through to a more brilliant success in the field she chose.

After an apprenticeship in a smaller house, she started as an individual dressmaker with Madame Cosne in the fall of 1910. Mme. Cosne, the technician, and Mme. Jenny, the creator and the critic. Jenny Sacerdote, "High Priestess,"—in this case there was magic in a name.

By the time the world was beginning to feel this new spirit that we call "modern," she was well enough established so that her influence was considerable. Therefore, when she began to crash through the old routine of morning dress, afternoon dress, dinner gown, and evening gown, with models dedicated to *sport*—in France where the idea of woman and sports was long in penetrating—the innovation became important. Soon she had developed a special department featuring sport models, so that her house became unusually popular with Americans. Others of her ideas have taken the style world by storm—the Jenny neck for instance—entirely new, and in its time, devastating to the conservative ideas of what a neck line should be. She always includes a lovely white evening gown in each collection—

a test of the sureness of her taste and the versatility of her creating.

Jenny never shows in the morning. This time is devoted to her private clientèle, and the solving of problems which come up in orders and fittings. This recognition of the importance of seeing a gown beyond the order stage, of putting the satisfaction of a present customer ahead of the business of getting new customers, assures you of a gown conceived and carried to its successful completion under the direction of an artist. Not satisfied with two conventional openings Jenny brings out two or three models a week throughout the year. Some designed for a special client, some for the collection of the house. About eight hundred models a year!

In addition to the clothes you will also find *chez* Jenny, all the delicious accompaniments of a woman's lounging hours: *négligés*, pajamas, bed throws with matching pillows, bed linen, divan covers, lingerie, the *sauté lit* that nonchalant *négligé* which you throw on with a single gesture when you jump out of bed, the *liseuse*, or bed jacket, relegated too often in America to the wardrobe of the invalid. Her interest in the active hours of a woman's day has not affected her woman's appreciation of the necessity of beauty for the "rest" hours. The Frenchwoman has not lost the secret of relaxing gracefully and charmingly, an art which we might do well to cultivate in our more strenuous life. If you want to start the good habit now, it will be a joy for Madame Jenny to choose colors and textures for your boudoir appointments and wardrobe, that will make you pleased with yourself in this new rôle. Simple if you want them simple, or exquisite and elegant, for Mme. Jenny was awarded the Grand Prix d'Elégance last year—a gold and ivory cup. Whatever your demands

she will appraise you sensitively. She has the art as her varied clientèle shows, Mme. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Maharenee of Kapurthala, Ruth Elder, the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Princess Lotfalha, the Queen of Egypt, Mary Pickford, Mlle. Vallet, the wife of Maurice Chevalier. From East to West, from conservative society to the variety hall, from the seclusion of a Hindu lady to the adventurous life of a Ruth Elder! Possibly from one of her Eastern clients, Jenny learned the secret of her famous Crème de Visage, the only toilet accessory she carries, a cream for the tiny wrinkles under the eyes! She has never confided the secret of its magic but she guarantees that it will work.

The house holds only one sale a year, on the first Saturday in December, when you can buy gowns from three hundred francs up. You take the *soldes*, on-sale models, as you find them, the house making no alterations. M. Bernard will see that you are assigned a vendeuse if you ask him.

Across from Jenny on the Champs-Élysées is the house of Chantal. Unlike Jenny, Chantal is a "mystery woman." She is rumored to be Russian because she has so many Russian mannequins. But she is not. She is rumored to be a titled woman unwilling to disclose her identity. Probably she is not. She has managed to keep her secrets whatever they are. Many of the representatives of the fabric houses never see her. She rarely goes into her salons, although she gives a great deal of very personal attention to orders. Problems are usually taken to her in her "ivory tower."

However, if you are discerning you can learn much from her collections. You will see that she is a woman of great refinement, with an exceptional background which gives her the proper "feel" for the relation of a

gown to its occasion. Her creations have that indefinable quality which indicates a direct contact with the world for which they are intended. She does her own designing, so that the collection has an unusual harmony. You will like most of her models if you like one. Perhaps you will see her enter the salon one day—a striking blonde woman, young, barely thirty—who might wear very well indeed, the gold evening coat which you have chosen for yourself, or that subtle harmony of mauve, red, purple, which promises great distinction and striking effect, without the sacrifice of quiet good taste. Her special forte, perhaps, is combinations of color—daring with the essence of refinement, provocative but not bizarre. You can always expect to find some unusual combination of materials in her sport clothes which removes them from the “uniform” of the season. Be sure to see, too, her beach pajamas and bathing suits. If you are not interested in the more daring modes of the day, Chantal will please you with something quietly effective.

There is an air of integrity about this rather new house, given possibly by the mannequins and vendeuses, most of whom have been with Chantal since her début. The vendeuses are Russian for the most part, the Princess Belosselsky-Belozersky having often been suggested for the rôle of the most beautiful mannequin in Paris. Most of them are her girlhood friends, many of them girls of good family. It is a gracious place—this salon. Perhaps you will like Mme. Nadine for a vendeuse. She speaks English and understands the English of the dressmaking world.

Chantal has gowns on sale all the year round, and you often find something very lovely. The average price is nine hundred francs, which includes the remodeling if

any is necessary. These models are usually in very good condition.

Up the Champs-Élysées around the corner on the Rue de Berri, is the house of Louiseboulanger. When you are hunting for this house in the telephone book, remember that it is spelled like that, as one name. Here you will find a complete discarding of the old in favor of the modern in decoration, and will realize how very much the eliminations and simplifications of line and color increase the effectiveness of displays. There is nothing to distract the eye from the clothes, and the plain old-gold walls make stunning frames for any kind of gown. The mirrors set in modernistic screens will surprise you, but you will grant their effectiveness in showing vistas of the salons at strange angles, and in affording glimpses of the mannequins in diverting poses. Connected with the modern movement in France, Louiseboulanger reflected its spirit quite naturally in her salons. They are as much an expression of her particular creative slant as her panniered gown, and her peculiar ideas of neck and waist lines. Rarely expect to find a dress with its neck normally adjusted to its body, or with its waist simply outlined! The neck may extend by visual implication, at least, far down the back, and the waist may begin normally and then burst forth into tiers and tiers of material on one side. She dares much with the silhouette, but you can trust her so to dispose of fullness that you who have religiously adhered to the straight-line model, may find that your denials have been unnecessary. If you have yearned for a period dress which is neither "arty" nor over-young; if you have envied your friends who could indulge in a few gathers, go to Louiseboulanger and see what she can do for you. She will not make a mistake.

If she cannot adjust the gathers or allow you the flowered taffeta, she will tell you so.

This house is a one-man business. Exclusive and closed. During the past few years it has developed from infancy to the point where you see an amazing percentage of its models figuring in the copies of New York's smart shops and the pages of the smartest style organs. This has not been accomplished by the natural method of a study of American tastes and an adaptation of creations to meet these tastes, as has been the case with some of the other successful couturiers during the post-war period. Rather she has imposed her ideas on the American market, which has been obliged to accept them because they were too admirable and too striking to ignore. Her models have an intrinsic charm for the well-dressed woman. Her unbelievable bows of stiff taffeta or moire still appeal to the discriminating, although the *jeune fille* dress of the average department store may feature them.

Her flair for the modern in an acceptable expression is seen in her dressing of Madame Agnès, the milliner, who has a reputation for a chic, daring and original but never too conspicuous. Formerly Agnès was dressed by a more conservative house, but from the day when Louiseboulanger was inspired by her particular type to create clothes for her, she has sprung into the press and the fashion notes of two continents. Something like this Louiseboulanger may do for you! This same flair extends into other fields too. She was one of the first women to have her portrait done in lacquer by Jean Dunand. She was one of the first to plan a purely modern salon.

But modern or not she remains in partnership with her husband—in business also! She comes into the

salons seldom. When she appears there is no distraction for she herself dresses too simply in business hours to be especially noticeable. Her sister, Mme. Brandel, is the directrice and does most of the contact work for Louiseboulanger, who reserves her strength for the difficult task of designing in which no one helps her. She has developed an efficient organization which can take care of most problems. M. René Nieder, director of exportation, with his fine taste and his practical knowledge of American problems, can help you in acquiring a wardrobe. Mlle. Madeleine, my vendeuse, is an exceedingly nice person, combining a very personal interest in your clothes with an ability to suggest changes which augurs well for the success of a gown.

The sales of this house held in December and January and June and July are very satisfactory. The models are in good condition and are disposed of at exceptional prices. If you are a good client, you are notified in advance of the days of general sales and can go quietly the afternoon before and choose. Perhaps a lovely period dress of brown velvet with ecru lace, or a typically draped model of moire, or a smart bunchy dress of wool, with an engaging neck line. You are apt to find good evening models on sale here, which is not always to be expected.

Down the Champs-Élysées to the Rond-Point, which boasts four couturiers of the highest rank: Poiret, a dean and a rebel; Lanvin with her fur and perfume shop; Lelong with his magnificent *hôtel particulier* on the Avenue Matignon, formerly belonging to the Général Comte de La Guiche and the Comte d'Harcourt; and Vionnet with her impressive establishment. The modern spirit of Lelong is evidence, not so much in the interior itself which has kept its intrinsic effects as in the fine

organization which shows a combination of executive ability and personal efficiency which would make Lelong a successful business man in any other field. His is the spirit of modern business. It was he who was the first to respond to the lure of advertising in the new spirit, the advertising which discounts dignity and tradition in favor of spectacular appeal and "kinetic line." He advertised his house in terms of movement instead of traditions; in terms of pliability and conformity to demands and moods of to-day, instead of the mellow reputations of yesterday. He had not dressed the Queen of Transylvania twenty-five years ago, to be sure, but he would and could dress the modern woman, queen or business executive. The fine workmanship of tradition remained, but the creative and executive kept pace with the day. Many of the other French dressmakers looked with suspicion, even with disapproval, on attempts of houses to adopt American advertising methods. Not so Lelong. He was one of the first to place his account in the hands of an American advertising agency and to put aside a considerable sum in his budget to apply on this account. The result was—"pep." The idea of Lelong as a clever designer and couturier was sold to the discriminating American public, a designer with the idea of "kinetic line." A clever approach to a people the basis of whose life is change and motion. This advertising created a word, too, which was heard all that season, every time it was used marking another step forward in Lucien Lelong's career.

That this efficiency is founded on sound psychological values is proved by its extension into the social organization of his house with its welfare ideas, its model workrooms, and even more by the application of psychological principles to the showing of clothes. Up

to this time most Paris showings were much the same, a parade of plastic mannequins with all too artificial airs often run off at a speed bewildering to the average American unaccustomed to the technique and the language. Little distinction was made between the presentation of an evening gown and a sport model, the mannequin having the same graces presumably for the tennis court and the ballroom. Presumably, too, all women were made after the same pattern—so that if you were several inches broader or taller than the mannequin, your imagination had to serve you well. Lelong saw that part of his business as a successful couturier was the selling of his models. He asked himself, "What is the most difficult problem which the buyer has to face in selecting a gown?" The answer was, "To imagine how the model will look, not on the svelte body of the mannequin, but on the plump, short woman, the tall, athletic girl, or the quiet matron who may be buying." Lelong solved this problem by showing the same model on two mannequins, one tall and slender, the other shorter and blessed with more curves. By creating the same model slightly changed for the flapper and the more mature woman. By designing the model in two colors, one a happy choice for a brunette, the other for a blonde. These dresses were built around the different mannequins who displayed them so that even if your particular type was not realized in the showing, it was approximated, and you were given confidence that your problem would be solved personally. This was a fine demonstration of the value of the psychological approach and statistics on the resulting sales would be interesting. He went beyond this and installed a stage where the mannequins were more impersonalized and the gown was the center of interest. Lighting, posture of the

mannequin, the drama of the immediate appearance were all carefully thought out. Day lights flashed on sport clothes, evening ones on evening gowns. He was the first to show clothes with accessories—the tennis racket, the traveling bag, the shawl. He was the first to create traveling ensembles, a coat and a rug of Rodier materials, the quintessence of traveling *chic*. He was not content with these departures, he kept on—building new ateliers with every modern convenience for his workers; establishing a sport department on one side of the entrance downstairs and a perfume shop on the other; adding a lingerie room where you can plan your lingerie for particular gowns, or find stunning models in accepted modes. One of the most interesting advances of the house is the inspection department. Every dress is examined very carefully before it leaves the house. If there is any question, a mannequin is called to try it on. The flow of line and the finish are made matters of meticulous regard. The department then passes it on with its seal of approval. Any dress returned gives this department a “black mark.” This is one of the most practical ideas among recent innovations in the dressmaking world. It is reported that business men have complimented Lelong on his business acumen and methods. The report is probably true!

Do not imagine that all this insistence on form and organization detracts any from the creative functioning of the house! Far from it. A list of the people whom Lelong dresses; the appearance of his name in society notes and the fashion reporting of three continents; reproductions in the press and copies in the shops; the enthusiasms of your friends who have bought there will serve to still this doubt. There is no reason why art and trade should not go hand in hand these days. It

will be better for business and more healthful for art. Lelong knows, too, that another important element—Society—should be on good terms with Business and Art. So he initiated an annual fashion fête, under the patronage of a Russian Princess of pre-war social prominence. This fête has become one of the smart functions of Paris society.

Besides the lingerie and perfumes mentioned, Lelong makes a specialty of bags, some of the smartest in Paris, and jewelry. He was one of the first to launch the idea of costume jewelry, and you can always arrange to have your costume given the last detail of chic by a necklace or bracelets especially created for you. His sport scarves, mannish in type, are the perfect accessory for his or some other sport costume. His fur department offers anything that you may desire, and the fur used on his coats is fine in quality and well worked. Handkerchiefs, too, do their part to complete a costume.

You will enjoy having Mlle. Renée take care of you here. She has been to America with Lelong and will understand both your language and your tastes better than many other Paris vendeuses. It has been part of Lelong's policy to dignify the position of the vendeuse in his establishment, and the results are noticeable in the graciousness of their service. They have salons of their own where they can work or relax when they are not on the floor. They do not appear unless a client asks for them.

The sales at this house, as at some of the others, are an experience. You must rise early and gird on your armor, for you will have to struggle. The sale will be announced in the papers for some time near the end of December and July, for two days usually. The clever people will be there the first day before ten o'clock,

ready to storm the doors. From then on it does not pay to be modest or shrinking. The clothes will be on racks and tables, and the best method is to dive and grab. Grab from right under your neighbor's nose if you see something you want, for everybody else does. Fill your arms with everything that looks as if it might interest you and have your vendeuse find a fitting room if there is one free. If not, don't be too modest! Try on the clothes in front of the big mirrors just as you see several others doing. These are the democratic days of a big dressmaking house. Look carefully at your selections, something you may forget to do in the rush, because the house does not hold itself responsible for the condition of the sale models. If you get home and find that your purchase is defective, nothing can be done about it. All sales are "cash payments," incidentally. You may emerge with some choice bargains, as I have often. The essence of smartness in a sport costume—a heavy plaided wool skirt and a severe taffeta jacket for fifteen dollars, for instance. A black satin coat with "kinetic lines" as well as dignity, priced ridiculously. The house makes no alterations on its sales models, as do some of the others. The sale, again, is a sample of Lelong's efficiency, the idea being to get rid of the models in the least possible time, with the least possible trouble to the house.

Down on the corner at the Rond-Point itself is the fur and perfume branch of Jeanne Lanvin. Lanvin outgrew her small quarters on the Faubourg St. Honoré and had to expand across the street for her sport department, later going up the Champs-Élysées for her furs. She has one of the finest collections in Paris in this shop. Here you will find, too, perfumes and something of unique value for containers. The idea of a woman of fine taste, who had her bottles especially de-

signed by Lalique, carried to its most exquisite and elegant end—Lanvin had bottles designed and executed by Sèvres, in special limited, numbered editions. Destined probably to be the objets d'art of 2028 to be found in the antiquity shops in place of the silver-topped crystal bottles of our great-grandmothers.

Across the Rond-Point at Number 1 is the house of Poiret, still the rebel, although one of the deans of the dressmaking world. If Lelong and others have introduced startling innovations in the organization of this world, Poiret has thrown enough bombs into it to revolutionize it completely. It was he who closed his doors to all who did not have cards of admission, and demanded for a time that each visitor must sign to buy two gowns. This was his radical method of keeping out copyists and "window shoppers." He finally had to give it up, although it did serve its purpose in a measure, by breaking the habit of copyists trying to get in by "hook or crook" or by sheer nerve. He gave magnificent Fêtes de la Nuit on each of which he spent tens of thousands of francs, and to the planning of which he gave his finest creative ability. You were truly one of the "chosen few" of the artistic world if you received an invitation. He was one of the first to give a "personal appearance" in organizing fashion showings at smart resorts, where he delighted the audiences by appearing in person and creating gowns by the famous twist of his famous wrist, on a model before him. Not even the famous shears entered into the draping, as the materials were kept intact. He could not resist the field of interior decoration and the opportunity it offered him to project his brilliant ideas into the chic woman's setting. This resulted in the establishment of the house of Martine on the Faubourg St. Honoré where the

daring of his color schemes alone did much to revolutionize decoration. He planned the luxurious houseboats of the 1925 Exposition, fitted out magnificently with the practical purpose of serving food in unforgettable surroundings. The best of food, too, as Poiret is the head of a revolutionary group of gourmets of Paris. He seceded from the Club des Cent, the organization of one hundred Frenchmen devoted to the searching out of worthy *traiteurs* of the city, and founded his own group, the Club des Purs Cent. It was rumored at the time of the Exposition that two or three American millionaires, if not half a dozen, ordered houseboats executed in the same manner. He flung the colors of his palette not only over his creations for the dress world, but also over his salons, in opposition to all accepted ideas of the proper background for the mannequins' parade.

He uses materials which others would not dare touch, and he knows of fabrics which have never entered into the experience of many couturiers. When there is nothing that suits him for a particular purpose, he designs his own materials, inspired by his huge documentation. He combines the color of Russia with the line of Italy, and marries other materials, colors, line, in dangerous and disturbing ways. He believes that the glories of the past should have their place in the creations of to-day—in spirit only, not in transferred forms. He presents his perfumes, those of Rosine, to the world in a unique way—via a "perfume bar" in the room at the right of the entrance downstairs, a bar adorned with intoxicating flasks and atomizers, instead of cordials and apéritifs. The perfume and the decorative branches are named after his daughters, Martine and Rosine. He was one of the first to feel the need of an entirely modern frame for his house, and planned with Mallet-Stevens a modern

country house, still to be completed, since great artist that he is, his house is never finished. The rigors of cement holds the same fascination for his creative mind as the suppleness of fabrics, and he is continually playing with a new idea. A painter himself of no mean attainments, he collected one of the finest groups of modern paintings in Paris, only to auction them off one day, quite unexpectedly. One of his own paintings was accepted for 1928 Salon d'Automne. Devoted to music, he is a violinist who may burst forth with a recital any of these days without surprising his world too much. This is enough to show that Poiret is still the arch rebel of his world, an artist expressing himself in many fields vigorously and uncompromisingly. Undoubtedly a leader in the modern movement, responsible for the clashing of color which we of to-day accept so easily. A man of great imagination and courage, picturesque and dramatic himself. Delighting in velvet coats, outrageous waistcoats, flamboyant ties. A tyrant in his establishment, but often a benevolent tyrant. A man to make and lose a fortune without being disturbed. It does not matter. He can create masterpieces or fortunes again. The sole designer of the house, working always with living models on whom he drapes and cuts materials until he has achieved his effect. The shears his emblem, P. P. his signature—a guarantee of striking originality.

The lingerie room is delightful, the "undies" hanging on a painted lattice with all the nonchalance of the family wash, flaunting their loveliness in the face of the world. The fur room, glimpsed from the main salon, offers sumptuous garments and uniquely designed accessories. Hats, too! For what hat imagined by an ordinarily smart modiste would give the effect to that

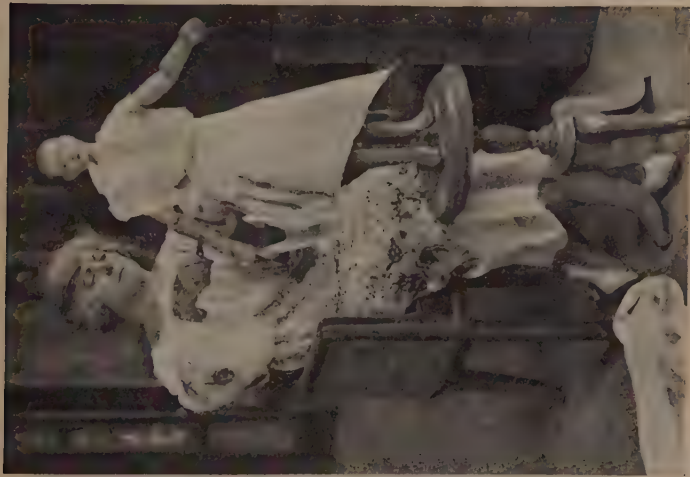
black and red velvet with its hint of the Cossack influence that Poiret's own helmet-like creation does? This is surely enough to convince you that you *do* or *do not*—want a Poiret gown!

If you do not dare quite enough to buy an original model in the regular way, perhaps you will have courage enough to buy one on sale. Poiret's sales are announced in the press, at about the same time as the others. Mme. Reine will be much interested in you as a regular client, or some one to be converted through a sale purchase. You are apt to find marvelous bargains, in the shape of gorgeous material in gowns or coats, materials fit for kings, sacrificed because they have lived their lives in this one model. If Mme. Reine is interested in your type, she may dash away and return with some precious garment which you have not seen on the racks, but which is most certainly "your dress," marked with your initial, so to speak. She is as clever as that, and as interested. They are not all dramatic, these gowns, richness and quiet elegance, or refreshing naïveté, being as much an expression of Poiret's spirit as the dramatically colorful.

An entire contrast in spirit are the salons of Madeleine Vionnet around the corner on the Avenue Montaigne, and the clothes of Vionnet. The importance which Poiret places on the color and the suppleness of materials, Vionnet places on purity of line. You enter her quiet gray salons, walk across the thick-piled carpet, relax in one of the rounded chairs, and know that you are going to see a supremely gracious collection. While you wait you will look about at the interior, unseeingly at first for none of its effects is startling. Gradually you will be interested in the architectural harmonies of the room; in the calm beauty of the frieze, a chronological record of the spirit of Vionnet; in the clear loveliness of

the glass doors by Lalique; in the unobtrusive furniture, not abruptly modern but simplified by a first elimination. Soon the detail will impress you, and you will realize how very clever this woman is. The upholstery, for instance, seems gray at first, but you realize suddenly that it is a subtle black and white, giving the effect but not the monotony of gray.

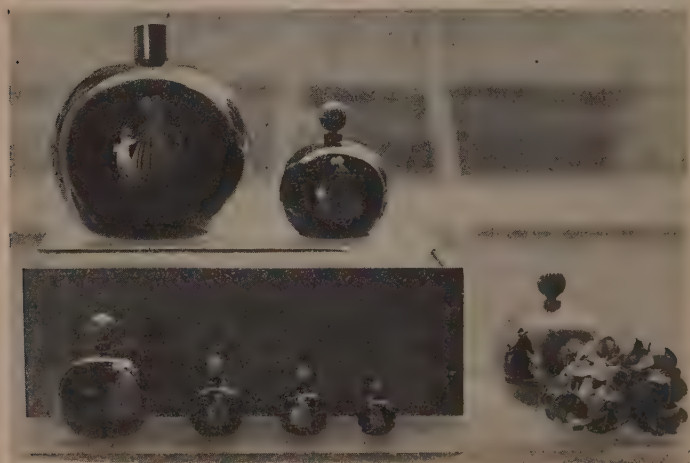
Much has been written about the clothes of Vionnet, about her search into the classical for inspiration, about her researches into mathematics for true harmonies of line, about the strange plasticity of her materials—about all the gracious beauty of her creations. Perhaps it is useless to add to this. But it may interest you to know that Madeleine Vionnet is a woman with the interests of a woman, reflecting themselves outside of her rôle as a designer. She has planned the most hygienic ateliers for her hundreds of girls; she has installed a gymnasium, dental and medical clinics, and a hospital; she arranges all the details of the *accouchements* of the women who work for her; in fact, does everything in her power to encourage normal living and healthful living on the part of her employees. Many have followed her in carrying out these ideas, but none has surpassed her, primarily I believe, because Vionnet is a self-made woman with intimate knowledge of the problems of the working-girl. She is proud of having started her career as an *arpette*, or pin-picker. This is the first job given an apprentice in the dressmaking world, picking up pins from the floor! At least it used to be so. Possibly French efficiency experts are discovering that it costs more to pick up pins than to let them lie, as in America the grand tradition of starting a career by straightening nails has had to give way to the more efficient but less moral solution of using new



MADELEINE VIONNET PERSONALLY CRE-
ATES HER COSTUMES ON DOLL-MODELS.



POIRET, SUPREME ARTIST OF FASHION, IS ALSO A
PAINTER OF SOME NOTE.



THE EXTREMELY MODERN *SALON INTIME* AT ELSPETH CHAMPCOMMUNAL'S WAS AWARDED A PRIZE AT THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT.

THE VERY LATEST NOTE IN PERFUME *DE LUXE* ARE THESE SEVRES BOTTLES IN A STRICTLY "LIMITED EDITION" FOR THE FASTIDIOUS PATRONS OF LANVIN.

ones. Although she is justly proud of her struggles and her achievements, Vionnet is most modest in her manner. Probably the only evidence you will ever see of this deep pleasure in her advance will be the walls of her private office, which are lined with photographs of herself, her favorite dresses, her favorite mannequins, an objective record of a fine talent and a strong character. Truly the evolution of Vionnet. Only her intimates ever see the walls of her studio.

The client, even the very good client, rarely sees Vionnet. Outside of the interest in the organization of her ateliers, she confines herself to the creative rôle, appearing seldom in the salons for individual attention to orders. She does go to important fittings, and gives advice on colors and materials when it seems imperative. A Vionnet gown, as you know, has something of an architectural quality in its harmonies of lines and proportions. It would be presuming to change one materially. So Vionnet feels rightly that most of her functioning ceases when she has created the model. Either you *can* or you *cannot* wear a Vionnet, just as you *will* or will *not* wear a Poiret! They both represent a complete emancipation from the general taste, and only the exceptional woman who has quite lost the "sheep quality" which makes her ask "What is being worn this year?" really responds to this kind of beauty. A very practical, ageless beauty, for a Vionnet gown is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow!

Vionnet's method of creating is different, a more abstract method than Poiret's, but just as personal. She works in a modern studio with simple walls, and no distracting influences. Works for hours cutting muslin dresses for a little wooden doll, about two feet tall—a sculptor's mannequin. She pins materials and snips,

pins and snips, finally throwing the material on the floor when the tiny model is finished, until she has a mound of soft muslin at her feet. Then some one comes in quietly and takes the piles away to the workrooms where larger *toiles* are made from these tiny ones. These are submitted for her approval, the materials are carefully selected, and the execution begins. This little doll is well known to the dressmaking world of Paris, and will undoubtedly feature in the Costume Museum which is being planned—just as the Vionnet line and the Poiret drape will have their place. These large muslin patterns—*toiles*, play another rôle too in this world, which it will be well for you to know. When a new customer enters a house and places an order, usually a *toile* is made according to her measurements, and put on file. This enables her to order fearlessly from Buenos Ayres, Hollywood or Shanghai if she trusts the vendeuse and the head of the house to “feel” her style.

Vionnet has regular sales twice a year—July and December—but models can be bought any time. The models of the last season, exhibits from showings in London, Madrid, Vienna perhaps, gowns not finished in time for a customer—all these are found in the collection of sale models. They are hung carefully in rooms set apart, and fitting rooms are provided also, so that you can make your choice carefully. The proper thing to do is to go early in the morning, about ten o’clock, before the collection itself is being shown. Ask for your vendeuse, who will take you up to the sales department and give you as personal attention there as she would if you were making an original purchase. Many of the models will be in excellent condition, and as a Vionnet gown or wrap is ageless, you may select one that you will wear for several seasons. Her prices are higher, but

the values are certain. My vendeuse is Mme. Paule. I cannot recommend her too highly.

On the Rue Montaigne is the house of Callot, unique in its mother-daughter tradition. Unique too for its lace gowns. If you want a gown of lace over lace, lace over chiffon, lace under velvet, any kind of lace treated in any kind of way, go to Callot Sœurs. As you will find the pannier gown in engaging variety *chez* Louise-bou langer, the period gown with all its possibilities *chez* Lanvin, so there will be the lace gown in many moods *chez* Callot. There will be a stimulating collection of evening gowns too, offering you the unexpected formality of trains, the spectacular effects of the stage modified for the ballroom, or the naïveté of lace and net. Its collection is comprehensive and sound. A house under the direction of women for two generations, plastic to the demands of women for two generations, it offers you its experience.

The quarter of St. Augustin, or Place Beauvau, depending on the limit which you choose, is consecrated to the small shop and the art gallery for the most part. But there you will find the house of Jane Regny at 11 Rue de la Boétie. A young house founded in 1922, it has made a distinct name for itself, and leads the dressmaking world in its line. This is due to the imagination of Jane herself, who as a young girl of a good family, interested in clothes, living in the changing post-war France, saw the inevitable conquest of her world by the new idea of sports for women, of a freer life, with different demands on the couturiers. The success of her ideas made it necessary for her to enlarge her salons in 1927, when she had her interiors done by Ruhlmann, in a modernistic manner in keeping with the spirit of her clothes. Modern paintings by Fontenayne, Degalloix,

Signac, Marianne Clouzot, Foujita; a simple black marble fireplace, topped by a silver-framed mirror; a small stage—great simplicity, so that not even the sternest sweater will look out of place.

It is an intimate business, with Madame, Monsieur, the baby, and the dog, all well known to favored clients. Mme. Regny believes that a modern business woman need sacrifice none of the normal functions of woman—marriage, social life, or motherhood. More than that, she keeps all her family in close touch with her work, her husband even being in business with her, so that as a returning client, you will soon find yourself in some measure their friend. She has continued, too, the social activities of her youth, and makes of her salons a gracious setting for a less artificial relation between creator and client.

Starting with simple sweaters when the idea of sports clothes was still in its infancy, Jane Regny gradually extended the field, through greater formality, greater chic, until now she is preëminent. One season she started to create evening dresses with Lenief, but wisely stopped, content with making her particular "mouse-trap" better than any one else. It often happens in the dressmaking world that a creator will become ambitious and start in a new field. Often, again, the venture will not be a success. If the adventurer does not have the courage to make a clean break, the results are often humiliating and disastrous. It is the wise woman who lets well enough alone. So Regny has successfully extended the simple sport suit into the afternoon dress, and sport coats, and there she has stopped and is content to stay. Although she does add the line of silk stockings.

Her sweaters are often made in England of English and Scottish wools. She has launched many innovations

in the course of the evolution of this rough garment—the muslin flower worn with the sweater; the series of decorative motifs, based on medieval heraldry; the idea of incrusting one material on another; the use of geometric design. She has had really brilliant ways of meeting that important problem, introducing fullness into the separate skirt without sacrificing line or comfort. Godets, gathers, pleats, in unexpected places. She was one of the first to realize the difference between the sport clothes that can be comfortably and appropriately worn by the participant, and those that can be worn by a spectator. The failure to recognize this distinction had kept the art of creating sport clothes in a backward stage for a long time. She also creates bathing suits, often making ensembles which would delight the average week-enders with small luggage. One of the most successful of these was a costume consisting of a bathing suit of one piece in white flannel. Over this a wrap-around skirt of white flannel, and a nautical jacket. A cap too. A few snaps undone—off fell the skirt. Another motion and the jacket was discarded. The next one obviously the plunge into the sea. Surely simplified bathing which might solve the problem of New York's beaches!

Mme. Madeleine, the directrice, will assign you a vendeuse. Naturally the sales models here are "good buys" because these materials are tenacious! The sales are held all the year round, but there are especially tempting morsels in January, April, July, and October.

On the Rue Penthièvre is a young house, which has already made a name for itself—Elspeth Champcommunal. English herself, Mme. Champcommunal feels sensitively the needs of English and Americans. She is very successful in another branch of sport clothing, that

designed for the semi-sports, as it were. Warm, comfortable smart coats for motoring; trig tweeds for traveling; ensembles for the spectator at tennis, or cricket, or football; as well as the simple sport frocks for the more actively inclined. She can always be depended upon for a few restrained gowns or suits, adapted for those of quiet tastes; for some unusual combinations of fabrics, and sensitive choices from the season's materials, which have caused one manufacturer to say of her—"She has a flair for picking my best material." You will find also evening gowns which will look well in any smart English or American gathering, evening coats of the kind that are not too spectacular for rather frequent wear, effective scarves suited to sports wear, at least one creation in the way of a sport bag. Her collection touches every occasion and will have a special appeal to Anglo-Saxons, combining a sense of their needs with the proper amount of French chic. Only three years old, this house appears frequently in the sketches of the smart magazines, and in the orders of American buyers.

Madame herself married a French artist, and was well known for a salon which attracted many of the modern artists in Paris, before she went into business. Her salons reflect this interest. Limpid and refreshing in color quality, pure and harmonious in line—nothing in them distracts your attention from the showing, unless perhaps the murals of Pruna. Mme. Champcommunal chose this young pupil of Picasso three or four years ago to decorate her salons, and his long, lithe women, carelessly but gracefully draping themselves over the doorways may have come back to your mind if you saw the exquisite figure—Blanche—at the Carnegie International Exhibit of 1928. Pruna was awarded second prize for another painting, but the quality of Blanche probably

attracted more attention. The sisters of Blanche, in spirit, are on Champcommunal's walls, and it is the sister of Blanche in spirit, who inspires Champcommunal's creations. Mme. Champcommunal was the first couturière in Paris to dare allow the more permanent expression of modern art, the mural, to dominate her salon, although Groult built hers around two paintings of Laurencin, and Myrbor uses her walls for a constantly changing exhibit of modernists. When she decided to devote her abilities to business and give up this social rôle, she bought a charming old abbey at Giverny, and now divides her time between the heavy responsibilities of her work, and relaxation in the country.

My vendeuse at Champcommunal's is Mme. May. One of the advantages of this house to many Americans is that the entire selling force speaks English. This simplifies your problem for you. Mme. May can be depended upon, not only to direct the fitter herself, but to accept your suggestions and value them so that you will feel satisfied. The sales of this house are held all the year round, and are not announced in the press. The prices range from four hundred francs up.

Down on the Place Beauvau is the house of Marcel Rochas, again one directed by a young couple. There is something in such a combination that produces good results, especially if the field of the *maison* is sport clothes. Marcel Rochas is known as the youngest designer in Paris. I have had no direct experience with the house, but friends of mine, who look their smartest in sport clothes, have gone there and been very pleased. You have followed their models probably in the sketches appearing in the magazines, and know the type which they create. Chic and rather youthful. If you want this kind of sport clothes to-day, you go either to the

older house of Jane Regny, the next to appear—Marcel Rochas, or the latest—Schiaparelli. Unless you have already selected one of the *grands couturiers* featuring sports line in addition to their regular collection.

Following the Faubourg St. Honoré, you come to the section of the Madeleine, which houses Talbot, Patou, Nicole Groult, Lanvin, Chanel, Molyneux—a formidable array from which to choose. We have spoken of Patou before, so perhaps it would be well to start with him now. Patou made his début in a house on the Rond-Point where Lanvin's fur shop is now. This was one of the smart smaller houses before the war. During the war, he was in the army, like many of the younger couturiers. Coming out in 1918 he founded his own house, a courageous thing to do, with the post-war conditions of trade and business what they were in France. He came to the front rapidly, largely because he was probably the first couturier to sense the great changes in French business methods which were appearing on the horizon, and he saw in modern business methods much that the more traditional dressmaking world would do well to emulate. His way was not easy though, for there were the solid lines of the older houses with their criticism, and their well-established clientèle to oppose him. However, seeing ahead to the new silhouette demanded already by the modern woman as essential to a freer life, he had the courage to force it upon the market in Paris, in his sport models. With this one idea important to him, he made his famous trip to America, ostensibly only as a tourist. But at the end of the trip, owing to his flair for getting himself in the public eye, whether it was his amazing wardrobe of some hundred or more suits, which found its way into all the papers, or his selection of six of the most beautiful mannequins of the

dress world in New York to go to Paris as models, and inspiration for designing for the American woman—it would not be an exaggeration to say that his trip was a grand success from the point of view of business. He came back to Paris, put into his collections all that his clever eye had seen of the demands and the taste of the American woman, inaugurated his sports departments and put it in the hands of a well-known titled English woman, established the afternoon dress in his collections, and was well on the way to a spectacular success. He still recognizes the immediate needs—as the style of a resort change, so do his models; as the younger generation decides upon new gods for itself, Patou follows with new ideas. He always feels the tempo of life, and adapts himself to it. When he is sure of himself, he does not hesitate to devote the finest of his creative ability, and what is often more important, a substantial budget to the success of his “hunch.”

His salons are simple—in an old *hôtel particulier* in Rue St. Florentin—opposite one of the Rothschild palaces. He has made no effort to bring them into line with modern times, content to let his clothes speak for themselves. The only exception to this is the austere yet beautiful setting for the sports clothes shop in paneled wood, such an interior as you might see in an exclusive shop in America. This shop is on the ground floor, and you can look and buy there without the formalities of seeing the collection as a whole. Another concession to the modern in equipment, which has been a good story for the front page, is his establishment of a bar where your husband or brother may spend his time while you are having your fitting—a “wait while the lady fits” idea. The American bar has found great popularity in Paris, but this is probably one of the

most amusing examples of it. Patou is certainly a modern business man!

His clothes enjoy great popularity. He makes sport models for the stars of two continents. Stars of the stage find them as pleasing. The smart woman dares let him design for her, too. So that a brilliant gathering in San Francisco, Vienna, or London, will always reveal its quota of Patou models.

Two years ago he opened a hat department, so that his clients could be spared the trouble of several trips to the modistes, and could have their hats created in the same spirit and tones as their gowns, thus avoiding that lost afternoon spent "matching." This has proved another sound idea, and now his hats are considered the complement of his dresses. His interest extends into the field of materials more intimately than that of many other couturiers, and he has his own materials made for him by Rodier and Bianchini very often. Many dress-makers buy a design exclusively from a fabric house, but it remained for Patou to be one of the first, if not the first, to design his own materials and have them especially woven. He also knits his own sweaters.

Possibly another by-product of his trip to America was the "week-end wardrobe," a group of dresses and gowns built around the idea of limited luggage and the demands of a smart week-end in the country. A clever idea which was welcomed with cheers by his American clients! If you are one of those unfortunate people whose week-end bags always bulge, and yet never produce the smart and appropriate costumes of your rival week-enders, take your problem to Patou. His keen feeling for feminine quality made him the first to show a dress created around the idea of the fine semi-precious stone. The idea of an intrinsically beautiful and indi-

vidual gown, becoming a mere background for extravagantly gorgeous jewels was offensive to him. Diamonds! Emeralds! yes, for the woman who prefers display to chorded beauty. But, for the sensitively lovely woman, harmonies! Fouquet made his designs, and some of his most exquisite effects were gained with aquamarines. If, loving the fragile beauty of your aquamarines, you have looked broken-heartedly at them, lying practically unused in your jewel case season after season, because "they simply won't go with anything," again I say—try Patou. He will do equally well for your old amethysts, or your Indian turquoise! Another unique idea has been carried out in his "programs" which include a treatise on the style and personality ideas back of the particular collection. Where Mme. Vallet of Martial et Armand usually explains in a light and clever conversational manner, the inspiration of her collection, Patou puts his in print for you.

Another example of his ability to do the unusual and have it accepted as something chic, instead of something bizarre, is his innovation of the evening opening for the press and a favored few among his friends and clients. This is now one of the chic events of Paris social life, with a brilliant grouping of the smartest representatives of the stage, the press, the world of sports, and Society. The story of Patou is the ever-appealing one of the self-made man, a story that is beginning to have as strong an appeal in Europe as it does in America in these post-war days of changed social values.

If you choose a Patou gown, Mme. Louise, the directrice, will always see to it that you are given an efficient vendeuse. The sales of Patou, like those of Lelong, are endurance tests with possible high rewards. They occur twice a year, and are announced in the papers.

On the Rue Royale at 10 and 14 are the establishments of Suzanne Talbot, modiste and couturière. Established in the nineties, this house has none of the flavor of that period to-day. You enter a simple salon—plain gray walls, modern lighting, modern statuary, modern screens of gold and silver, made more piquant by the two old Chinese paintings on the walls. Gold and silver repeated in the unique evening caps with their daring moderated by tulle veils, silver repeated in the charming ivory satin and black lace ensemble just selected by Mary Pickford. Suzanne Talbot can be personal to the limit without offense to quiet tastes. Like Poiret, she often goes to the Orient for inspiration, reflecting all its sleekness and subtlety of line, its magnificence of fabric, in her very modern creations.

Concentrating for the most part on clothes, she offers little in the way of accessories—perfume, jewelry, sport handkerchiefs, purses sometimes. You are left free to think about clothes and hats. You see a highly individualized collection. From early morning to evening, from city to seashore or mountains—the collection meets all demands. She pleases her clients drawn from a wide range—stage, opera, conservative society: Mary Pickford, Princess Jean Louis, Fanny Heldy of the Opéra Comique, Grace Moore of the Metropolitan, Marquise Casati, Mme. Henri Labourdette. Mlle. Cécilia or Mme. Régine will attend to you graciously and intelligently.

Her sales are not announced to the press. They are always held in June and December. If you are not a regular client, you can telephone for the exact dates. If you are a regular client, or are recommended by one, you can pick up something attractive at almost any time. The models are usually in very good condition. You can look at them quietly and try them on if you are careful

to go at some time when the regular collection is not being shown.

Molyneux, 5 Rue Royale, is an Englishman with a French touch. So that he numbers among his clients members of the French smart world, as well as English and Americans. Trained under the brilliant direction of Lady Duff Gordon, he was clever enough to profit by all that her establishment could teach. He saw that clever designing was a splendid foundation, but that the superstructure must not rise above its base, if you wanted to count on your success from day to day. Therefore, original as his clothes are, they always keep within the bounds of the tastes of the day. They do not set the pace. A sound idea which develops a certain clientèle, the mother and daughter kind which means stability. Conceding just this much to security, he sets himself another standard—that of making every gown suited to function in the environment for which it is created. This may be a result of his English background, which says that your clothes must be comfortable. If your dress is intended for the tennis courts, you must be able to play a violent game in it. If it is a dancing frock, you must feel free in it to follow your most agile partner. If it is a tweed suit, you must be able to stride in the best English tradition. Distinctly wearable, designed for free-moving people. You won't regret that you bought them when you return to your home town, and its more conservative tastes. A gown which seems simple and quiet in Paris often is a riot in Sewaukee. Molyneux has just made a trip to America for the first time, and has returned with the essential tastes of the American woman quite well in his mind, you can be sure.

Lanvin started designing dresses when her charming daughter, now the Comtesse de Polignac, was a very

little girl, and the flavor that this inspiration has given to her creations since, makes her house one of the most successful for the *jeune fille*. The years of experience, and the rare sensitiveness to sources of beauty not obviously connected with the dressmaking world, have so enriched her background that she creates as successfully for the miss of sixteen as for the matron of fifty. There is always much for her to draw upon in her extensive documentation and her fine imagination. She can extend her interest into the more alien realm of men's furnishings, or into the intimate problems of the boudoir and its furnishings, with a fine and sure taste.

Her collections still include the most charming children's models, shown on child mannequins, and dresses for that difficult age—around twelve. These include practical models, and usually some more precious ones, reflecting the more picturesque periods of children's styles. You will always find the period gown in astounding varieties of expressions: for the woman who must look smart and for the woman who prefers to look picturesque; for the *jeune fille* and for her mother; for the simple dinner or for the most formal function. This type of dress which is connected with the name of Lanvin, may be historically derived so that you will check in your mind—"Ah, 1830!" or it may have an entirely modern slant, a one-sided angle, for instance, which has never appeared before in style history. If you appreciate the really precious in detail, you will find it in her clothes. The quaint silver buttons, possibly, Flemish in inspiration, which she presented in a collection a few years ago. The finest kind of tracery in gold. The tiny upstanding tuck, so difficult to handle, in intricate patterning. A sleeve of brocade, reminiscent of the Médicis.

Always something unique in sleeves. Exquisite embroideries. Lovely treatments of fur. Real distinction in details difficult to copy. Compare the number of Lanvin "copies" in American shops and stores, with those of other creators. Then go to Lanvin's collections and you will understand the reason. You will pay rather well for this peculiar kind of "uncopiable" distinction, but you will not regret it on your return to America.

Lanvin herself remains rather aloof, all too true. Like Vionnet, she prefers to devote her energies to the processes of creation, and to let her clients know her through its enriched expression. She is always seeking in Paris and in the four quarters of the globe new inspiration, new sources of beauty. Every trip is reflected in her documentation and in succeeding style tendencies. She is constantly enriching her life, and thereby her collections, so that although you may have been a client of Lanvin's since 1890, you have been aware every year of new inspirations and new beauties. She creates hats also, to the joy of her clientèle who have always found it difficult, even in Paris, to select a hat in the same spirit as their Lanvin gowns.

The sales of this house are held at the end of December or the first of January, the end of June or the first of July. The directrice of the salon will assign you a vendeuse.

Back of the Madeleine are two young houses—both reflections of personalities. When this happens in the dressmaking world, watch for results! The house of Nicole Groult, the sister of Poiret, is one. Nicole Groult was noted for her personal taste and distinction before she directed them into business channels. The wife of André Groult, the decorator, who did the charming in-

terior into which you will be shown. You will enjoy first the two silver-framed Marie Laurencin's. Then the clear and fragile harmony of the room, created around these pictures. The dark blue satin divan is one of the most gracious pieces of furniture I have ever seen. I always want to stand and look at it! Sitting on it does not seem quite right. The creations of Groult, although not in the same strikingly original note as Poiret's, are always unusual. Madame Groult is a very good advertiser of her own models, moving in the smart world of Paris, and being seen at most of the chic resorts. Presenting always a picture of the exceptional woman who accentuates an unusual personality by unusual clothes.

The other house is at 17 Rue Vignon, the establishment of Myrbor. Again a modern interior, architecturally as well as decoratively. André Lurçat is responsible for the successful setting in which you see not only the individual gowns of this house, but also the rugs and other decorative accessories, and a continuously changing exhibit of modern paintings. The gowns, too, are what might be called a "continuously changing exhibit of modern art." In color, material, line, and decorative detail, they are the product of dressmaking genius plus! Often plus the actual contribution of artists who design the embroideries. Plus again the handwork of natives in Algiers who execute the design under direction. There is nothing in the French market like the elegant evening wraps, rich with embroidery and distinguished in line. A Myrbor dress is beautiful to-day, and will be beautiful as long as it lasts. The lingerie is unique in its daring of color and design. The shawls are the only contribution of their kind. If you like to see a Leger or a Lurçat or a Picasso on your walls, you

will like to wear Myrbor clothes. Just as the Laurencins of Nicole Groult reveal the essential quality of her clothes.

Around the corner of the Rue Cambon is the house of Chanel. "Chanel red," "Chanel No. 5," "the Chanel tricolor"! There must be something dramatic and unerring in this woman's personality to produce "headlines" like this each season. Her clothes are very simple, but each collection produces innovations which spread her name through the style worlds of Europe and America, and keep fabric makers, manufacturers, and accessory designers very busy. Her plan for materials is partially responsible for this, many of them being "exclusivities" from the houses of Rodier, Bianchini, and others. Many she has woven especially. She is always able to launch a color or an accessory with a certain hand.

Last, but by no means least—the Rue de la Paix quarter, for many years the center of the dress world, now sharing its popularity with the Champs-Élysées. Still flaunting the names, magical through tradition—Paquin, Worth, Redfern, still presenting houses of solid eminence like Cheruit, Premet, Martial et Armand. Admitting not at all grudgingly the spectacular success of Mary Nowitzky, and enjoying the fame brought by O'Rossen of the many crests. Your mother and your grandmother may have been their clients—.

A fascinating book just published in America tells the glamorous history of Worth. It reads like a fairy-tale, with its queens and princesses, for Worth is noted for the royalty he has dressed. The phrase, "the Wedding Gown by Worth," has figured in the reporting of so many aristocratic and royal marriages that Worth has become the classic house for the bridal gown.

In spite of the noble traditions of the house, it has kept pace with the times. While not one of the first, for instance, to accept the sport formula, when it gave in it did so most gracefully, developing a sports department of sound and novel ideas. One of the last to accept the formula of pajamas in place of *peignoir*, it now flaunts quite startling ones in its downstairs shop.

Its traditions are felt still in its formal evening gowns, which have never altogether discarded the train, in its "dowager" type of dress, suited to the remaining sovereigns and the social figures of the past generation who refuse to grow too young along with the times. It was Worth who created the "uniform" which the Pope imposed on his world in his unofficial dictum on clothes, a uniform which is an essential to court life in many Catholic countries and which is worn by the Queen of Spain. With a sense of humor perhaps, Worth often feels back into his glorious past, and brings out some amusing idea which he revives as he did the vogue for the little fan parasol of our grandmothers' days. Perhaps it is this philosophic humor which makes the house yield a great deal, but not too much!

It is now directed by Jacques Worth, the organizer and executive, President of the *Chambre Syndicale des Couturiers*; and Jean Charles Worth, the sensitive artist. There are also little Worth sons, always beautifully dressed, who may be expected to carry on the traditions.

The shop downstairs on the Rue de la Paix carries perfumes, scarves, *négligés*, pajamas, jewelry, removing the more incidental shopping from the dignity of the salons. The salons themselves are approached through the shop.

You can ask for Mme. Deschamps and be certain of the

gracious service for which the house is famous. The sales are held in January and August.

Paquin at Number 3 has conceded little to the demands of the time, content to hold firmly the reputation established through many years of artistic creation. To be labeled to-day—Conservative—without a doubt, although it is under the directorate of a commercial company as is true of several other of the older houses. The tragedies perhaps of the one-man organization to which a brilliant creator tends. For without an artistic heir to a unique figure like Mme. Paquin, an organization runs its risk of commercialization. However, M. Clément, the director of Paquin, is guarding the traditions well, and the house is still among the élite of the dressmaking world. Where Worth has held throughout the years its reputation as a designer of the gown for formal occasions, Paquin has maintained its standards for distinguished and handsome coats. You can ask for Mme. Hélène.

Cheruit, on the Place Vendôme, under the quiet and distinguished directorship of Mme. Wormser, must be rated as a conservative house. Fine workmanship, impeccable taste. You will find in its children's department the *élégance* of simplicity. But neither for yourself nor your child—the daring last word in chic. Mlle. Adrienne is a vendeuse.

Premet, too, is now headed by a woman, Mme. Charlotte, a woman modern enough in her tastes to have her portrait done in lacquer by Dunand, and to be known in the smart world of Paris for her individual haircut. Always personally in the vanguard. The famous haircut was made more striking one time when she dyed her prematurely white hair a delicate mauve. This fashion

was adopted at the same time by the Baron de Meyer, who startled Paris with green hair one dull morning, and by his wife who chose the harmonious complement of mauve!

The house of Premet launched some of the first costume jewelry, the models designed by Greidenberg and Winter soon finding their way into the American market. One of the most distinctive and most useful—colored pearls. The creator of one of the most famous models that ever came to America—La Garçonne—the “uniform” of America for that year, and a gold mine for the American manufacturer, presenting in utter simplicity Mme. Charlotte’s genius for doing the effective thing with collars and cuffs. Stimulated to superb creation by difficult pieces of fabric, like the East Indian silk of Rodier, converted into a richly beautiful evening wrap, with no “copying” possibilities. Specializing like Jenny and Lanvin in ensembles for the boudoir. The name Premet remains, but the house is known now through the genius of Mme. Charlotte. You can dash into the downstairs shop here, too, and buy that last-minute present—an exciting scarf, a bottle of perfume, a delightful *négligé*. Mlle. Jacqueline is my vendeuse. This house has no sales.

Upstairs and next door is the house of Martial et Armand with Mme. Vallet presiding and giving, as in the case of Premet and Mme. Charlotte, her own stamp of authenticity and genius. Mme. Vallet is one of the most popular figures in her world, bringing a refreshing breath of wit and directness into the sometimes too artificial air of this world. Perhaps one of the things which keeps her collections so youthful.

Every season, or rather four times a year, sees dozens of new ideas in clothes for the young modern; several

coat models that will appear in the most exclusive style pages; as well as refreshing models for the middle-aged woman who wants to steer a safe course between extreme youthfulness and extreme dignity. Her collections are apt to be dominated in spirit by one motif, Chinese this year, for instance, which results in a definite silhouette and a wealth of reminiscent detail. Fine workmanship, often in touches of exquisite embroidery; sumptuousness of rich materials and furs. Stunning ensemble and daytime coats, luxurious evening wraps. A richly varied collection.

For accessories the house presents perfumes, scarves, jewelry, blouses, sweaters, many of these appearing in the retail shop on the Rue de la Paix. Mme. Vallet, too, has been to America, and speaks English. She appears democratically in her salons, getting much inspiration through direct contact with her clients. Perhaps Mme. Pauline will serve you best. One can always pick up a good "sale" at this house, for Mme. Vallet shows several individual collections in different cities of Europe, and these models, quite fresh, are later put on sale, in March, June, September, and December.

On the same side of the Place in the center is the establishment of O'Rossen, the Mecca of all smart women. For where a dozen well-dressed women go to a dozen different couturiers for their gowns, they may all go to O'Rossen for their *tailleurs*. The supreme art of this tailor finally made its way even in France where the tailored suit had not been accepted, until a few years ago, the "evening tuxedo" for women set the final seal of approval on the *tailleur*. Now the wardrobe of every smart Parisian woman contains its tailored suit which O'Rossen probably makes, continuing a service which had formerly been given only in the field of the

riding habit and the hunting suit, perhaps. Naturally the smartest equestrienne at the Horse Show, the one awarded the Grand Prix, usually is wearing an O'Rossen habit. This friendly, wise, human being called O'Rossen must know the real meaning of royal crests and Grand Prix, so constantly have they been a part of his career!

He uses many English and Scotch tweeds, although the French are producing materials of this sort, little by little, to meet the demands of the modern woman. This is one of the few cases where the demands of the fashion world have determined the ways of the fabric manufacturers. Usually as we have seen, the creations of the great fabric designers and manufacturers mold the fashions of a season. Their collection of textiles is a determining element in what is to be what. O'Rossen himself "fits" all day long. It is a distinction to be his particular client, naturally, but a difficult distinction to attain! Perhaps if you are specially recommended by one of his old clients or friends, he may fit that simple tweed suit or the more sophisticated black broadcloth coat. Mme. Lucy is my vendeuse, and I recommend her to you. One last word—don't be too frightened by all this talk of crests and Grand Prix, for O'Rossen is democratic at heart and will make a tailored suit for an unbelievably low price—sometimes seventy or eighty dollars. The house does have sales, too, in January and July, although naturally you cannot expect to find many practical bargains unless you are fortunate enough to possess the French idea of a womanly figure.

Houses are becoming "hyphenated" these days in Paris—Doucet et Dœuillet, Beer et Drecol, both combinations of well-known houses. Doucet's retirement from the fashion world is regrettable for he had such an amazingly modern spirit in spite of his years. He was one

of the first enthusiasts over the modern idea in Paris, which gave weight to the movement since he was one of the greatest collectors in the city. He gave impetus also by purchasing for his collections, and by encouraging young artists like Pierre Legrain the bookbinder and decorator, Lalique, and other pioneers of the movement with important commissions, before they had really made an impression on the world that is now so ready to receive them. On his retirement he was succeeded by Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, now the Comtesse Zograb, one of the smartest women on the French stage. On her marriage she retired from business. But Dœuillet remains as chief designer so that the direction of this new house should be promising.

Beer et Drecolt should prove another strong combination, with the presence of Mlle. Germaine, recently a designer of Worth's. The sophisticated woman who values a certain smart maturity in the midst of this flapper world ought to be able to find here a house that will assure her a chic compatible with dignity and a subtle youthfulness which she can allow herself.

One more house of noble traditions, in this neighborhood—that of Redfern on the Rue de Rivoli—a house which boasts one of the best-known designers in Paris, Robert Piguet, formerly of Poiret. With Edmond Courtot as director, well known in America, the house of Redfern has become especially interesting to the smart young thing as well as the grandmamma who had her wedding dress made there. By the time this book is printed they will probably have moved to their new quarters on the Rue Royale across from Molyneux where it is to be hoped you will find a downstairs shop with the smart hats, scarves, and furs which appear in their present shop. Mme. Germaine will act as your vendeuse.

The house has sale models all the year, but you will find especially good bargains in June and July, November and December.

In this neighborhood are two unique young houses, both having sprung into fame overnight, as it were, with a striking speciality. Mary Nowitzky with her beach togs and lounging pajamas designed to meet an entirely new spirit in the smart world at play. A spirit that put as much importance on the picturesque aspects of play and sport, as on the activity itself. Formerly you swam in a modest (or partly so!) knit bathing suit, and threw a simple beach robe around you when you emerged from the water. Or you skied in dark trousers and a sweater, enlivened by a gay scarf. Not so these days! You have a beach ensemble if you can afford it, with nothing less than one bathing suit, very smart, if not too extensive; one bathing cap, plus some shoes; one pair beach pajamas, planned to be as effective as your most stunning evening gown; one robe accompanying the pajamas; one umbrella; beach cushions of unique designs and color, chairs to harmonize. Have I covered the ground? Are you ready for the real Lido, or the American Lido—Palm Beach. For there is as much competition on these beaches now as there used to be in a drawing room of the nineties, and your "place in the social sun" may be gained or lost here.

Mary Nowitzky is the one creator in Paris who will do all this for you, so that you will appear in a blaze of glory. I said "blaze" unconsciously, but it is the right word, for her daring use of color and unerring taste in materials partly account for her preëminence in this field. She went to London last year, and had a noteworthy success, although the style critics shook their heads when they thought of her pajamas and the reac-

tion of a London dowager! She is coming to America when she has time, probably very soon. She does all her designing personally and a great deal of directing! She is eager to come to America because she spent happy pre-war years in Washington as a member of the diplomatic circles. Actually the Princess Koutchabey. She is one of those remarkable Russian gentlewomen who, pressed by circumstances, discovered amazing possibilities in themselves. Her winter sport clothes offer strong live color and smart fabrics. While her lounging *négligés* and pajamas run a whole gamut of charming expressions—from the most fragile, tender combinations of georgette and silver lace, to a most gorgeous assembling of velvets, brocades, and chiffons! If you are one of those women who want to trail around a boudoir in a feminine sort of garment, she can please you. If you must have the exotic, there will be much to delight your eye. If you want just plain, practical sleeping pajamas, you can select from sturdy *crêpe de chine*s or wash silks and have a smart simplicity of line with a lounging robe to match, if you wish. The house is Russian throughout, which means that all the force speaks English! Any *vendeuse* will attend to you well—Mlle. Olga or Mlle. Giselle, and it is very probable that Mary Nowitzky herself will look in on your fitting, or help you decide on just the color so you won't go wrong. The house has sales all the year round and they are tempting! The pajamas and *négligés* are usually in very good condition, and there is always a real find in a sport coat.

The other house is Schiaparelli who registered a success in one season, with her strikingly original sweaters, and has continued that success by adding sport clothes and the smartest of coats. She has extremely good taste and is clever with her designing pencil—America is to

hear more of her every season. We shall speak of her sweaters again in the chapter on accessories so it will be sufficient to say here that if you want sport clothes of a certain type, you will save time by going to Jane Regny or Schiaparelli. Mme. Suzanne is my vendeuse, and she will do well by you.

Other couturiers carry some models, and if you have a pet house where you do most of your buying, you may want to choose their sport clothes too. But if you are especially interested, you won't be doing justice to yourself unless you see these two collections.

No, they aren't all here! We warned you of that in our introduction. But here are the great dressmakers of Paris and some of the near-great. And perhaps by the time of our next edition the gods of the dressmaking world will have made some more moves, and we can add to this chapter which must already have proved bewildering.

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES AND ROND-POINT

Chantal—63 Avenue Champs-Élysées.

Jenny—70 Avenue Champs-Élysées.

Louiseboulanger—3 Rue de Berri.

Callot Sœurs—14 Rue Montaigne.

Lanvin—Rond-Point.

Lelong—16 Avenue Matignon.

Poiret—Rond-Point.

Vionnet—50 Avenue Matignon.

PLACE BEAUVAU AND RUE DE LA BOÉTIE

Champcommunal—5 Rue Penthièvre.

Jane Regny—11 Rue de la Boétie.

Marcel Rochas—Place Beauvau.

RUE DE LA PAIX

Beer et Drecoll—Place Vendôme.

Cheruit—Place Vendôme.

Doncet et Dœuillet—Rue de la Paix.
Martial et Armand—Place Vendôme.
Mary Nowitzky—82 Rue des Petits-Champs.
O'Rossen—Place Vendôme.
Paquin—3 Rue de la Paix.
Premet—Place Vendôme.
Redfern—8 Rue Royale.
Schiaparelli—4 Rue de la Paix.
Worth—7 Rue de la Paix.

MADELEINE

Chanel—31 Rue Cambon.
Nicole Groult—29 Rue d'Anjou.
Lanvin—22 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Molyneux—5 Rue Royale.
Myrbor—17 Rue Vignon.
Patou—7 Rue St. Florentin.
Suzanne Talbot—10 Rue Royale.

CHAPTER II

THE "LITTLE DRESSMAKER"

WE have promised you one more appearance—the "little dressmaker"! The notebook of every woman who has been in France contains at least one of these addresses which she passes on to the fortunate friends who follow her. Sometimes this little dressmaker proves a genius, that rare woman who not only produces near-Lanvins and near-Vionnets but who has ideas of her own. Given the opportunity she might find herself among the great, but with the French attitude of finding joy in the immediate situation, she contents herself in her position, and you profit by her contentment. Sometimes with the executive ability of the Frenchwoman, she builds up quite an organization, taking for herself the rôle of a "small time Vionnet," as it were. She guides you in the selection of materials, having many samples from the big houses. She confides in you that she has made a Chanel model for Mme. X, like this and this, which would be charming on you. Perhaps it is a Chanel model, perhaps it is not! But she has such a knack of sensing your type often, that the result will be about as good. She presides over fittings, often coming to you, if you insist. Sometimes she has a small shop where you can see models first. Sometimes she lives at the end of the earth, up four flights of stairs. Wherever she is her prices range from two hundred and fifty francs up, that is—in your shining American dollars, ten dollars up for a dress, including all costs.

The ones we recommend are known to us personally, or to our intimate friends. There is, for instance, Mme. Badin-Gontier, at 2 Place de la Nation, out beyond the Louvre, beyond the Place de la République—a long way off. But she has a telephone, she speaks English very well, and she will come to you if you insist. You will find her a charming Frenchwoman who will make your interests hers immediately. I am afraid that after the publication of this book, I shall have to go into a "heavy" retirement to escape the friends who will be more than annoyed at me for giving away this secret.

Then there is the little house of Rose et Hélène, 47 Rue Desrenaudes, which we describe with enthusiasm in the chapter on accessories. They are such very nice people and they do such very good work. Their range is much more limited as they make only simple sport dresses and blouses.

Charlottandré, 25 Rue Godot de Mauroy, is a combination of Mlle. André, formerly of Sandra, and Mme. Renée of Regnier. They have both been important figures in larger houses and should function well together.

Rose, 29 Passage Verdreau, off the Rue Faubourg Montmartre, has a flair for knowing what the *grands couturiers* are doing, and will show you for eight hundred francs and up.

Jady, 8 Rue Auber, makes a specialty of beaded dresses, which many Americans insist on having. Perhaps they are not my idea of Paris chic, but if you like beaded dresses you can find them here.

Charlyanne, 10 Rue Mont-Thabor, dresses one of my American friends who has been in business in Paris for some years. Although this friend knows her Paris well, she does not change her dressmaker. The prices here range from twenty-five dollars up.

Eliette, 16 Rue de la Pépinière, often has charming dresses for ten dollars and up, which you can carry off with you. Look in her windows some day when you have been lunching at the Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque.

Another American friend who specializes in Lanvin when she can afford it, goes to Boudry, 119 Boulevard Sébastopol, when she wants to pay about twenty-five dollars or more.

Wealthy friends who know how to spend their money to advantage go to Mme. Civat, 67 Rue de Provence, to add to a wardrobe based on purchases made at the *grands couturiers*. The prices here are higher, being in the neighborhood of fifty dollars for dresses or coats. These friends have also been well pleased *chez* Mme. Fred, 16 Rue St. Roch, for afternoon and dinner dresses especially.

Mme. Germaine, 92 Rue St. Lazare, is really a "wholesaler" but she will sell you dresses from twenty-five dollars up. We have not included many wholesale shops in our discussions because they present the problem of language. You cannot shop satisfactorily in them unless you know French well, or have some one with you to speak for you. Then they furnish splendid bargains often.

A buyer from one of New York's smartest shops patronizes Lycasso, 52 Boulevard Haussmann, in her "off hours." Two other friends went home with a trunkful of clothes made by Téry, 48 Avenue Duquesne. There is a shop on the Avenue Niel, where they have been showing the snappiest kind of sport clothes, sweaters, skirts, coats, scarves that are "different" with an emphasis.

In the court of 12 Rue Montalivet, Mlle. Denise will take care of you. You will find some very nice things

for your wardrobe, without punishing your pocketbook too much.

Higher in the scale are the following:

Mag Helly—18 Rue Marbeuf. About \$60 up.

Claire Any—7 Rue du Mont-Thabor. Patronized by a well-dressed English woman of rank. Furnishing models for some New York shops.

Claire Sœurs—Place Beauvau. Same class as Claire Any.

Renée et Andrée—16 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Jumeau—99 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Lyse Berchon—5 Rue de Castiglione.

Sealon—11 bis Rue de Surène.

In most of these models can be purchased outright, or copied to order.

Add to these the department stores and other shops of which you may know yourself, and your Paris shopping of this order should not be difficult.

CHAPTER III

MILLE. MODISTE

THE problem of the hat is simpler. After the influx of Henri's, Gaston's, and Marcel's, who rushed to America following the fashionable "bob" to mold the heads of America's smart women, came a few milliners to do some "molding" too. The clever American modiste realized that this technique of shaping the hat to the head, and talking in suave patter of profiles, contours, sculptural values, was something to be acquired soon. So that now there are dozens of American milliners following the French method of building the hat on the head, and the average buyer has learned how to watch the process critically. This has been one of the best style disciplines that the American woman, milliner or client, has ever had because the evolutions of line can be watched from the beginning, and much can be learned about the hat and the individual.

Not many years ago the average well-dressed woman thought of the hat in terms of her gown, and let it go at that! A tailored hat of harmonizing tones for the *tailleur*, a velvet or satin hat perhaps for the afternoon gown, a "garden hat" for the picturesque summer dress. Feathers and flowers adding distinction were frequently then in line. Having determined upon the type, she did go so far as to consider it in relation to her face, so that the roundfaced woman of sense looked less cherubic in the hats she chose, and the hatchet-faced woman found

pleasant and unexpected curves in her facial contours! She knew that her face was too round or too long, but she didn't let the world know it! She went even farther if she was really clever, and insisted on a full length mirror when she bought her hats. With the coming of the bob, and the French hairdresser, and the French milliner, she learned to consider her hat in relation to her head as a whole, as a mass of more or less "bony structure" with points to be skillfully disguised, and others to be as skillfully accentuated. The "bumps" formerly of interest only to the phrenologist, assumed a new æsthetic importance and many a Roman nose had its day for the first time. This new "molding" method had its dangers. For a time the small hat, tailored to the *n*th degree, with too little variety in form, threatened to become a formula. But the leaders of style soon realized the monotony of it; "feminization marked the bob and the trend of dress styles; and the hat, molded as before necessarily, developed brim lines and decorative features that pleased the masculine critic who was making front page headlines with the query, "Where are the sweet women of yesteryear?" The Paris millinery mind took some time to react to the situation and to find new importance for the flower, the ribbon, the feather. But the last collection proved that hats are again "becoming" as well as smart.

The prices at big houses extend from five hundred francs up. The seasons precede those of the dress collections, although openings as such do not exist. Occasionally there is an evening showing for a chosen few. After this, no formal showings are made, although there are always mannequins who will display the hats in which you are interested. The houses vary in their display methods, some presenting all their models in huge

armoires and on pedestals, so that you can go around and select for yourself; others following the individual method of bringing out certain models for you to see, which the vendeuse chooses as your "type."

You can always try on models if you can get them on. Having decided on the model, you must choose the color and material with the help of the vendeuse. If you have a gown which must be "married" to the hat, trust to her judgment ordinarily, certain that the matter of color matching will always be well taken care of by the French dyer, himself an artist. If you prove an interesting customer with ideas of your own, the head of the house will design especially for you. Agnès often does this, one of her most successful hats having been a severe tailor's plush, modeled on the lines of a man's hat, which she made in different colors, a half dozen at least, for one client. The well-dressed woman often takes this simple method of being smart. You probably know through style reporting in America, the houses which will interest you, so we shall treat them rather briefly, ending this chapter with practical recommendations of small milliners.

All the shops are located in a small area, that of the Madeleine and the Rue de la Paix, so you won't have to be very geographically minded to find them. If you value smartness, the more dynamic smartness that "hits you in the eye," so to speak, go to Agnès. Her hats are unquestionably the most exciting in Paris. Her sympathy with "modern" art is shown in asymmetries, the geometrical patternings of Dunand, in lacquer incrustations, harmoniously angular, while her sensitiveness to the primitive has been revealed in her popular creations of the African turban, for instance, following the Citroën crossing of the Sahara. She dares as much with mate-

rials as with lines, having sponsored the humble calfskin which achieved such popularity in America, and the more aristocratic broadtail; the omnipresent tricot and the softer angora. You will always find smart scarves, often designed for wear with some particular hat model, and sweaters with original designs by Dunand, sprayed on in lacquer.

Her salons, incidentally, have been done by Dunand, and reflect her modern interest in their hard shining surfaces. Her vendeuses have been with her for some time, have grown up with the business, and are "part of the family" really. Mme. Mireille will be happy to have new clients, recommended even impersonally by us. Be sure to ask for Mlle. "Zette" as a fitter.

Reboux is another name of supreme importance. This house concedes a little more to the demands of the conventionally smart woman, with sophisticated but not too startling models. It is responsible each season for many lines and shapes very important in the millinery world. Both Alex and Agnès had their first training at Reboux. Mme. Paul will be glad to welcome you as a client.

There is a slightly more democratic quality in the salons of Maria Guy. The collection of the season is in open *armoires*, so that you can walk about and do your own appraising if you want to. Many of her models have a chic that is identified with the house; others belong to the softer, more "becoming" type. Your whole family can "hat" themselves here, and be happy. There are the smartest of scarves, usually, and often evening caps of great charm.

Another name to conjure with in the world of hats is Alex-Mihail, on the Rue d'Astorg, once with Reboux. Agnès professor! She makes remarkable hats, really personal hats. You can be proud if Alex is interested

in designing for you. Very much flattered if she is interested, and very much flattered by the hat! She makes hats for one of the most beautiful actresses on the French stage, Mlle. Pierat; for a conservatively smart English vicomtesse I know, and for a charming American with little money but an exquisite profile. You can be truly "made over," a fitting subject for a "before and after" picture, if she likes your particular physiognomy or personality, and decides to take you as a client. Very much an individual, she expresses herself in painting too, as Blanchot does in sculpture. She has bought and is developing a great farm in the Mistral country which she loves. She moves much in the world of artists, and is often seen with some well-known sculptor or painter. She has a rich inspiration on which to draw, and a quick appreciation of individual quality in a client.

Suzanne Talbot! Be careful! You may emerge looking very smart and perhaps a trifle wicked, for what Suzanne cannot do with a few yards of material in a turban, or the normal outlines of a brim, or that tiny little veil, isn't worth conceiving! She has more conservative models, too, and she offers you the choice between being startlingly original and conventionally smart. If there is a vogue any season for evening caps and turbans, always go to her first.

Jane Blanchot can be depended upon for pleasantly smart hats. Your most "friendly enemy" will have to recognize it immediately as a Paris hat, but your new husband won't mind if you wear it when you call on your rather austere mother-in-law. She can really see in that relation between a hat and a head, the "sculptural values" which modern coiffeurs and modern milliners have discussed so fluently. For she is a sculptress of talent who exhibited for the first time in the Salon

last year. You can truly feel that your hat is molded on your head! That all your strong points are made more fetching, and that your weak ones are lost in a general effect of good line and mass! Mme. Odette is a vendeuse.

You will probably hear that Marthe Régnier left the stage for the field of creator of modes. She is still on the stage but she also makes hats! Don't let this alarm you, for although she designs for many actresses, she has a sound clientèle of quietly smart women too.

Georgette, Marie Alphonsine, Rose Descat, Le Monnier, Camille Roger, Rose Valois, Esther Meyer, all have impressive clientèles from Europe, and the two Americas, and can be depended upon for the chic you want associated with your Paris hat.

The "little milliner" and the "little dressmaker" industry in Paris is strongly reminiscent of our own bootlegging business! There is the same atmosphere of secrecy about addresses. Your best friend whispers—"I know a wonderful 'little milliner' and I'll tell you if you will keep the secret!" Of course, hardly any one does keep the secret, which is one reason why I don't feel so guilty about sharing some of these addresses with you.

Very near the big houses in quality and price are shops like Bérengère on the Rue Royale, where you can rush in and buy a hat if you see one you like. Tallien is a name which appears now in the smart style magazines. At this house every one speaks English, which will be a relief if you have been doing too much business in a "sign language."

Mme. Rosa makes all the hats for one of the well-known younger couturières, who has a knack of dressing herself as well as her clients. Mme. Rosa is a quiet

young person, unimpressive until she starts slashing into a felt in an impetuous way that makes your heart sink! But don't worry! You can trust her. The last time I went I found a charming family of Americans, mother, son and aunt, mother and aunt buying whole flocks of hats, Rosa creating, and son criticizing.

Mad is one of the pleasantest Frenchwomen in business! So I recommend her especially if you have a difficult coil of hair with which you have refused to part, or if you are one of those rare middle-aged women who are rather proud of the gracious possibilities of rich middle years. She makes smart hats for the flapper too, but I'm sure her deeper sympathies are with the older woman who is having her difficulties in Paris "being her age."

Lérie usually has several models to be copied very cheaply. At the end of a season, the house sells its models at prices that will delight you. You can walk off with three or four and not feel extravagant.

Marcelle Vasseur is really a "little milliner," a tiny person who seems almost lost in her two big rooms at 7 Rue St. Anne. Two years ago she started in a tiny room on the Faubourg St. Honoré, where I was tempted one day, because I saw such a smart brown hat in the window. Marcelle and I became better friends because she made over some hats very successfully for me. This year I located her again and had the same pleasant experience. This trick, incidentally, of having old hats made over, is worth trying, for little milliners charge so little to do it!

Several of our American friends go to Suzanne Aubli, 12 Rue Vignon, while one of our best-dressed French friends has her hats made in a little shop at 47 Rue Desrenaudes, not too far from the Etoile, at the same ad-

dress where you find Rose et H  l  ne whom we recommend for lingerie.

Jeanne Baron will have some models that interest you if you find yourself in her neighborhood. She is very popular with two of my discriminating friends. And Jeanne Duc has interesting hats and unusually good scarves and flowers.

All the department stores have hat departments where you can buy from forty francs up! Don't be too scornful of these *rayons* either, as you will often find smart hats, if you know the style trends of the day. I have been most successful at the Galeries, while friends swear by Printemps.

Up beyond the Galeries on the Rue Lafayette are several shops where you can buy directly. If you want to have your hat made, you may be more satisfied with an individual milliner, but if you want to walk out with the hat on your head, you can do so from these shops. They will also copy their models for you.

Agn  s—6 Rue St. Florentin.

Reboux—23 Rue de la Paix.

Maria Guy—8 Place Vend  me.

Alex-Mihail—29 bis Rue d'Astorg.

Marie Alphonsine—Avenue des Champs-Elys  es.

Rose Descat—22 Rue Royale.

Suzanne Talbot—14 Rue Royale.

Rose Valois—18 Rue Royale.

Jane Blanchot—11 Faubourg St. Honor  .

Lemonnier—231 Rue St. Honor  .

Camille Roger—6 Rue de la Paix.

Esther Meyer—6 Rue Royale.

Jeanne Baron—49 Rue St. Roch.

B  reng  re—Rue Royale.

Tallien—10 Rue du Mont-Thabor.

Mad—3 Rue de Sur  ne.

Jeanne Duc—12 Rue de la Paix.

A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS

Lérie—4 Avenue Victor-Emmanuel.
Marthe Régnier—Place Vendôme.
Mme. Rosa—34 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Marcelle Vasseur—7 Rue St. Anne
Suzanne Aubli—12 Rue Vignon.

Patou.
Molyneux.
Redfern.
Lanvin.
Poiret.

CHAPTER IV

ACCESSORIES

You have probably heard your grandmother say, "A lady is always known by her shoes and her gloves." This simple statement may have bored you, but you accepted it as truth. It meant that your shoes should be well cared for and unassuming, made by one of the fine conservative bootmakers if possible, otherwise, by one of the good manufacturers whose names were traditional. Gloves in those days meant Cross, solid and conservative, "good goods," or Paris ones, Perrin or Jouvin, if you were that fortunate. Grays, blacks, tans for the morning; spotless white for the afternoon; longer white glacé kid for the evening. With slight variations these filled the demand of a lady's day. Purses were important if you lived in the city, but they too were chosen for their unobtrusiveness and their quality. For years black or brown stockings made this item of dress a simple problem. The average well-dressed woman depended on her gown, or the fine tailoring of her suit to give her distinction. The accessories were chosen for their guarantee of unobtrusive taste, good quality, and negative adaptability. Perfume was unpopular, even the fresh flower scent being in questionable taste, unless mildly filtered through a sachet.

All this time the French woman was developing the idea of an *ensemble*, a consciously harmonious selection of costume, shoes, purse, hat, stockings, with an atten-

tion to lingerie and corseting that insured perfection in effect. The greatest care was taken in the dyeing of leathers and of felts; in the fitting of lingerie and corsets to a mode and a figure; in the selection of every detail of a costume. A hat was chosen to be worn with a certain frock, not for a negative color quality which would make it "do" for several costumes. The shoes were especially made for a gown so that the foot never appeared as the mere adjunct that it often does in American dressing. The purse was not simply a bag in which to carry money and the doorkeys, but an artistic creation, made of a wide variety of materials, dyed, embroidered, so fashioned that it added to a particular effect. When the Parisian woman chose a dress, she went to her bootmaker, her glove merchant, her stocking shop, her leather goods creator, her milliner, and presented the problem to him.

It is only recently that this idea has spread to America. Not more than a few years ago the American woman in Paris was recognized by the "uniform" of the day. One year it would be the tailored suit with the crêpe de chine blouse. Another year, the topcoat, heavy low-heeled shoes, and woolen stockings. So it went, until with the changes that have come since the war, the penetration of large numbers of Americans into Europe, the need of the French dressmaker for an American market, the result on American store purchases and consequent advertising, and the invasion of the *couture* world by young Frenchmen with young ideas, there has developed in America an ensemble idea of dress. Before the war the French dressmakers depended on individual clients drawn from the courts of Europe and the nobility surrounding the courts. Then the American shopkeeper found it difficult to penetrate the mysteries of the

couture world; the manufacturer knew it was almost impossible. But with the end of the war, things changed. The foreign clients had gone the way of much of the nobility of Europe. If they still existed as nobility, they had little money to give to French dressmakers. The average American took their place! The individual French *couturier* was sometimes quick to realize this and acted accordingly. Vionnet came to America and established an agency with an exclusive house here. Patou came over, not on business, no, surely not! But he "made the front page" of many American newspapers when he came and when he left so that most Americans heard of the house of Patou. Poiret came and toured the country, showing on the stage, on "live models," just how Paris dresses are created! Now each year brings its quota. Lelong, Mme. Vallet of Martial et Armand, and Molyneux last year, certainly others this.

The world of accessories was not slow to follow this good lead. On came the *coiffeurs*, the leather goods creators, the *corsetières*, the *bottiers*, until now the names of Hermès, Antoine, Fouquet, Marthe, Alexandrine, Perugia, Vuitton, Rodier, are as well known as those of corresponding Americans. Paris perfumers have established importing centers in America, "wafting their perfumes" over the country in department stores from Oshkosh to Salt Lake City. The department stores receive cables of openings, and "last minute sketches" by wireless. The advertising of the shops carrying French originals and copies appears almost simultaneously with the openings of Paris, and the rotogravure considers it a part of its duty to educate its readers with the names of the leading creators and devastating pictures of the most beautiful models, if not

of the smartest gowns! For the couturier chooses a mannequin primarily for a plasticity of body and a figure conforming to the demands of the day, not for facial beauty except as a desirable accompaniment! Some of the most stunning mannequins in the *couture* world photograph badly. Their pictures therefore appear infrequently, although the dresses made for them may be the most successful of the season. The roto-gravure editor wants "faces first." All this combination of advertising and publicity has given the average American woman a background so that when she comes to Paris for the first time she knows the names of the leading creators, at least. If she can afford it she goes to them, thinking that they hold the secrets of the well-dressed woman in their hands. If she cannot afford it she often walks helplessly about the streets, looking enviously at the unrevealing fronts of the big houses, and questionably at the more democratic ones of the other shops without making a decision or a purchase. This is unfortunate because there is no reason why the woman with a small income should not return from Paris well dressed and content with herself. The matter of buying the foundation, the gown, the coat, the hat, has been taken care of. Now comes the question of the accessory, which should follow naturally the purchases in the larger field of the couturier and the modiste. One mistake is enough! You learn that it is much simpler and much easier on the pocketbook to buy a pair of shoes to harmonize with a dress, than to buy a dress to match a pair of shoes.

Shoes will be your greatest problem. With the great flexibility now shown by the American manufacturer I should really advise you to wait until your return for most of your purchases, unless you have an elastic

budget or a particular emergency to meet. For these occasions it will be well to be informed on the shoe situation in Paris.

First there are the American shops, Walk-Over on the Boulevard opposite the Café de la Paix; Hanan's down the Avenue de l'Opéra a little way; and Sandalari's on the Rue St. Honoré. Sandalari designs shoes on American lasts, with a great deal of French chic. The others represent French ideas grafted onto American standards of size and quality. The variety of designs will not be so interesting as in the French shops, but the shoes will be more comfortable. The prices will be slightly under those at home, but not so low as those in French shops of the same grade. However, the French foot—female—seems to be adapted to quite another functioning than the American one! I won't attempt to explain this psychologically or physiologically, but I will say—"Be very certain that the French shoes feel perfectly comfortable. Buy one pair first. Walk in them for a few days. Then make up your mind about further purchases."

For the emergency, if you do not want to spend a great deal, try some of the better type of French shops, specializing in the ready-to-wear shoe. You will find the windows of these shops fascinating, displaying dozens of models which look very original to the untrained eye, and will look very smart in America. They are often copies, or designs influenced strongly by the creations of de luxe bottiers. There will also be the conservative models—patent leather pumps, satin slippers, etc., but not many of the simpler types of walking shoes found in America. Several of these companies have branches in different quarters of town. If you select a good quarter, you will find smarter models and higher prices. Such are the various Bally, Raoul, and Berthelot shops.

The Bally store on the Boulevard is a good one for your purpose. With an exterior designed by Mallet-Stevens, one of the foremost modern architects of Paris, it presents an imposing front, stunning in the simplicity of Monel metal and brass. It has little room for window display, so that you may have to depend on my assurance that there are many most attractive designs inside, ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars, probably. These shops usually advertise shoes made on American lasts, for this type of shoe has become popular recently even with Parisiennes. Back of the Madeleine is Edith's, where you can invest anything from one hundred francs up and get a good return. There are especially interesting evening models. Farther down the Boulevard beyond Bally's are the High Life Shop where I have shopped successfully and cheaply, and Pinet's with much the same grade of shoe.

If you really want to make your shoes a part of your dress problem, there are several fine bottiers, so fine that it would be difficult to make a special recommendation. You will want to make a careful decision, as with one satisfactory pair of shoes made by the house your problem is simplified. Your last is recorded and you can order from a distance. If you want by-products of the original designer without too heavy a strain on your pocketbook, go to Julienne's where her most interesting models designed for individuals are made in ready-to-wear copies. Her shop is conveniently located on the Rue St. Honoré near the corner of Castiglione. You may find yourself selecting a model worn by a Worth mannequin, as all the Worth shoes are designed here. If you want a Perugia model in ready-to-wear form, go to Preciosa or Enzel, where you can select one for from three hundred and fifty francs up.

The next step will be the *grands bottiers*, with Perugia well in the front of American minds. Possibly you have been waiting to get to Paris just to treat yourself to a pair of Perugia shoes. Well, then, know that it will be a big treat! For his cheapest model is about eight hundred francs, this often increasing to twelve hundred or more. So—choose well! This young bootmaker made his début in a simple way, in Nice where the smart world soon found him, and changed his destiny. He came to Paris and presented astounding collections, launching shoes made entirely of brilliants, Russian shoes for the boudoir in colors and materials that Russia never saw, shoes with square heels, reptile skin shoes. Many of these creations appeared for the first time worn by French actresses who immediately realized his flair for the unusual. He knows the value of publicity, having proved it still more by planning and executing the first modern shoe shop in Paris. It was the talk of the city for some time with its snake skin doors and furniture. These dramatic ideas marked him, and the smart world followed the stage, until now his clientèle boasts not only most of the well-dressed actresses of the day, but many conservative women noted for their quieter good taste.

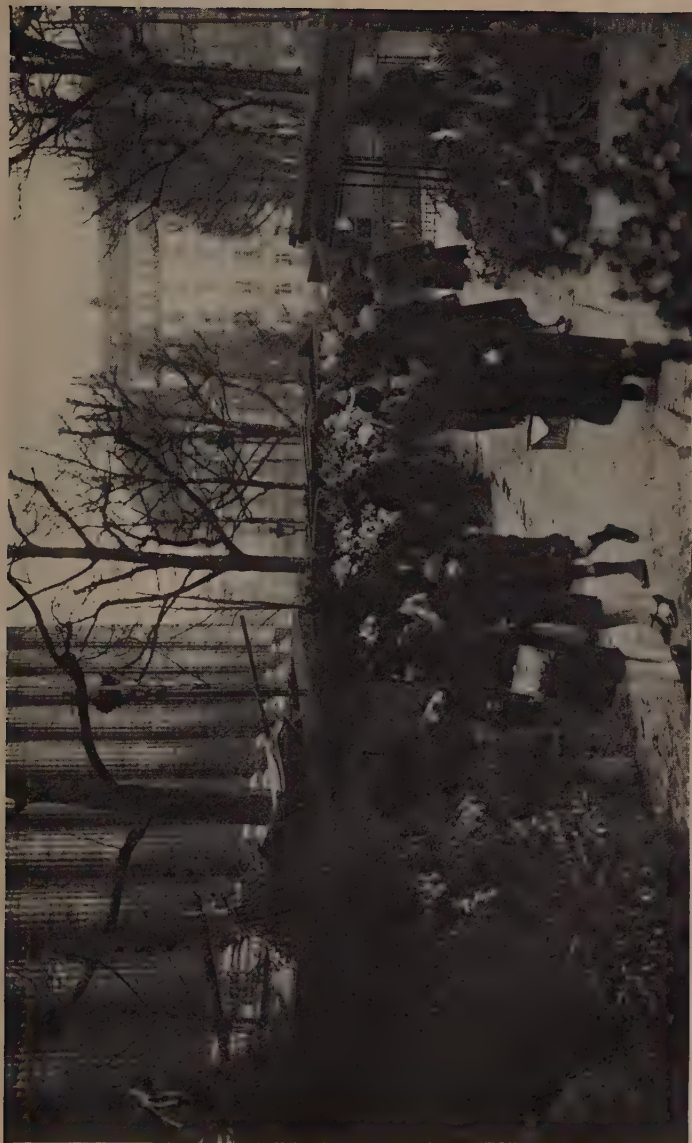
Hellstern is practically as well known to Americans. His shop on the Place Vendôme may make shopping easier if your bank or your milliner or your dressmaker is there too. Although this house makes shoes of the most exotic materials, priceless brocades, strange reptile skins, heavy silks, which put their shoes in the luxury class, it also sells a few models ready-made.

Ducerf-Scavini, on the Rue Cambon, has been highly recommended to me by one of the best-dressed women in Paris. She goes there if she wants a model for a particular dress, as no material and no color seem beyond

their powers of adaption. Gréco, on the Rue des Capucines just off the Rue de la Paix, has a stunning modernized front also. This house is always represented in the openings of the big houses. Last year they launched the low-heeled shoe which Madame Agnès, the milliner with her well-known flair for the individual expressed in faultless taste, wore at the races. The next day it was the talk of Paris and soon you in America were reading with wide-open eyes, that the low-heeled shoe was the smart mode of the moment! "French heel" has always meant one thing in the shoe world, an idea so fixed in the French mind that nothing seemed to be able to dislodge it. And behold overnight through the daring of a smart modiste and the power of the reputation of an established house, Paris was well on the way to being flooded with low heels. It was this house also that was responsible for the taffeta bathing shoes which were so popular with Patou's clients in 1926. It can usually be depended upon for something unique, but sound and acceptable.

A new shop, Enzel, has appeared on the Faubourg St. Honoré, again a striking modern front, designed by the clever young architect, Raymond Nicolas, and equally striking displays. Its models are credited to Perugia, and it must be something in the nature of a higher grade Preciosa. Perugia creates so many models in the course of a year, many of which are not uniquely designed for a customer, that other outlets for the same or similar models, less highly priced, should be a good business idea.

Another well-dressed friend always has her evening shoes made by Costa on the Rue St. Honoré, and one of the dressmakers whose clothes are well adapted to American tastes, is launching the models of Marouf. Miccuci,



PARIS HAS ITS OUTDOOR MARKETS IN EVERY PART OF THE CITY. IN THE SHADOW OF THE MADE-
LEINE IS HELD A FLOWER MARKET ON TUESDAY AND FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK.



THE EIFFEL TOWER, WHICH DOMINATES PARIS, EPITOMIZES THE NEW COMMERCIAL SPIRIT OF FRANCE BY BECOMING AT NIGHT AN ILLUMINATED SIGNBOARD.

a smaller bootmaker, and one less expensive, was well recommended to me. Ionesco on the Rue de Colisée is also a bottier of distinction, and Argence on the Faubourg has been patronized for some time by two American friends who have a reputation for being well dressed, and for accomplishing it with a measure of economy.

It was due to a young American girl free-lancing in style journalism that the vogue of the shoe and the handbag to match, started in Paris. Planning for one of her trips to America she had a traveling ensemble designed and made by one of the leading houses—conservative in line and color, with just the one daring touch that made it stand out. Perugia created shoes to be worn with this costume, individualized by a monogram in place of a buckle. This monogram gave her another idea—why not have a pocketbook to match the shoes, the same leather, the same colors, with the monogram in leather of another color instead of the more usual metal? It was done, and the vogue for matching footgear and purses, with the solid basis of like materials, started on its way to success. The particular pair of shoes and purse in question appeared in a leading New York rotogravure, and so the wheel began to turn. The advent of serpent leathers has made this idea more popular. So if this interests you, you can always follow your visit to the bottier with one to the purse creator. But he should be a creator, not just an adapter, because there must be subtlety in the combination. A good number of the bottiers mentioned above design bags also.

One of the most popular gifts to friends back home is the purse, ranging from the exquisite bag of rare material to the sturdy one of leather. Here it is well to know that for the average bag you will pay practically what you would pay at home; for the truly artistic creations,

unbelievable prices. However, if you have been promising yourself or one of your friends such a present, you can have a choicer product from one of the *de luxe* shops in Paris than you could find in New York, and its unique quality will be assured. For this kind of bag you will go probably to Isakoff on the Rue de la Paix, to Simon et Gans on the Rue St. Honoré, Duvellroy on the Boulevard Madeleine, or Guérin on the Rue St. Honoré. Most of these names are well known to the discriminating buyer, but Guérin is a smaller house which has sprung into popularity by its more individual attention. These creators are the ones represented in the collections of the *grands couturiers*, whose custom it is to select models for exclusivity.

In the same class as far as quality is concerned, with a different extension of taste, are Vuitton and Hermès, again names with a meaning in America. At Vuitton's you can buy anything from the simplest leather purse to the most elaborately fitted and adapted luggage, the kind which your children may inherit. You can depend on Vuitton to last that long! The American representative of Vuitton told me that they often had trunks brought to them for slight repairs which had been purchased from Vuitton fifty or seventy-five years ago. It will be the kind of luggage which, as the American advertising might say, "will mark you as a discriminating person in the smartest hotel, or on the smartest steamship!" Although much of it is richly conservative, there will always be the unique pieces. Anything, in fact, from the cheaper luggage of cowhide, still marked L.V., to luxurious motor cases, fitted in solid silver, or dressing cases with crystal bottles topped in ivory. Hermès falls within this group also, adding to the regular luggage models, the finest saddles and golf equip-

ment. You may like to see here the remarkable collection of old saddles, and of old prints, a museum collection really. Vuitton, too, has an amusing collection of old trunks which has been seen in America. Bernard on the Faubourg St. Honoré is another creator of distinction. These three houses are all samples of the father-son traditions in French business.

In a class by itself, having arisen like Sandoz the jeweler, as another expression of the modern art interest, is the establishment of Henriette Léon. Her purses are all conceived in the spirit of modernity, taking their place in the Salons of Decorative Art with the creations of leaders in the fields of decoration. A distinct contribution to the movement. The interiors of her shop were planned by René Herbst who has already made a name for himself in the decorative world, and who does not scorn to turn his attention to shop interiors. It is this lack of self-consciousness on the part of the French artist, this recognition of values in different fields, widely separated, that gives such vitality and harmony to French decorative art. An artist of distinction does not hesitate to design a textile or a carpet, or to turn his attention to the working of metals and jewels into a creation to be only a part of a costume. One of the outstanding features of the last collection in Paris, for instance, was the designing of accessories like buttons, buckles, etc., to harmonize directly with the jewels to be worn with the costume. This was a natural following through of the idea of costume jewelry which was the contribution of the previous season.

If your clothes budget is more limited, you will find Simonard on the Rue de Colisée presenting models in leather and fabrics which are very interesting. He makes many of the models of the big houses and you will

find the ideas of the moment exemplified in his collection.

Lenoir on the Rue Royale always offers a provocative collection. Trendell et Leland, a wholesale house which will sell to the individual, has original smoking accessories, unusual cigarette cases that look like Paris to the friend at home, as well as smart bags. When you are buying sweaters or lingerie at Deux Claudine's on the Rue Tronchet, it will be convenient to stop in at the little shop next door, Butterfly. It has very attractive bags reasonably priced, and the girls in charge give the impression of being personally interested in your problems.

Among the cheaper but reliable and satisfactory shops are those of the Selleries Réunies. There are several of these, the best models appearing in the best quarters as is the case with the shoe shop branches. You will find the originality of Vuitton or Hermès or Bernard, but you will find quality, lower prices, and careful attention to special orders. Their luggage is equally satisfactory. Goyard on the Rue St. Honoré is also good. In addition to its leather goods for "humans," it has unique accessories for dogs—raincoats, sport coats, rubber boots, leashes, and baskets—all the smart equipment of the well-dressed dog. In discussing this matter of leather goods, mention must be made also of the many cheaper leather stores in various parts of the city. In these you find not only cheap, good-looking luggage, but also novelties like cocktail shakers in cases, glass and bottle cases, fitted picnic baskets, bridge pads, etc.—inexpensive gifts, especially for men. In buying cheap leather at these places, for hard wear, it is well to remember that wearing quality is more often to be found in expensive goods. But the product which will not be sub-

jected to heavy strain, and which spells originality and attractiveness, can be purchased without much deliberation. Probably the best value in such shops is the variety of parchment luggage—hat boxes, cases, trunks. Several of these stores are to be found on the Rue des Pyramides, and it is my custom to “shop” here, to go from one to the other, looking and pricing. There is a slight variation in price, and you can profit by it. One of the cheapest and the most interesting of these stores is to be found on the Rue Pépinière, near the Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque where you may be lunching some day. Slightly higher in price, but possibly more convenient, are the department stores which carry practically this same line of leather goods.

It might be well to mention here the usefulness of the wicker baskets—trunks rather—which do not exist in America. If you find that you need an extra piece of luggage for books, packing of china, wood articles, etc., these are splendid, and save you money. If they are lined with oilcloth, they will serve as a more practical duffle bag for American traveling.

For novelty bags the following shops represent more reasonably priced bags—Léon, 16 Rue Vignon; Wolczko, 12 Rue d’Aguesseau, second floor; Jenane, Boulevard Haussmann; Triglav, on the Rue Mont-Thabor; A. Clairval on the Rue Duphot; and the Rue de Rivoli shops discussed in another chapter. At Lancel’s, on the Boulevard, you will find many cheap bags, reproducing in some form the ideas of the season. Soeber’s on the Place Vendôme makes a specialty of change purses, and bill folds, and little evening purses, with enough individuality to make them very acceptable as gifts. While Henry à la Pensée has novelties which you will not find elsewhere. Max Bornstein, 21 Rue du Rendez-Vous, is a

wholesale place which will sell retail. Its models are very fine.

When your grandmother said, "Look well to your gloves and your shoes, my dear," she meant the gloves of Perrin and Jouvin, if you were among those Americans who bought in Paris. These were the houses of her day, and still remain—Jouvin, at Rue Auber near the American Express Company; Perrin, at 45 Avenue de Opéra, carrying on their tradition of quality and taste. Although they may not startle you with unique touches of Alexandrine, they will offer elegant gloves, possibly with little revers of *petit point* if you want something especially nice for a gift. In the season of 1928-29 Perrin offered some very smart cuffs in point de Beauvais. They also carry conservative, handsome purses.

Alexandrine, on the Rue Auber, remains the arbiter of styles in this world. She has now opened a shop on the Champs-Élysées near Claridge's, so that if your dressmaking is done in that quarter, her services can be offered you too. It is from Alexandrine that the startling innovations come, although she will show you some very modest gloves too. It was her distinction to receive the Grand Prix in the Exposition of Decorative Art of 1925. Her prices are not too high—and you will find the unexpected. She will also make gloves especially for you. Both the shops carry smart stockings of the finest silk, and recently they have added purses and scarves in a limited variety, but of designs which will appear nowhere else in Paris. She has a soap especially for washing gloves. Saks, Fifth Avenue, became her representative in New York. Ask for Mlle. Jane who will take very good care of you.

You may wish to buy most of your gloves at Nicolet's or Harry's. Nicolet is on the Rue Duphot, near the

Madeleine, although there is now a branch on the Rue de Rivoli. The gloves here conform more to French tastes, specializing in unique cuff styles, but you will also find gauntlets. Harry on the Rue St. Honoré always has a large assortment of washable gloves in the pull-on style most popular with Americans. So does Erès, farther down the street, and on the Boulevard Haussmann. The prices at these shops are reasonable. All these shops carry stockings too. But this is not the place to speak of the big problem of French stockings, a problem with which practically every American is acquainted by some kind friend before he sails for the first time!

Courtin, 23 Rue Montaigne, was recommended to me by a friend who carries out this idea of harmony to the smallest detail by having her gloves made to go with her best gowns or suits. He also makes models for Alpina, the leather company which has been responsible for the vogue of serpent skins. The Ganterie des Arcades, a new shop too, has smart models. Another new shop which has just opened on the Faubourg St. Honoré—Courvoisier—looks very attractive. It specializes in gloves and handkerchiefs. The *grands couturiers* are entering the field too, Suzanne Talbot and Worth showing special gloves for special costumes.

Very good gloves can also be bought at Printemps, and sometimes at the Galeries, while the Louvre carries the well-known Reynier makes, the sole agent for Paris.

The vogue for pigskin is reflected in the glove world. Hermès shows smart pigskin gloves for sport; Schiaparelli makes a winter sports vest of it; the ultra-modern decorators use it in many ways. A little shop at 67 Faubourg St. Honoré, the Peau de Porc, shows every form of accessory down to shoes, the gloves being espe-

cially practical. If you can judge from the rapid stride of this store, pigskin is growing on the public's mind, and it is rumored that it will enjoy a vogue equal to the reptilian one through which we have just passed.

Having mentioned the problem of stockings, we might as well consider it here. Probably there is no reader who has not been told, "Take lots of stockings with you!" You wonder why every one seems to insist so. There is a reason. Still there is no place in the world where you can buy as sheer hose, as perfect, the kind to "draw through a wedding ring" or meet some other romantic requirement. There are houses with long-standing reputations for the finest kind of merchandise, like the old firm of Bardy-Fordebras on the Rue Pierre Premier de Serbie. When you enter this "store" you will be sure you have made a mistake! Surely this is no store. It is a French home into which you have awkwardly stumbled. The pleasant-faced woman opening the door of the apartment will set you right, though, before you can apologize. She does set you right by asking you to walk in. And there you are in an ordinary room of an ordinary French apartment with no signs of stockings anywhere. You finally believe when the door opens again to admit a Frenchwoman smartly dressed, who inquires, "Are my dozen pair of hose ready?" At the same moment a girl opens the doors of a huge *armoire* and puts on the table the sheerest of silk hose, lovely things marked only by a tiny blue stripe around the top. She handles them as lovingly as your grandmother touches her old laces. You don't wonder when you feel them, and you are surprised to hear the price. From eighty to one hundred and twenty francs. You had expected to be told even more. For this type of hosiery you pay at least double in New York, and you might pay

New York prices here if this house had a shop in a deluxe business section of town, and advertised smartly. As it is you profit by what may seem to be modesty but what is really perfect confidence in their product, and its power to sell itself. The house has no interest in general sales, only in the personal ones which mean continued and appreciative patronage. The finest hose are the 48's and the 44's, but Bardy also specializes in a 36, the equivalent of our high class "service weight." You will buy by the half dozens or dozens, knowing that you have found quality. Every third person of the smart internationals buys her stockings here. It is an honest house, this.

If you do not want this extravagance, go to Marny's on the Rue Tronchet near Printemps, or in its new shop on the Avenue Victor Hugo. This is the first shop of its kind to develop along the lines of "mass production." You will find every grade, every color, every size—silk, wool, or the fine lisle which the smartly dressed woman affects for certain costumes. All very cheap. I will not guarantee the wearing quality of the silk to those of you who are familiar with the durability of the better grades of hose in America. But you will not be disappointed in the variety; you will find a shade for the most difficult of your gowns. Kismet and Erès are reliable and well stocked. Gastineau and Milon are conservative and reliable, carrying an exclusive stock and ranking among the highest. Jane Regny's fine hose have been called to your attention in Chapter II. Recently a new idea has been developed in Paris at 15 Rue de la Paix, where the firm of Bayard has put American stockings on the market at New York prices—Onyx, Gold Stripe, McCallum, and others. What the "system" is I do not know, but it seems to work. Not only can you buy in

Paris, but they will send all over Europe. You will usually see hose in the shop where you are buying gloves, too.

Herzberg on the Rue de Provence is patronized by many smart New York women I know. One of the best specialty shops in New York buys all its 44's at Jeanne Tournier's. Bouvier on the Rue Tronchet is the place to go for especially long stockings. Most Paris actresses buy theirs here.

The separate blouse does not exist in the wardrobe of the well-dressed Frenchwoman; it is a planned part of a costume. If O'Rossen makes her a tailored suit, he probably makes the shirt also, as a part of the costume. Lelong, Patou, Jenny, and other couturiers design the ensemble too. The woman who buys a four hundred franc suit at the Galeries buys a separate blouse, naturally. So you will see them in the department stores, rarely distinctive in design or material. You will also find them in certain specialty shops where they have probably been introduced in an effort to catch the American and the English eye. These are not as good value ordinarily as you can find in the better class shop in America. So my advice would be—Don't wait until you get to Paris to buy your separate blouse unless you want an attractive lingerie model with fine handwork, perhaps, but not too much distinction in style; or unless you are looking for tailored shirts for golf or riding. In the latter case you may go to Boivin's on the Rue Castiglione which boasts of making something, we don't know what! for the Duc d'Aoste, the Prince of Wales, and the Queen of Portugal. Certainly you will pay well, but you will have a very smart sport shirt. Recently they have added simple, beautifully tailored sport dresses. Hilditch and Key has much of the patronage

of the well-dressed Frenchwoman who hunts, rides, and golfs. The really clever Frenchwoman, of course, finds herself some smart young *chemisier* who has left a big house and started in business for himself. This kind of "graduation" is the secret of French styles, and if you are in the advance guard, you know of such moves and take advantage of them. To be the first client of a young house, certain to succeed, assures you of loyal and personal service, and cuts your dress account in half sometimes.

If you are looking for a present for some older friend with conservative tastes, you can expect to find it at Beresford's on the Rue St. Honoré, again a house of traditions, expensive and quietly restrained in what it offers. There will also be lingerie dresses here. The Grande Maison de Blanc always has something to offer in the way of blouses and *gilets*, with fine handiwork, and novel but not startling ideas in style often. Franck et Braun, on the Rue de la Paix, specialize in the unusual—blouses of heavy silk, often heavily embroidered in gold and color, and smart sport models, the Rue de la Paix address giving you an idea of price. However, they have other branches where you can shop more cheaply. If you are interested in Roumanian handiwork you will find lovely examples in blouses, as well as other fields, in a shop on the Rue St. Honoré, called Carpatzi.

Alice on the Rue le Rivoli can be depended upon for the fine type of lingerie blouses, too. And I can highly recommend a little shop where I have much of my lingerie made—Rose et Hélène, 47 Rue Desrenaudes, off the Avenue Niel. They often have interesting models ready to wear, and will make anything you want. They are very pleasant women, the sincere, agreeable type of

French who will serve you graciously. I know one American woman who had one thousand dollars' worth of lingerie made there last year, ranging from the simple hemstitched *crêpe de chine* for daily wear to daring models mostly of lace.

Sweaters originated in France with one function—to keep people warm during the damp three-quarters of the year including spring, fall and winter, when the feeble central heating—if there was even that—could not be depended on, in charming old houses with stone floors, and thick walls, to keep you warm. If you have sojourned much in Paris, and lived anywhere but in Americanized hotels, you may remember how you shivered from the first of October to the first of June, unless you adopted some of the French methods of keeping warm—the sweater, wool dress, the scarf, the felt slipper, the fur-lined cork-soled shoe of Brittany, the woolen underwear. I finally solved the problem by conceding the day to woolen underwear, but not the kind commonly known in America. There are a few places in Paris specializing in the finest kind of cashmere and camel's hair, soft and light enough to be worn without being conscious of it, and to be washed easily. Gastineau on the Faubourg, mentioned for its stockings, and Deux Claudine on the Rue Tronchet have these in stock. Incidentally they are no mean present for some one at home who suffers from the cold and cannot give in to the idea of ordinary woolen underwear. The Frenchwoman of ordinary means adopts a sweater, which she wears in the house, and under her coat, for French cloth coats are often not made with the idea of really keeping her warm. These sweaters originally aspired to no decorative effect. They were matter-of-fact garments, all that Paris produced in this line for years. This is the type by hun-

dreds in the department stores now—often not entirely of wool, or of inferior quality; of little distinction in cut or color. Finally due to English and American influence, probably, and the development of popularity of the sport costume, which for so long was taboo with the French dressmakers—smart sweaters appeared. In the big dressmaking houses like Regny, Nowitzky, devoted to sport clothes; creeping into regular establishments with the opening of a special department at Patou's, at Jenny's, and at Lelong's.

This interest culminated in the season of 1927, with the opening of the house of Schiaparelli on the Rue de la Paix. A free-lance designer for other houses, Schiaparelli felt the pulse of the style world, sprang into the market overnight, and made an instantaneous success. She designs her models herself, and has them made under her direction. This combination of individual design and direction is worth money, and she values her products accordingly. But if you have followed her contributions you will know that you will get "value received." She is apt to launch jewelry to go with sweater suits, one of her successful originations being shell jewelry in twisted ropes, with bracelets to match. She has just begun to present some smart models in coats. Regny has been discussed in Chapter II. She designs her sweaters, which for the greater part are made in England. Their unique position is well known. I find myself speaking of the "suit" in referring to the sweater, which may need explanation. The sweater rarely exists by itself in these establishments. It is usually part of a costume, a skirt and often another coat accompanying it. The French practically always think in terms of the ensemble. It is a habit, and incidentally a productive habit! For we must remember that it is not only the fertile

imagination of the French which demands expression in two, three or four collections of from one hundred fifty to five hundred models a year, but also a sound business policy! Your last year's sweater ensemble must look out of style this season, or why should you buy another? Every element must be taken advantage of to make this evident. If Regny launches crêpe de chine skirts gathered in front with horizontal tucks this year, to accompany her sweaters, next season it must be something quite the opposite, perhaps a wool skirt on wrap-around lines.

A natural accompaniment of this development has been a growing business in *tricoterie*, two-piece costumes of machine-made knitting, produced by wholesale houses and distributed through small shops or through agents who come to your hotel with samples. The taste in these is improving constantly and now you can find very smart garments in good quality. They often do not fit as well as American sweaters, but watching this you can find good bargains from fifteen dollars up, often reflecting the designs of the *grande couturière*. You can look for these in shops specializing in *tricoterie* and lingerie, or at the homes of people who act as agents or do a small business of their own. In the first class are shops like Deux Claudine, well known for *tricoterie* of unusual designs, Henry à la Pensée, Frivolités Hortense, Milon Ainé, Le Gaulois, Au Grand Frédéric, and Tricoterie Marcelle. If you want to go almost out to Passy you will find good models very cheap, at Mme. des Jardins, 27 Rue Boulainvilliers. If you want to telephone M. Bourgeat he will come to your hotel with separate sweaters for which he can have skirts made. You will see many of these shops as you walk about Paris. The business is growing, and the field changing so that I have felt it

best to limit addresses to fairly well-established businesses.

When the American woman thinks of sweaters she thinks also of scarves, and when she thinks of Paris, she plans to find three or four ultra smart scarves, the kind which she cannot afford to buy in New York, perhaps, like those of Rodier, Ducharne, Bianchini. Face the disappointment now. This will be practically impossible. The chic scarves which you see in New York under the names Rodier, Bianchini, Chanel, you will not find in Paris in your regular shopping. The tricolor scarf of Chanel which made such a hit in the season of 1928, for instance, could be bought in any smart New York shop, but nowhere in Paris except at Chanel's, and at Chanel prices! This was a creation of Rodier taken exclusively by Chanel, and appearing there only. The system of coöperation between the dressmaker and the manufacturer in France makes it impossible for any one except couturiers to buy from a house like Rodier. The materials are not in the open market as they are in America. So the smartest scarves in the Paris market are available only at the dressmakers'. If you must look, go to the retail shop of Martial et Armand, or Worth on the Rue de la Paix. Or Wilmart's on the corner of the Rue des Capucines. Or Welly Sœurs on the Faubourg St. Honoré. Or Premet on the Place Vendôme. Or Redfern on the Rue de Rivoli. All these are "retail shops" where you can see scarves without looking at the collection of the house. Your couturière will have her special models. Your milliner will have others, Agnès always presenting one or two striking ones. The smaller milliners like Jeanne Duc on the Rue de la Paix often have very attractive ones, and the shops on the Boulevards Malesherbes and Haussmann show un-

usual ones often. Katorza, on the Place Beauvau, will have some unique ones, not so chic as they are artistic and unusual. Liberty often has attractive scarves with not too much chic. At Sonia Delaunay's you will find very personal ones.

You may want to buy a shawl, although this is not such an interesting purchase in Paris where it plays an important rôle in the style world only spasmodically. This rôle has been left to Italy, Spain, and Central Europe. However, if Spain seems too far away, try Katorza, who has a splendid collection of Spanish shawls, old and new. Anart has some in Russian designs, hand-embroidered, as well as exceptional evening wraps. Au Coin de Venise has the Italian ones, simple but effective in color. The most distinctive are to be found *chez* Myrbor. Stunning modernistic shawls, designed by artists like Lurçat, executed on heavy silk, embroidered in Algiers from the color designs of the artist. These are double faced and often so designed that folded properly, they can be made to appear two different shawls for different occasions. They can also be used effectively for evening wraps, some being designed especially for that. Barbaric with the spirit of Morocco, subtle with the finesse of the French, daring and provocative in the modern manner, they are the only expression of their kind in Paris.

Also in the luxury class are the furs of Paris. Very much a luxury because the fur production areas are a long way off, adding transportation and tariff costs. One of the leading centers of the fur business to-day is America, and the American woman is wise who buys here. The quality as a rule is superior and the price cheaper. The temptation in Paris comes from the smart designing and working of skins which produces a gar-

ment with all the chic of a cloth coat, or from a novel use of a cheap fur which makes it something new and exciting. A few years ago the Paris fur market produced printed gazelle under an aristocratic name and made a success of it overnight! You could then have bought a unique fur coat, cheap according to our standards, and been happy in the idea that you were the first to sport the latest Paris style in your home town. In the same way thousands of rabbits become transformed each season into some new fur with an intriguing name. Superior Russian rabbits they are, though, especially bred. In 1926-27 the pert little Rocky Mountain chipmunk stormed the French market under the alias Barunduki, while Max brought out the baby calf. This season it is the rough, despised goat. Each year produces something like this, and you can usually find out what it is by going to Vergne, a house distinguished on its outside by a splendid modern front, and on its inside by splendid modernized furs. In addition to the furs of the moment he has the classic ones, running his own farms for his fox pelts. Heim can also be depended upon for originality, these two houses being the most prolific in ideas for new and startling uses of old furs, and adaptations of entirely new ones. Quittet is a wholesale house which supplies one of the highest of the *grandes couturières* with ermine coats! He is reliable enough to show you three grades of ermine or sable for your choice. He sells "retail" if approached tactfully. Busvine is the Paris branch of an English house which supplies many English residents of Paris with furs and riding clothes. It may be a relief to find a director who speaks English and knows America. The furs here are conservative and of good quality. Vanek often makes Madame Agnès' fur coats—an unquestionable recom-

mendation. Add to these the traditional names of Revillon Frères, Revillon Cie, Grunwaldt and Max and you have a rich field if you really want to buy. Max and Heim are noted also for their cloth coats trimmed with fur. Many of the dressmakers carry furs also, and of course the house of Lanvin has its own fur shop.

To cover the jewelry possibilities of Paris would mean a huge jump, from the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue de la Paix, from the Rue Turbigo to the Rue du Bac. However, if you are looking for a pearl necklace or a diamond tiara, it will be well to seek more personal advice. Here I shall only lead you to a few specialties. The shops of the Rue de Rivoli and those of the antique quarters will be covered in other chapters. First there are the modern creators, those who have followed in the wake of the modern art movement, and whose creations are a part of the Salon des Arts Décoratifs each year. These names will soon be as well known to you as those of Chareau, Dim, Djo-Bourgeois. The first to break through the bars of tradition was the house of Fouquet, a father-son organization, the father tending to be a conservative, the son to be modern. So that you will surely find something appealing to you. This house startled the visitors to the famous Salon of 1925 with striking innovations, and has consistently developed a modern program since.

Sandoz, a gifted young Frenchman, has taken over a shop belonging to his father, and made it one of the most modern of moderns. This again was originally a father-son business, Sandoz père having retired, leaving the field to the younger man and newer ideas. At the opening in the spring of 1928 the modern art world met to wish him *bonne chance* in his new venture, architects, painters, editors, decorators, all admired his courage in turning his talents exclusively to modern expressions.

Templier is another creator with whose work you are probably already familiar as Saks Fifth Avenue, that arbiter of smartness in New York, has taken over his designs for America. At any of these places you can take your own jewels and have modern settings designed, or can take the problem of a gown for which you must have fitting jewelry. This was a special feature of Sandoz' opening where models worn by mannequins from Louiseboulanger, Suzanne Talbot, Redfern, and Lanvin appeared in gowns for which he has created accompanying jewelry. The houses of Mauboussin and Marchak are well known to many Americans, for their fine work.

A specialty which will interest you if you like jewelry mainly for its relation to your costumes or your "personality," instead of its intrinsic value, will be *Taillerie de Royat*. Here you will find a good collection of semi-precious stones which you can buy separately or in settings. Many of them come from the mountains near Royat, where they have a factory. Even if you are sure you don't want to buy, go down the street some day when you are at the American Express and look in the window, to see the unbelievable variety of the topaz, amethysts, lapis, crystal, onyx.

Another shop which you will see often as you walk along the Rue St. Honoré is that of *Ars*, specializing in amber and coral, a very beautiful and distinctive collection. In quite another class is *Greidenberg's*, a wholesale house from which have sprung many of the novelties in modern and costume jewelry in the last few years. At certain times of the year he will sell retail. I am often asked for a shop specializing in imitation stones, and I can recommend highly the house of *Winter*, whose imitation pearls are especially worthy of mention. He

makes many models for the big dressmaking houses. He will make copies of your real jewelry for you too, if you want them.

Last in the list but not to be ignored is the house of Oreum on the Rue Royale, where you will find amusing belt buckles, bracelets, belts, pins, etc., in this metal imitating gold, but never tarnishing. Lancel's, on the Boulevard, also carries much Oreum. He can also be depended upon to produce many cheap novelties, like the jazz cigarette box, interesting for presents, and to present cheaper versions of many of the novelties originating with the more expensive houses. When the pocket atomizer was the rage, for instance, Lancel had hundreds of them.

There are two little shops tucked away where you might not find them, one at 97 Boulevard Haussmann, the other on the Rue Vavin. Both these specialize in art jewelry, semi-precious and imitation stones, set in silver; necklaces and bracelets hand-hammered, etc. Aux Bibelots Russes, 58 Faubourg St. Honoré, has lovely old Russian jewels as well as embroidered dresses, bags, and objets d'art.

Every season brings its flower novelties to Paris in the world of the important dressmakers and decorators as well as in the popular shops of the Rue de Rivoli. May, on the Boulevard Haussmann, is the most famous creator of crystal flowers in Paris. She has already been to America and, to those of you who know your Paris, is a familiar figure. The Atelier Desny on the Champs-Élysées competes also. You will find the most interesting costume flowers *chez* Judith Barbier, Troussellier, Magnier and Camille Bouiller. Many of the shops of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Honoré as well as those of the milliners and the *grands couturiers*

will tempt you. If you like the Viennese feeling the Wiener Werkstaette will repay a visit.

Paris and handkerchiefs—a connection made in your mind long before you ever thought of going to Paris yourself! For the handkerchief rates a high percentage as a convenient gift from Paris, and a still higher one as the “last minute” gift. That last minute when you think of Cousin Mary, of amiable Dicky W., the old friend who sends flowers and does the right thing at the right time, those children of Betty’s whose ages you can never remember, Mrs. X, your husband’s partner’s wife, whose tastes have never crystallized. An indulgence for yourself too, if the monogrammed article of the American market is too great a luxury. So the handkerchief shopping becomes important.

I usually buy most of my handkerchiefs at a wholesale place where the prices are cheaper than in retail stores, and where the finest of linen, if not the smartest of novelties, can always be found. This is Salomon’s and they will sell retail. However, it will not be wise to go there unless you can speak French or take some one with you who can, for it is difficult to buy when you do not know the vocabulary of the business. Here, unlike in the retail shops, there will be no one to help you out with a few words of English. I always take these handkerchiefs to a little shop in the Etoile district to have them monogrammed. The name is l’Art à l’Aiguille, the address, 15 Rue du Colonel Moll. I want to recommend this shop especially, not only for its exquisite monogramming, but also for its charming lingerie, its fine infants’ wear, and above all its personal service. The director and his assistant are most gracious French people who love the business and want to please you. When you are in the shop do not fail to notice the lovely old

Brittany closed beds which have been adapted as cupboards. If you buy at the department stores, at specialty shops, like the Maison de Blanc, or at the smallest handkerchief or lingerie place, the problem of monogramming will always be taken care of by the establishment if you wish it, but for the occasions when you have difficulties go to Rue du Colonel Moll.

In retail shops, the Grande Maison de Blanc and the White House are well known, the former carrying more smart novelties than the latter, as well as a line of fine and conservative linen which leaves nothing to be desired. Slightly cheaper, but carrying practically every grade of handkerchief, is Paco's on the Rue St. Honoré near Castiglione. Bloch Frères, on the Rue St. Lazare, is one of the best-known places in the city, again cheaper than the shops better known to Americans. The shop of Soeber's on the Place Vendôme can always be depended upon to show the latest novelty in its most interesting form. One year it may be the tiny chiffon handkerchief to be worn with a bracelet in the evening; the next it may be a huge chiffon one, for the same purpose. The monogramming here is also smart, any chic novelties finding their way into its designs immediately. The Rue de Rivoli has two or three shops which will interest you, among them Boisseau and Alice, and the Avenue de l'Opéra has Au Gagne Petit. Perou, on the Rue St. Roch, is also reliable.

Before going on to the two very important fields of corsets and lingerie, it will be well to speak of a few disconnected items which may suggest a gift or fill a need. If you want the more conventional batiks, go to see Madame Pagnon's collection, which is always stunning. If the more artistic please you, do not fail to see the shop of Raymond Duncan, a brother of the late

Isadora. He is still making very lovely hand-blocked pieces, using hand-woven silks, vegetable dyes, and designs at once classical and modern. Fortuny also has a Paris center where you will find a fascinating variety of fabrics, and where you can place an order for anything produced in the Italian studio but not on display here.

Vedrenne, Benoit, Planche, and Wilson show unusual umbrellas and parasols. At good umbrella shops you will also find canes and sunshades. The true Frenchwoman sees so little of the sun that she evidently feels the need of being protected from it when it does appear, and the true Frenchman feels proportionately more important with a cane. So these two are fertile fields for the creative spirit. In the production of umbrellas, styles change often. The most expensive substances are used for handles—jade, ivory, lapis, exotic woods—and the workmanship is often exquisite. Your umbrella becomes an important feature of your ensemble, and must reflect the style of the moment. The Aux Tortues Shop, opposite the Printemps, is known for its fine tortoise which, though not as popular as it has been in other days, still holds much of charm in its various uses. The bobbed-hair fashion has spoiled the business of beautiful combs. The interest in “modern” has placed other materials and substances in popularity for toilet accessories. Galusha, leather, enamel, have supplanted tortoise for cigarette cases. But still the industry goes on. Some day soon the cycle of taste and fashion will probably bring it back into its old popularity. One of the best known lace shops is that of Barthélemy, small and inconspicuous, almost hiding itself not far from the Galeries on the Boulevard Haussmann. Chalom, on the Rue St. Honoré, Compagnie des Indes, on the Rue de Richelieu, and Noël, Rue Guynemer, have interesting

stocks. Au Siamois, Place de la Madeleine, has everything for the smoker.

In the introduction we commented on the fact that the Frenchwoman placed great importance on the fundamental art of corseting. She still does, in spite of the simplification of line in clothes, and the resulting freedom which the American woman allows herself. This simplification demands restraint of some sort for the woman who needs to make a Venus de Milo figure, or something more pronounced, conform to the comparatively straight line silhouette. The others have as a rule discarded the corset completely, appearing in a non-confining uniform of brassière, bloomers, garters. Not so the Frenchwoman. She realizes that there are minor deviations from the straight line in every woman's figure, which need a little restraining influence if her gown is to preserve its purity of line. So the business of the corsetière in France has not suffered the decline which the corresponding business has in America. And the American woman is beginning to realize the effects of loose muscles, and uneven distribution of fat on the success of her new Paris gown. The Paris couturière has much to do with this, of course, because an uncorseted figure presents too great difficulties for even her artistic ability. She demands an elastic girdle if nothing else. If you need much more than this she is apt to suggest a visit to the "Hose Treatment" which will be mentioned in a later chapter, but she will be very stern with you. She will even recommend some one who will give you good service if you ask her. In fact, many of the corsetières whom I shall mention, are those recommended to their clientèle by the finest Paris dressmakers. Even *chez* Vionnet, who advocates freedom in movement

and unrestrained lines more than any other dressmaker, perhaps, you might be told to go to a corsetière, and be given the name of a good one.

Recommended by three of the best houses in Paris, two conservative ones and a revolutionary one, is Guidi, on the Boulevard Malesherbes. Possibly other houses favor him too, but I personally know of these three. Mme. Magnier of 12 Rue de Helder has been corseting international beauties since the days of Edward. Now she has on her list of clients several women famous as the best-dressed women of Europe. Mlle. Malandain, on the Rue de la Bruyère, has one of the most difficult problems on her hands—that of corseting several of the dancers of the Paris Opera reasonably and satisfactorily, a delicate task, involving the consideration of two demands—strength and plasticity. The name of Marthe, long well known in Paris, is probably almost as well known in America now, since Saks Fifth Avenue has taken her to New York by proxy. Barriéros has had dozens of medals from exhibits, the most interesting one dignifying her contribution being that from the famous Salon des Arts Décoratifs of 1925. Jeangey should be well patronized by Americans as this house specializes in brassières, which the American woman has accepted as a necessity even if she denies the corset. Louisanie has American dancers among her clients, dancers whom the big couturières are anxious to dress. *Chez Georges*, of Boulevard de la Madeleine, you will find fascinating evening models with that touch of elegance, chic, and appropriateness which the Parisienne demands as much in her corset as in her gown. A daytime corset with an evening gown? Never! A specialty shop in New York

famous for its corseting and lingerie buys many models from the following:

Corsets Merveilleux—66 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

Grand Chic—219 Rue St. Honoré.

Petit—25 Rue de la Reynie.

Sirène—13 Rue des Petits Hôtels.

Prégermain—8 Rue Etienne Marcel.

My favorite dressmaker in Paris recommends Detolle. Another famous dressmaker recommends Catalla. One of the big corset manufacturers of America says that he finds some of his most interesting models at Printemps. With this list, surely you have no excuse for neglecting this important accessory.

The matter of lingerie in Paris is not so simple! There are so many avenues to commend to you, that to cover the ground at all adequately would take a book in itself! You may select it from samples brought to your hotel by a Russian princess, or by a former American doughboy. You may buy it *chez* Elizabeth Arden at de luxe prices or in a tiny shop in Montmartre. You may order it when you order your dresses, at the same couturière, or buy it in one of the large specialty shops with an intriguing name like Mille et Une Nuits. You may hear of the Cours Batave which has been making lingerie for the princesses of Europe for generations, and go there, or you may try the little bourgeois Frenchman who comes to you with samples. You may appreciate the value of real Binche and Valenciennes, and insist on them, no matter what the cost; or you may prefer, regardless of money, the chaster models with fine handwork. You may know the values of imitation laces well enough to recognize a Racine product when you see it, and to insist on it in your models; or you may choose the smart, strictly tailored gowns which have

proved so popular in the French lingerie of the last few years. You may be ordering a chaste white linen piece for your grandmother, or you may be choosing one thousand dollars' worth for your next year's wardrobe. Obviously, to cover a field with as many ramifications as this would be impractical, so I shall give only a few suggestions.

Let us start with the people who bring samples to your hotel and make to your order. These collections vary from year to year if the directrice specializes in the lingerie of the minute, or it may remain practically the same over a period of years, if the collection is of classic models. I can recommend for this method of buying—the Princess Toundoutoff, a Russian woman who has chic models with simple or elaborate handwork, which you will see in a smart establishment down town at much lower prices. She can furnish some of the smartest perfumes, too, wholesale. Her lingerie ranges from two hundred fifty francs up to very high prices. I have found her very reliable. Mme. Muller has been selling me models for some years, from one hundred twenty-five francs up. Most of her models boast Racine lace, incrustations (lace embroidered onto the silk), and they often have tricky ways of introducing fullness without bulk. Her nightgowns are charming and unusually varied in design. She is very apt to meet all your needs and, as she comes to you, you can see her at the "tired" hour between six and eight, or the "too-early" hour between nine and ten. For the small shop which specializes in lingerie, I can suggest Rose et Hélène, 47 Rue Desrenaudes. They will come to your hotel with models or you can see them at their shop. Their collection ranges from the simplest model with hemstitching as sole decoration, to the most elaborate creation of lace, the

prices varying accordingly. Their materials are very good, a point to watch in direct buying and to insist upon in ordering. Handwork is of so little value in comparison with materials in France that you may find exquisite embroidery detail on poor material. At this house I saw a stunning collection, a thousand dollars' worth for an American customer, created with so much thought and feeling, and displayed so tenderly. Each piece was taken out of its box and shown as lovingly and carefully as if it had been a rare piece of porcelain. It was a collection to be proud of.

Among the larger houses are, of course, the Maison Blanc and the White House, with whose products you can easily acquaint yourself. The prices are apt to be higher than in the smaller shops, but if time is more valuable than money, and you like their models, which are apt also to be more conservative, the stores are easy to find, and "English is spoken." For the most elegant of lingerie, go to the Cours Batave, which was for years—no, for generations—in an out-of-the-way corner of Paris. Yet it made lingerie for much of the royalty of Europe. The trousseaux of brides who might some day be queens, the most delicate models for the beauties of the courts—their clients have made history. Now they are moving to the corner of the Rue Royale and the Faubourg St. Honoré, another indication that Parisian creators are looking to the American market and must "sell themselves" to it.

For ultra-smart lingerie, expensive but exclusive, try Cécile. This house is managed by a charming Russian woman, and sells its models to the finest shops in New York for copying, a guaranty of real creative ability. Renée Lévy, 281 Rue St. Honoré, is also a house selling models to the best of New York trade, creating in greater

variety not only lingerie, French in spirit, but also pajamas for lounging *négligés*, and robes d'intérieur. It will be hard to escape without yielding to lots of temptations.

Colette et Suzy, on the Faubourg St. Honoré, have smart lingerie, and even smarter *négligés*. Several leading Fifth Avenue shops buy their models here.

In this discussion, the name of Mary Nowitzky must not be omitted, although she is considered in two or three other classes also. Although she does not make lingerie, she does create by all means the smartest *négligés*, the trailing feminine kind, in chiffon, rare fabrics, silver lace; or the more timely pajama—gorgeous materials, a daring sense of color, restrained to the point of elegance. Practical sleeping pajamas too, and the ultra-smart in bathing suits, beach pajamas, and beach equipment. She is the only person in Paris who has sprung into fame by this route, and her fame is justified. You will see her pajamas at the Lido, the Côte d'Azur, or Palm Beach, the most distinctive on the beach. Naturally you will not want to miss her collection if this kind of thing interests you.

Among the smaller shops showing very good models is Deux Claudine on the Rue Tronchet, mentioned in connection with sweaters. They also have a shop in Les Portiques—the newest arcades in the Champs-Élysées, where you will find exceptional linen “undies.” The Maison-Margot, with showrooms at 15 Rue de la Paix, in the same office as the American stockings, may prove a solution, since it is well located, and you may go there for hose. The Harem, on the Rue St. Honoré, has conventionally smart models, and there are many other houses like this situated on streets like the Boulevard Malesherbes, Boulevard Haussmann, Rue St. Honoré,

Rue La Boétie. You will pass them every day, and if you have looked well enough to know values and styles, you can buy anywhere.

The Devil, in the new Arcades des Champs-Élysées, is a superior shop. And this discussion would not be complete without a mention of Rosa Pichon, one of the famous names in Paris style worlds, and one pays for famous names, of course. The children's couturiers usually make trousseaux too, but this will be taken up later. The department stores, especially Printemps, are not to be scorned if you are buying lingerie and have little money to spend. You will not find amazingly new or smart models, but good examples of the classic designs in embroidery and other handwork.

Négligés bring up the question of puffs, boudoir covers, and pillows, which we also mentioned in Chapter II. Aside from the couturières like Jenny and Lanvin, who create as temptingly in this field as in the other, Cécile, Titienne, and Seurre are to be especially recommended. Seurre, by the way, is one of the fine conservative old lingerie houses in Paris, still making exquisite lingerie and linens for the wealthy Parisienne. If you are in the quarter of the Gare St. Lazare look up this shop.

French perfumes are so well known to the American woman these days that it is hardly necessary to speak of them. Many of them can be bought in the department stores or at the coiffeur's; some are available only at couturiers or individual shops. If you do not find the scent you want as you are visiting your dressmaker, or your coiffeur, look in the telephone book to find the address of the distributing center. Some of the shops have been modernized, that of Volnay on the Rue de Rivoli being one of the first perfume shops to adopt a modern setting and modern bottles.

This—the end of the accessories! A truly enormous business since it is concerned almost exclusively with the individual piece—in creation, in making, in selling. Such a business is in the hands of the manufacturer in America; mass production takes the place of individual production; stock design, the place of the individually created. How long this can last in France, with the machine age making itself felt, I do not know. But now Paris has much to offer that you cannot possibly reproduce in America. You may be able to buy a very good copy of a Vionnet gown; you cannot buy the fine workmanship of the Cours Batave. We can offer little competition.

SHOES

Argence—69 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Bally—35 Boulevard des Capucines.

22 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Berthelot—83 Avenue Victor Hugo.

90 Faubourg St. Honoré.

144 Faubourg St. Germain.

Costa—277 Rue St. Honoré.

Ducerf-Seavini—21 Rue Cambon.

Edith—4 Rue Tronchet.

Enzel—6 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Gréco—4 Rue des Capucines.

Hanan's—43 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Hellstern—23 Place Vendôme.

High Life—12 Boulevard des Capucines.

Ionesco—24 Rue du Colisée.

Julienne—235 Rue St. Honoré.

Marouf—21 Rue des Capucines.

Miccuci—12 Rue de Tocqueville.

Perugia—11 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Raoul—24 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Sandalari—364 Rue St. Honoré.

Walk-Over—34 Boulevard des Italiens.

Boulevard des Capucines, near Opéra.

GLOVES

Alexandrine—10 Rue Auber.

80 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

Courvoisier—71 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Erès—390 Rue St. Honoré.

108 Boulevard Haussmann.

Ganterie des Arcades—Arcades des Champs-Élysées.

Courtin—23 Rue Montaigne.

Harry—382 Rue St. Honoré.

Jouvin—1 Rue Auber.

Nicolet—18 Rue Duphot.

Peau de Porc—67 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Perrin—43 Avenue de l'Opéra.

FURS

Busvine Frères—57 Rue Sainte Anne.

Grunwaldt—6 Rue de la Paix.

Heim—48 Rue Lafitte.

Max—19 Avenue Matignon.

Quittet—104 Rue de Richelieu.

Revillon et Cie—89 Rue des Petits-Champs.

Revillon Frères—79 Rue de Rivoli.

Vanek—6 Rue St. Florentin.

Vergne—18 Rue Royale.

3 Rue du 29 Juillet.

JEWELRY

Ars—Rue St. Honoré near Rue Cambon.

Fouquet—6 Rue Royale.

Greidenberg—1 Rue Louis Le Grand.

Lancel—3 Boulevard des Italiens.

Mauboussin—3 Rue de Choiseul.

Oreum Shop—68 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

Sandoz—10 Rue Royale.

Taillerie de Royat—8 Rue Auber.

Raymond Templier—3 Place des Victoires.

Winter—165 Rue St. Honoré.

Marchak—13 bis Rue des Mathurins.

FLOWERS

Judith Barbier—18 Rue Daunou.
Camille Bouiller—16 Rue Chauveau-Lagarde.
Desny—122 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.
Magnier—82 Rue des Petits-Champs.
May—182 Boulevard Haussmann.
Trousselier—73 Boulevard Haussmann.

BAGS AND PURSES

Aux Bibelots Russes—58 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Athyas—29 Rue des Archives.
Bernard—153 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Bornstein, Max—21 Rue Rendez-Vous.
Butterfly—27 Rue Tronchet.
Clairval—19 Rue Duphot.
Duvelleroy—11 Boulevard de Madeleine.
Guérin—243 Rue St. Honoré.
Henry à la Pensée—3 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Hermès—24 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.
Isakoff—8 Rue de la Paix.
Jenane—221 Rue St. Honoré.
Lancel—3 Boulevard des Italiens.
Lenoir—14 Rue Royale.
Léon—16 Rue Vignon.
Léon, Henriette—26 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Selleries Réunies—24 Boulevard des Capucines.
82 Boulevard Haussmann.
165 Boulevard Haussmann.
240 Boulevard St. Germaine.
207 Rue St. Honoré, and others.
Simon et Gans—173 Rue St. Honoré.
Simonard—44 Rue du Colisée.
Trendell et Leland—24 Rue Caumartin.
Triglav—26 Rue de Mont-Thabor.
Vuitton—70 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.
Wolczko—12 Rue d'Aguesseau.

SWEATERS

Au Grand Frédéric—5 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Bourgeat, M.—55 Quai de Bourbon.

Deux Claudine—27 Rue Tronchet.
 Frivolités Hortense—23 Rue des Capucines.
 Le Gaulois—32 Rue Guillaume Tell.
 Henry à La Pensée—3 et 5 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Mme. des Jardins—27 Rue des Boulainvilliers.
 Milon-Chamard—235 Rue St. Honoré.
 Regny—2 Rue de la Boétie.
 Schiaparelli—4 Rue de la Paix.
 Tricoterie Marcelle—3 Rue Fourcroy (corner Rue de
 Fourcroy and Avenue Niel).

SCARVES

Courvoisier—71 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Delaunay, Sonia—19 Boulevard Malesherbes.
 Duc, Jeanne—12 Rue de la Paix.
 Liberty et Cie—3 Boulevard des Capucines.
 Martial et Armand—13 Rue de la Paix.
 Premet—8 Place Vendôme.
 Redfern—8 Rue Royale.
 Welly Sœurs—21 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Wilmart—25 Place Vendôme.

SHAWLS

Anart—16 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.
 Katorza—Place Beauvau.
 Liberty et Cie—3 Boulevard des Capucines.
 Myrbor—17 Rue Vignon.

STOCKINGS

Bardy-Fordebras—32 Avenue Pierre Premier de Serbie.
 Bayard—15 Rue de la Paix.
 Bouvier, Honoré—8 Rue Tronchet.
 Erès—390 Rue St. Honoré.
 180 Boulevard Haussmann.
 Gastineau—6 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Glénat—281 Rue St. Honoré.
 Herzberg—6 Rue de la Provence.
 Kismet—370 Rue St. Honoré.
 Marny—33 Rue Tronchet.
 Avenue Victor Hugo.
 Tournier, Jeanne—16 Place Vendôme.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Alice—250 Rue de Rivoli.
 L'Art à l'Aiguille—15 Rue du Colonel Moll.
 Au Gagne Petit—23 Avenue de l'Opéra.
 Bloch Frères—24 Rue St. Lazare.
 Boisseau—240 Rue de Rivoli.
 Grande Maison de Blanc—6 Boulevard des Capucines.
 Paco—354 Rue St. Honoré.
 Perou—11 Rue St. Roch.
 Salomon—8 Rue d'Uzés.
 Soeber—2 Place Vendôme.
 White House—4 Rue de Castiglione.

BLOUSES

Alice—250 Rue Royale.
 Beresford—384 Rue St. Honoré.
 Boivin—1 Rue Castiglione.
 Carpatzi—374 Rue St. Honoré.
 Franck et Braun—Rue de la Paix.
 22 Rue La Fayette.
 3 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.
 4 Arcade des Champs-Élysées.
 Hilditch-Key—5 Rue Cambon.
 252 Rue de Rivoli.

LINGERIE

Aux Mille et Une Nuits—8 de la Chaussée d'Antin.
 Bourgeat, M.—55 Quai de Bourbon.
 Cécile—1 Boulevard Haussmann.
 Colette et Suzy—90 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Cours Batave—Corner Rue Royale and Faubourg St.
 Honoré.
 Deux Claudine—27 Rue Tronchet.
 Devil—179 Rue St. Honoré.
 Grande Maison de Blanc—25 Arcade des Champs-Élysées.
 Harem—255 Rue St. Honoré.
 Lévy, Renée—281 Rue St. Honoré.
 Margot—15 Rue de la Paix.
 Mme. Muller—15 Rue Faraday.
 Pichon Rosa—189 Rue St. Honoré.

Princess Toundoutoff—4 bis Rue des Beaux Arts.
 Rose et Hélène—47 Rue Desrenaudes.
 Seurre—27 Rue de Rome.
 White House—4 Rue Castiglione.

LACES

Barthélemy—48 Boulevard Haussmann.
 Chalom—241 Rue St. Honoré.
 Cie. des Indes—80 Rue de Richelieu.
 Lace Shop—Rue de Surène and Place des Saussaies.
 Noël—2 Rue Guynemer.
 Rault, Henri—34 Rue Ste. Anne.

CORSETS

Barriëros—4 Rue des Capucines.
 Corsets Merveilleux—66 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.
 Catalla—5 Rue d'Argenteuil.
 Detolle—269 Rue St. Honoré.
 Georges—37 Boulevard des Capucines.
 Grand Chic—219 Rue St. Honoré.
 Guidi—31 Boulevard Malesherbes.
 Jeangey—19 Rue du Moulinet.
 Louisanie—15 Rue Vignon.
 Magnier—12 Rue du Helder.
 Mme. Malandain—27 Rue de la Bruyère.
 Marthe—22 Rue Royale.
 Petit—25 Rue de la Reynie.
 Sirène—13 Rue des Petits Hôtels.

MISCELLANEOUS

Batiks and Printed Fabrics

Mme. Pangon—64 Rue de la Boétie.
 Raymond Duncan—62 Rue St. Honoré.
 Fortuny—63 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.
 Les Métiers de la Renaissance—Boulevard Raspail.
 Wiener Werkstaette—8 Place Edouard VII.

Collars and Cuffs

Deton—24 Rue Cambon.

Umbrellas

Vedrenne—24 Rue St. Roch.

Benoit—136 Rue St. Denis.

Planche—61 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Wilson—8 Rue Duphot.

Tortoiseshell

Aux Tortues—55 Boulevard Haussmann.

Smoking Accessories

Au Siamois—Place de la Madeleine.

CHAPTER V

THE DEPARTMENT STORES

FOR visitors to Paris department stores present difficulties. There is the difference in languages that makes it a problem to transfer yards into meters, American sizes into French ones; that makes the highly personalized method of payment and preparation of packages too much of an adventure for a shy person; that makes the shopper dependent on the dangerously vague "sign language" in explaining that the garment must be a little longer or a little shorter, the material a bit heavier or a bit lighter, the color a bit darker or brighter; that makes her trudge miles of aisles and floors looking for a simple thing like a button or a yard of silk. With no French at all the problem becomes too difficult for the average American who is in Paris for only a short time. So she goes without that little piece of silk which she needs for an extra vest for the new Vionnet gown, or pays much more than is necessary for a new slip in a small shop.

For just these occasions when you need one little thing which only the department store can furnish, or when you want to save several francs for more interesting extravagances, or when you want to make charming additions to your gift lists at some saving of time and money, you should feel at home in these institutions. If you follow me through this chapter you will feel at least that you can put your foot inside one without feeling too lost and you may get a degree of familiarity which,

combined with a little nosing around, will save you money, time, and thought.

Possibly you are not a shy soul, and can boldly enter a shop in a strange country without a knowledge of the language and get what you want without any agonies! I cannot! The first visit to a department store in Paris is too bewildering. Hundreds of everything, all the stock piled on the counters; girls and men dashing about to the *Caisse* colliding with customers; customers colliding with each other. The usual predominance of elbows that you experience in any French crowd. Binding all this confusion, the strange rapid language shot at you from all sides. The curious "cash" system! The sales girl refuses your money. What is the matter? Isn't it good? Do you have to show your *carte d'identité*? Complete bewilderment. Light coming, when in desperation equal to yours, she grabs your elbow and steers you through the crowd to a desk marked *Caisse* where you give your money to a brigandish-looking man, who takes it and notes down many figures in a big book while your package is wrapped and tied in pretty paper with a long loop of string for a handle. You do get your change after a time, the sales girl waiting with you until the whole transaction is completed, no matter how many wild customers are waiting! This—your first introduction to the French system of bookkeeping in department stores. It seems to have little relation to the convenience of the customer or the establishment, but accept it you must. I have been told that it is the most efficient system in existence as any store can tell at the close of the day just where it stands, but it does seem as if the figures representing the day's sales might tell a more gainful story with a less time-consuming system. Now some of the stores have introduced a system similar to ours in

certain departments, but usually you will have to cope with the old one. You have to watch your sales person carefully sometimes as she is apt to dash off impetuously to some remote *Caisse* while you are not looking, leaving you helpless.

There is always the interpreter who will take you about the store, but you may find this annoying unless your wants are definite and the purchase is important. Usually it is pleasanter to look for yourself. It is also true that many of the sales girls, especially on the ground floors, speak some English and understand some. The Grande Maison de Blanc advertises, "We all speak English." It is highly probable as they have some system of annual exchange of sales personnel with a London store. Ordinarily you can depend on a knowledge which will work very well if you can confine your conversation to names of things. When you try to become descriptive there is trouble. It is well to learn a few words that you may use often, the equivalents of "darker," "lighter," "heavier," "longer," "shorter," "larger," "smaller," "more expensive," and the names of the more popular colors. This list will help you:

darker—plus foncé
lighter—plus clair
heavier—plus épais
longer—plus longue
shorter—plus courte

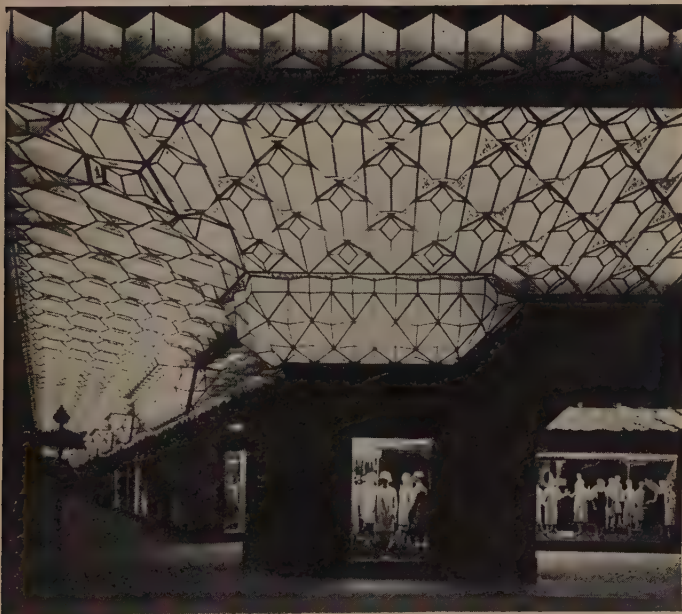
larger—plus grand
smaller—plus petit
more expensive—plus cher
less expensive—moins cher

black—noir
yellow—jaune
white—blanc

blue—bleu { light—bleu clair
 navy—marine

pink—rose
red—rouge (bright red—rouge vif)
brown—brun
lavender—mauve

purple—violet
green—vert
gold—or
silver—argent



THE PLACE DE L'OPERA IS THE VERY CENTER OF THE PARIS SHOPPING DISTRICT. WITHIN A RADIUS OF A HALF MILE IS SITUATED EVERY IMPORTANT GROUP OF SHOPS.

ULTRA-MODERN DESIGN, THE KEYNOTE OF THE NEW PARIS SHOPS, HAS INSPIRED THE GALERIES LAFAYETTE TO INTRODUCE THIS GLASS AWNING.



THE PRINTEMPS CATERS TO THE AMUSEMENT OF ITS JUVENILE PATRONS BY MAKING ITS BARBERSHOP A PLAY-ROOM IN WHICH THE UGLY OLD CHAIRS ARE REPLACED BY ROCKING-HORSES.

If you also remember that a meter is about three inches more than a yard, and that there are one hundred centimeters in a meter; and know the fractions used most commonly in measurements—as *un quart*, a quarter; *cinquante centimetres*, for a half meter—you will get along surprisingly well. It is also important to remember that the equivalent of size 36 is 44, and that you add eight inches to the American measure to get the corresponding French size.

There is another system which may prove useful. You can get a card on which your purchases in every department are recorded. When you are through you go to a central desk where all your packages are waiting for you, and where your total charge is made out. If you want to do this, it is best to address yourself to a floor-walker, easily identified by his swallow-tailed coat, and ask for *carnet d'achat*.

If you are one of the thousands of Amexco patrons, you will find yourself often in the department store center of Paris with the Galeries Lafayette, Printemps, Trois-Quartiers, and a branch of Samaritaine within easy reach.

The one in which you will find yourself most at home will probably be Printemps, because there has been a certain Americanization of this store, evidencing itself in the featuring of popular American products like Parker fountain pens, Eversharp pencils, the beauty products of Harriet Hubbard Ayres, Elizabeth Arden and others, Cutex, etc.; and in the partial adoption of American methods in some departments. Both the Galeries and Printemps have revolutionized their window displays. Not so many years ago all French stores considered the window the place to display all the merchandise which they could crowd into it. This is still the

plan of many shops, but the larger and smarter ones depend on artistic featuring, and have developed display ideas which have been reflected in our merchandising. Now if you are interested in window displays, both these stores will furnish profitable fields for study. You will see the newest Siegel mannequins—ladies with only one eye, perhaps, balanced on the other side with one lock of hair, displaying on their handsome necks the latest in modern scarves or jewelry; darling felt children, wearing proudly the most charming clothes; a strange stocking display, daring, perhaps, but arresting. If you are wise, you will not neglect the sidewalks either. The French department store is an amorphous thing, extending over lots of floor space instead of rising neatly into the air as American ones do, hiding annexes here and there, and oozing out on to the sidewalks. These sidewalk counters carry the bargains of the day, and often they *are* bargains!

Some day you will be caught in the rain in Paris, not at all unlikely! The department store has hundreds of umbrellas waiting for you on the ground floor, not too cheap, but better buys than you would find in a small shop. Anything that is silk is not cheap in Paris! So do not expect to save money unless you are content with cotton. Expect also to find an assortment of the strangest *fantaisie* handles you ever saw, but know that you can find a modest one, and possibly an amusing novelty one for a gift. Near this counter you will see the canes, and perhaps you will find a fine malacca one, much less expensive than it would be in a specialty shop. Know your malacca though, so that you can judge its fine points instead of going to Brigg and relying on his judgment.

If you have just settled on the details of a long trip

and realize that you must have another trunk or suitcase immediately, try a department store, any one. There will be a large variety, and they will be as cheap as in the larger specialty shops on the Rue des Pyramides and much cheaper naturally than in the fine shops like Bernard's, Hermès, or Vuitton in the luxury class. The parchment cases, trunks, hat boxes displayed so much in Paris now, solve the problem of cheaper, smart luggage. I have one that I bought some years ago. It has traveled much, suffered every kind of baggage smashing in Europe and America, and still "stands up," although I had feared that it would prove fragile. You will also see specialties here that will make charming gifts—soft, red patent leather hat boxes, for instance, leather cases for bottles, fitted suitcases from twelve dollars up. These same things can be bought in shops like Bernard's, in any of the various branches of the Salleries Réunies, in the many shops on the Rue des Pyramides, or in any other of the small shops scattered all over Paris. If you buy at a shop like Hermès, you pay well for your leather but you are certain of quality and proud of distinctive designing. In the Salleries you find solid conservative merchandise, and a readiness to make anything according to your design. But in the smaller places you can indulge your luxury desires—a fitted suitcase, a romantic and convenient picnic basket, presents for your friends—not guaranteed to last forever, but quite good enough for occasional leather goods which you do not expect to give heavy wear. Many of these specialties can be found in the particular department store where you may be shopping for other things.

Perhaps you have been invited unexpectedly on a fishing trip and are wondering how on earth you can find equipment on short notice, and still shorter vocabu-

lary. I can recommend the sporting goods counter at the Bon Marché or the Louvre. Would your *pension* room be considerably cheered by a pleasant lamp and shade? Try Printemps or the Galeries. Do you want a hot-water bottle for that cold French bed? Off to the department store, where you will find all sorts of hygienic aids and appliances displayed as boldly as they are in Mr. Liggett's, so that you have only to point! These words are often difficult to know and embarrassing to say in a foreign language. You hate an umbrella and prefer to travel around in a raincoat, a sensible thing in France where the rain, although frequent, is never very wet. Again the department store, where you will wonder if these are really raincoats that are being shown to you! They are so decorative and so chic. Quite enough to brighten up the succession of gloomy days that you may encounter in Paris at certain seasons. Certainly an advantage too, in comparison with the umbrella which becomes just another nuisance when you have only two hands to manage luggage, handbag, passports. Do you want a belt for your new sport dress? You will see a greater assortment than you have seen in America, hanging limply from hooks so that you can handle them. Notions, neckwear, gloves, all these appear on the ground floor, called the *rez-de-chaussée*, as in an American store. The ground floor is a *mélange*—all the stock displayed, hundreds of whatever you want, whether it is a comb or a ribbon—shopping simplified to the pointing stage for one who cannot speak the language. Toilet articles ranging from the ubiquitous eau de Cologne in its homely and extravagant forms to the perfumes of many of the leading perfumers and couturiers at the same prices which prevail in their establishments; bath salts in rainbow colors; stationery, boxes of it, as well as *blocs* (our

tablets or pads). You may find some unusual *fantaisie* paper here cheaper than in a specialty shop, or in the American and English bookshops where you may be tempted to buy. Sales of cheaper merchandise—yards of hat counters with shapes only, flanked by displays of ornaments, a temptation to the clever Frenchwoman, if not to you. Cheap lingerie, good handwork often on flimsy silk or cotton. Watch your buying here. Delicate hand embroidery is cheaper than materials in France, and the presence of hemstitching and embroidery on your chemise doesn't always mean a bargain.

Almost every American coming to Paris expects that she will find a stunning handbag very cheap, and almost every American is disappointed. The luxury merchandise of Paris is often as expensive as that of New York. This does not mean that you will not find bags from six dollars up, but not just "the one." But often on this same floor at Printemps or the Galeries you will find very acceptable bags and purses at more reasonable figures, and specialty bags of moire, cotton or wool, ridiculously cheap. Often a really individual one which may serve as a present for your most discriminating friend. Scarves—not so interesting. The scarf is ever present in Paris, from the chic one of Chanel to the gay wool one wrapped around the neck of the midinette—and her boy friend!—as soon as the weather cools. For all French, true French, have a fear of *courant d'air* or a bare neck in winter. Colds are not "caught" there. You are penalized with them for daring to flirt with a *courant d'air*, or brazenly exposing your throat. The wool scarf is often attractive and very cheap, but avoid the silk ones, as a rule, in the department stores. It might be as well to say here that all wool clothes are much cheaper and much better looking than silk ones.

The stunning patterns that you see in silk dresses on the street or in the cleaner's windows, come from the big houses—Rodier, Bianchini, Ducharne, and can be handled only by dressmakers, not by the shops. This limits the production to smaller factories whose designs and qualities are not so interesting. Although the same system holds for wool, it must be easier to produce a good-looking wool, and to imitate vaguely enough to pass the "censor," a Rodier kasha, or a fine Meyer fabric, than it is in silk. The public does not demand design as much in wool as in silk. The manufacturer of silks does his best to please, but the work of most of the good designers is naturally sold to the big companies. The problem of scarves which started this dissertation on materials is a difficult one and will be taken up in another chapter. For here as with handbags, you expect to find the purely personal scarf cheap in Paris, and you probably will not. It is difficult outside of the big dressmaking establishments, to find even the purely personal one.

The clothes will be found on the floors above. Again you will be confused by the hundreds of garments—dresses, lingerie, *négligés*. This kind of shopping is so much a matter of taste that I hate to generalize, but perhaps I can save you time by giving you a few impressions, even though they may be personal. As a rule, I should say not to expect to buy the following in a department store to advantage: silk dresses, separate skirts, sweaters, shoes, stockings, evening coats, evening gowns. Sometimes you will find an amazingly attractive item, but you will save time by trying some other avenue first. You will find the dresses not so well sized as in American stores, and often showing an appalling lack of originality in neck and waist lines. To Americans who are

accustomed to see Vionnet copies all the way from upper Fifth Avenue shops to Fourteenth Street, those necks and waists will be a shock. Sport clothes show some improvement over the afternoon ones, but again the American taste is too well trained in the field of ready-to-wear. Silk dresses are just as expensive as in New York, from twenty dollars the cheapest to thirty for a simple crêpe de chine of fair quality, and at least fifty dollars for a garment of any distinction. Printed silks and georgettes are more expensive than plain ones, and silk is more expensive than georgette. The sweater of the department store has often passed little beyond the *concierge* variety, inferior yarn, poor design, uninteresting color, and little or no line. I made the rounds one day looking for a separate skirt to wear with a sweater, and discovered that here too the French love of the ensemble was probably responsible for my disappointment. White skirts, a few novelty wool ones, but nothing like the variety which the fashion of the sweater has brought into the American shop. Tricot in two pieces—yes! Many of them good-looking and cheap, reflecting the trends of the day more successfully than most garments. But not the separate sweater or skirt.

This is the sad side of the picture, but there is a brighter one. You can buy a good-looking hat for a dollar. I have done it. A smart little wool sport dress for ten dollars. A serviceable wool coat with good tailored lines for from six to sixteen—or sixty—dollars. A simple georgette afternoon or evening dress much more cheaply than a silk one. Very good slips, handmade, often with a touch of embroidery or hemstitching, in strong materials for four dollars. Attractive silk lingerie of the classic French patterns, with little or much embroidery, cheaper than at the specialty shops as a

rule. You will not find the smart cut or the unusual color, but fine, attractive models. The *tablier*, or smock effect, of cretonne is also a bargain, for the cretonne designs in cheaper materials in France have not the same faults as the silks. They are more interesting than in America and much cheaper. Hundreds of *peignoirs*, and pajamas, but again, if you want smart ones, you must pay well for them. In the ordinary designs and colors they are cheap, a good, padded silk dressing-gown being as low as seven or eight dollars.

Shoes—no, not a word! To advise any American in the matter of shoes is too dangerous. Look for yourself, and decide for yourself. You will find them very reasonable, and you will be thrilled at some of the cheap buckles which you can buy for presents. The Basque shoes are charming, and the plaited sandals. But further than this I will not go. Oh, yes! I have forgotten the mules. By all means, buy these in department stores as they are very cheap, Printemps especially having some distinctive models. I shall be even more direct about stockings, and say—"Don't!"

In looking for clothes you will find that the Galeries Lafayette and Printemps are apt to have the smartest, the balance shifting from one season to another. This year I saw more dresses and hats that I liked in the Galeries than in Printemps, but next year things may be different. The Bon Marché is apt to be more conservative and always a little cheaper. The Louvre is more a store of the people, and the styles are apt to be "middle-aged." I have often seen attractive gowns in the window, but have had difficulty in finding them among those displayed on the floors. I think I find it often cheaper than the Bon Marché.

The matter of yardage I have touched upon in speak-

ing of the cleavage between the manufacturer like Rodier and the smaller one supplying the department store, and in the relative cost of silk and wool. You can buy a good quality of crêpe de chine, georgette, moire, the staple silks in plain colors, slightly cheaper than in America. The printed silks are more expensive, and one pattern out of fifty may have real distinction. Lamés and velvets, on the contrary, are cheaper and often stunning. The few good patterns in a department store are seen frequently on the streets, another good reason for looking elsewhere for yardage of this kind. There is a fine shop on the Rue de la Paix, at the corner of the Rue des Capucines, Wilmart's, where you will find stunning lamés, silks, scarves—their distinction again commanding a good price. There are several less imposing shops on the Rue St. Honoré displaying interesting designs often, one especially—Rad. A new shop has recently opened on the Faubourg St. Honoré, near the Rue Royale which may help solve the problem very well. It is evidently a retail outlet for a manufacturer, as are doubtless those on the street of the same name, and has a wide variety of silks in stock. Then there is always the dressmaker who, in proportion to her importance, can show you the samples from the manufacturers. These will be expensive, but not in the same terms as they would be in America. This high cost is due to two factors more than any others: the system of a house producing several hundred new designs each season, twice a year, and the suspension of these models at the end of that season; and the system of letting out on consignment to important dressmakers, thousands of yards of materials at the beginning of a season, many of which will be returned at the end, if that particular design has not proved a success. The American market absorbs

much of the output now and it is to be hoped that as consumption increases prices may be lowered. But at present distinction is costly! Often a dressmaker can get lengths from last season's designs much more cheaply. Ask her about this so that you may profit, as it does not matter to the average American whether the pattern is this season's or last's, if it is lovely and interesting. At half the price there usually is no question!

As I have mentioned before, the cretonnes and upholstery fabrics leave little to be desired. The display is always effective, the price lower than in America, and the design more distinctive. Unpainted furniture exists in many forms, but why buy new wood when you can hunt for antiques and find articles certainly as cheap? When the designs of the unpainted become more modern, pieces will probably interest you more. However—there it is, the simple, machine-made product ready to be finished if that is what you want. In the *rayon* of kitchen wares, you will find many an attractive inexpensive device, unknown to America, which will make the appropriate or amusing gift for the newlywed housewife, the home-loving aunt who lives up-state, or your treasured cook. I had always thought that I should never find as entertaining a floor as that of a ten-cent store in America. But it must yield its honors to the kitchen departments of French stores. Here you will find the egg-beater in international forms; the simple whip of the French which is responsible for the success of so many sauces; the violent American variety, more difficult to use, for prolonged beating; and the sturdy Swiss one. You may take your choice, or emerge with all of them as I did one day after an exciting lesson on sauces at the Cordon Bleu. There will be enamel in stripes and plaids and plain colors to match your peasant linen.

There will be cheap, gay dishes from the provinces, gorgeous flowers and bright green leaves, sunny yellows; Alsatian landscapes with crude linear houses and trees; gay plaids; the popular Quimper, yellow and white; and other well-known designs. *Filtre* coffee pots, English tea-pots, American percolators. International meat grinders, if you must have them, instead of following the good old muscular method of the French, the big knife and the cutting board. Pyrex, O-Cedar mops. An engaging little clock speaking to you from the bottom of an aluminum sauce pan. Darling salt and pepper shakers for last-minute gifts. Little pepper mills! You will stay a long time, and leave with many bumpy packages.

Each store has its specialties, well known to the Paris housekeeper. The Bon Marché, owned and managed for many years by a woman (now a Société), is essentially a store of the happy bourgeois family. Its White Sale is an event in the French family, and the advertising for this is famous. This is the one occasion in the year when the mistress of the household herself can be depended upon to come to the department store, to replenish her linen closets. Well may she go to the Bon Marché, the preëminence of whose conservative linens is unquestioned. In the same way, the Galeries and Printemps specialize in the peasant linens, along with their other stock. The striped Basque linens, originally designed to make blankets for the cream-colored oxen of the region, probably more familiar to you from some friend's tea table. The linens of Brittany, Normandy, Alsace—simple linens of the people, together with the sophisticated colored linens of modern decorative art. With the addition of a stunning monogram in colors, these make an inexpensive gift.

Printemps has a children's department that will de-

light you. The finest quality of French taste and workmanship applied to the problem of the wardrobe of the child. Ranging all the way from the simple *tabliers* at five or ten francs, the coarse hand-hemstitched linens at forty, charming georgette afternoon dresses at seventy, a more elaborate embroidered linen for one hundred and fifty or two hundred, to the most elegant dresses for five hundred. All these in small children's sizes. The same taste is shown in the garments for that difficult stage around twelve when the little girl is neither fish nor fowl! There is also a department of unusual children's furniture, designed in the spirit of childhood, that may furnish you with ideas even if you do not want to buy. You can always find a charming nursery lamp or clock which will make an exceptionally nice gift. The *rayon* for clothes has a name of its own—Primerose. I cannot be as enthusiastic about the children's clothes in other stores. The simple things, the clothes of the ordinary French child, are usually good, but the "dressed up" ones often make the child look like a little grown-up. However, you may find some good bargains and I do not want to discourage you from looking. For serious buying, though, I personally should always go to Primerose. I have several friends who buy the little knitted costumes for the small child at the Galeries Lafayette and pay several dollars less than for the same article, it seems, in New York.

Every store has an antique department of some kind, but the one at the Bon Marché has a well-merited reputation for authenticity, good taste, and cheapness. You can buy here more reasonably than in most shops which stand back of their pieces, less cheaply than if you scout for yourself. This department offers also an opportunity to study the different styles of French furniture as

its rooms of reproductions are beautifully done. A handbook on old furniture and a trip through these rooms should equip you to shop for yourself, if you are truly interested. In the other stores there may be the same amount of material, but it is not so well installed. Again I want to label the Bon Marché—the department store of the ordinary home. It exalts domesticity, whether through the medium of linens that one hands down from one generation to the next; sturdy furniture, able to stand the onslaughts of two or three generations of children; all the little accessories that mark the good housewife—needle cases of infinite variety and engaging design, fascinating pincushions, wicked-looking scissors cases, for the housewife whose life is patterned much the same as it has been for years in the well-ordered French home which still does not feel the advance of the machine age. There is a good music department where you can buy Victrolas and records, and a musical instrument for every member of the family! Cheap and amusing children's toys. Garden furniture. Kitchen wares. All the staple equipment of a French home, a little cheaper than you would find it on the right bank.

One of the most interesting developments of the department store, and one which shows its quick response to needs and trends, is the modern furniture department. Each of the four has a well-managed *rayon*, under the direction of artists, which makes important contributions to each Salon. These hold their own with the displays of individual decorators, because the artist is given a great deal of power. The most successful at the present time is Primavera at Printemps, the story of the development of this *rayon* furnishing the American market with splendid ideas. All are important, how-

ever, and will be discussed in the chapter on Modern Decoration.

As a casual buyer you will be more interested in the modern objets d'art and accessories of decoration. You will find many a cheap, unusual present here, even for the difficult person who is critical. Modern pottery, perhaps, new shapes, striking designs and colors. Or china—a tea set, modernistically conceived, not any more expensive than the most ordinary one in America. Sprays of feather flowers, or isinglass, or crystal, from fifty cents to five dollars. The droll glass figures of Madeleine Sougez, and the bizarre ones of Claude Lévy. Crude pottery animals, in delightful colors, their life set into quick lines of faïence. Droll little ash trays for ten or fifteen cents. The fabrics will tempt you, they are so striking and so easy to carry. The furniture will leave you with ideas, even if you do not want to buy. Ideas, aplenty!

This expression is so new and is developing so rapidly that you will go to look anyway. If you are interested in studying the possible relations of the department store to a creative functioning like this, you will go often and thoughtfully. If you are searching for the pattern of the age—you won't miss these *rayons*. What is true of any one to-day may not be true to-morrow, and my generalizations can be of use only in directing your attention to something you might otherwise miss.

Galleries Lafayette—Back of Opéra—Boulevard Haussmann.

Printemps—Back of the Madeleine—end of Rue Tronchet.

Bon Marché—On same square as Hotel Lutétia.

Trois-Quartiers—Beginning of Boulevards—diagonal from the Madeleine.

Samaritaine—Boulevard des Capucines—a few steps from Place de l'Opéra.

Louvre—Place du Palais-Royal.

CHAPTER VI

WINDOW SHOPPING ON THE RUE DE RIVOLI

WINDOW shopping. There is only one answer to this in Paris! The Rue de Rivoli. The arcades furnish ample protection from the weather; the Louvre and the Tuileries, interest of another sort if you tire of the shop windows; the windows themselves, every conceivable fancy to please the eye, together with a good solid body of merchandise, a shop of repute for almost every interest. It has a beginning at the Place de la Concorde and an end a few steps from La Bastille, but no continuity, except architectural! A jewelry shop such as you might find on Thirty-fourth Street rubs elbows with a famous old shop of Oriental gems; one of the smartest Fifth Avenue haberdashers may be next to an ordinary blouse and handkerchief shop. Two of the famous bookshops of Paris look down scornfully on venders of cheap accessories where you may buy a pair of long, brilliant earrings for your Dinah. One of the conservative dress houses looks a little askance at the ultra-modern perfume shop near it. So on down the street, shop by shop, whatever your tastes may be, you will see something that you will want to buy. If you have left last-minute shopping for small gifts, an hour here will cancel all the names on your list: that cigarette case for cousin Frank; that bottle of perfume for Mary; that exquisitely fine baby dress for brother John's latest infant; that handkerchief for the most particular man you know; that

cheap toy for the cook's baby, or a jolly intricate racing game for young Jim; the aspirin for the first-day-out headache; the flower for your traveling costume—any of these and more in the windows will make your morning shopping one of the most efficient you have spent.

You will probably start at the more impressive end, at the Rue St. Florentin. There will be Hilditch and Key, the haberdashers of whom you already know—perfect shirts for riding, golf, or hunting; the smart scarf, conservatively smart, set with the seal of approval of the Parisienne and the Englishwoman; ties for your discriminating friends. Filiba, with its antiques, fabrics, objets d'art, jewelry. Next door, one of the characteristic shops of the street, specializing in the jewelry of the moment, whether it be brilliant heels, dozens of which will sparkle in other shops along the way; the really good-looking costume ring of onyx, imitation sapphire, whatever it may be; earrings, which “drop” spectacularly, or huge stones which hug the ear more modestly; the latest in bracelets, an index to the smarter ideas of the creators. There is nothing in New York like these stores. A friend of mine bought, in one shop, an amazing pair of earrings for her cook, and a stunning onyx ring for a fastidious friend. So—don't judge too hastily from what you first see in the windows! Do a bit of intensive shopping here, democratically. In the first one you see or in any of the other dozen, for there must be as many as that, all specializing in much the same kind of thing. As you get better acquainted, perhaps you will find one which offers more than another, but not on your first trip.

Soon, a Paris lingerie shop of the old order, where you will find the finest of white linen lingerie, with delicate handwork, such as our mothers associated with the idea

of Paris; darling baby's dresses; the classic blouse of *crêpe de chine*; handkerchiefs, these sometimes a little unconservative; baby's things of wool. Not at all disturbed by its cheaper and more flashy neighbors, it goes its own way unconcerned and offers you its fine wares without many concessions to these gods known as Modern and Machine Age. Hippolyte Cros soon, offering sport dresses made for you at nine hundred and fifty francs, dresses and coats—most conservative clothes and very violent scarves sometimes. A glance will tell you whether there is anything here that will please you because he believes that the window is the logical place to show a great deal of stock. I can tell you nothing about this shop or about many others on this street. But usually their windows tell their own story. They know the value of the window in an arcade, especially in a city as rainy as Paris. And few of them sacrifice space to effect. Smith's bookshop, well known to you if you are familiar with England—offering a little bit of everything from English books to English tea, from Victrola records to advertisements of apartments and charming companions, from stationery to children's toys. Some pleasant older men, the old type of bookseller, and some pretty girls to serve you. Again—look for yourself. The modern Volnay shop startles you with its contrast to the old wall about it. All its modern perfumes in modern bottles, named to give you an intriguing hint of their contents, and also to harmonize with the bottle. *Perle d'Argent* is in a handsome silvered tower, that you may mistake for an elevation in miniature of a skyscraper. *Perlinette* in a pearly bottle, round and smoothly shining. *Silence d'Or*, quiet in name, but dazzling with its gold column. If you have a friend with a modern boudoir, one of these bottles will please

her more than many of the more heralded perfumes. Redfern next, with a window display of some of the accessories of the house, shawls, scarves, one of their very smart hats, perhaps. Have I mentioned that the Redfern hats are very chic? (This shop moves soon to the Rue Royale.)

On the corner of Castiglione—Sulka, looking as proud and handsome as it does in New York, too tempting for the ordinary pocketbook. More jewelry shops with more brilliant heels; with dozens of scarf holders or whatever happens to be the equivalent fad of the moment; vanity cases, sometimes most attractive; beaded bags for every member of your acquaintance who would like a beaded bag; slipper buckles in the latest novelties—these often a good bargain and a good gift; paste earrings four inches long; beads, powder containers, perfume atomizers. You believe that seventy per cent of the population of Paris is engaged in the making of luxuries, when you see a window like this.

Rumpelmayer's at 226 echoes tales of your mother's days in Paris. You will find there the tea, cakes, light lunches, and the experience of having been to Rumpelmayer's. Galignani's is one of the pleasantest bookshops in Paris for the foreigner—the oldest foreign one in Paris. Still in the hands of a family interested in this business for many generations, its traditions are carried out to-day. French or English books, prints, intelligent service. More jewelry, more bags. Flowers, charming ones. Feather fans in startling shapes and colors. The tiniest wrist watches in the world. Lorgnettes, dignified ones for your aunt, smart ones for the latest fad of your spectacular friend. Novelty belts, hard to find in Paris. It does not take the Rue de Rivoli long to have in its

windows dozens of copies of the latest belts, or buckles, or fans, launched by a *grand couturier*, in spite of the copyist laws.

Suddenly at 214 an oasis—of fine Oriental goods, Akchoté et Frères et Fils—the family made an addition to the sign with each generation. Jades, ivories, porcelains, embroideries—it is easy to linger here even in these days of modern temptations. A new dress and tricoterie place, with most attractive flowers, hats, and accessories. Dresses with smart lines for seven hundred and fifty francs, the kind you can put on and walk out of the shop, proud of them. Quite lovely handkerchiefs and tapestry bags. Another Nicolet shop with its assortment of gloves. A shop of umbrellas and canes, the one which puts many of the novelties on the market, the cane with a powder puff, and mirror top; the cane with the hollow glass liquor tube inside—surely the idea of an American sold to a Frenchman! I cannot believe that a Frenchman originated it! Creations in the umbrella world, some of the truly original ones. This shop and two others create for most of the umbrella world. Aux Bébés Incassables with its disorderly arrangement of toys of every variety, losing some of the effectiveness of their more aristocratic brothers on the Rue St. Honoré and the Champs-Élysées, but gaining more for the child itself perhaps. The very disorder of the shop would make it seem heaven to a child. Again some charming bags at André's, 222—bags of embroideries and beads, cases of leather and galusha. A place where you can have films printed—the oculist Gualdoni. A print shop where prints of masterpieces of the Louvre and other museums may be obtained. A Waterman pen place where repairs are also done. You will be thrilled to

remember this on the day your pet pen goes back on you. A window full of smoker's accessories—Dutch, English, French pipes; ridiculous pipes with Indians on the bowl, or monkeys perhaps. Very good-looking boxes and cigarette cases. Musical boxes, and automatic lighters—a strange confusion of tastes, calculated perhaps to attract the highest percentage of window shoppers. You may not want a pipe with a monkey on the bowl, but the man right behind you may! And these shops are not maintained, for the most part, by old patrons with established tastes, but by the new ones who come every day, from nobody knows where. The more flexible your imagination and the more democratic your taste, the more successful you are as a Rue de Rivoli shopkeeper.

Number 194—a drug store, reliable, furnishing American and English products, not too far away from the Rue de Rivoli hotels. The one for an emergency purchase if you are living in one of them. Farther down—194—Mathilde et Aline with more conservative bags—black suede, point de Beauvais tapestry.

As you go on in the block—below the Rue des Pyramides—the character changes. The rue becomes a little down-at-the-heels; shops with windows full of wicked and domesticated looking knives; of hundreds, yes, really hundreds of collar buttons, and separate collars; dozens of cheaper felt hats, still not too impossible; piles of leather novelties, good, but cheaper than those a few blocks nearer the Place de la Concorde. Until finally you have arrived at one of the department stores, the Louvre. You can continue your shopping here, or turn to Art instead in the Louvre across the garden, or lunch at Montagné Traiteur's not far away on the Rue St. Honoré, or take a taxi back to your hotel for a well-earned rest.

- Hilditch and Key—252 Rue de Rivoli.
Filiba—252 Rue de Rivoli.
Alice—250 Rue de Rivoli.
Hippolyte Cros—244 Rue de Rivoli.
Smith, W. H.—248 Rue de Rivoli.
Volnay—244 Rue de Rivoli.
Sulka—corner of Rue Castiglione.
Gualdoni—228 Rue de Rivoli.
Rumpelmayer—226 Rue de Rivoli.
Galignani—224 Rue de Rivoli.
André—222 Rue de Rivoli.
Akchoté et Frères et Fils—214 Rue de Rivoli.
Nicolet—206 Rue de Rivoli.
Aux Bébés Incassables—202 Rue de Rivoli.
Béral et Cie—Drugs—194 Rue de Rivoli.
Waterman—163 Rue de Rivoli.
Mathilde et Aline—130 Rue de Rivoli.

CHAPTER VII

FAIRYLAND: THE CHILD'S WORLD

THE French woman of fashion was probably once the French child of fashion, whose wardrobe was designed by the *grands couturiers* of her child's world, just as her mother's was by the Paquin or Worth of her day. The traditions of the one edged so gracefully into those of the other that the *jeune fille* on her first visit to Lanvin felt quite as much at home as her mother, and probably quite as able to weigh values. Perhaps Lanvin had always dressed her, so that there was no change. Or perhaps she had been dressed by one of the smart houses who announce that they attend to the child's needs from birth to marriage! So they do, offering the most exquisitely fine baby's dress, or the most elaborate trousseau—trousseau in this case including lingerie, linens, and boudoir accessories.

If you are interested in buying children's clothes, why not go first to the Parc Monceau, the Guignols on the Champs-Élysées, or the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and see the smart children of Paris at play? For the styles of this world do not find their way into magazines and papers enough to make you familiar with their points. You might as well get your introduction first hand. You will be interested not only in the details of the season, but also in the essential differences which distinguish little Marie's clothes from those of her American cousin Betty. Marie's will be shorter, oh, much

shorter! Enough so, that you may wonder if she is taking some French kind of sunbath. No—it is not hygiene but art which determines this length. For every designer of smart children's clothes insists that this proportion between leg and dress is much more graceful, and you will find it hard to convince him that New York or Chicago climate, as well as the critical eyes of your neighbors, must dictate a few more inches for Betty. The same idea extends naturally into the realm of ready-to-wear, which you will want to remember in buying at places like Printemps.

After this introduction you may want to go first to Fairyland, one of the best known of Paris child couturiers. Founded in 1905, this house has been dressing smart children under the direction of M. Blume ever since, and furnishing trousseaux for the same child grown up. The staff speaks English for the most part and is accustomed to dealing with Americans. On the first floor are clothes for the baby and for the very young child. France supplies the baby dress de luxe, of course, with its finest of fine embroidery, in charming design. Whether you pay eighty francs or twelve hundred, you will have a precious garment. The same extremes exist in the clothes for older children, depending on the quality of material and workmanship. You can buy delightful colored linens for from one hundred and sixty to four hundred and five hundred francs; and silk from the same minimum to perhaps seven hundred and fifty for an exquisite dress with point Beauvais. For the little boy there will be everything from a sturdy sailor suit to the classic black velvet which perhaps little boys still wear outside of story books. Do you want a coat for little Betty, age two, or for big Betty, age sixteen? Here they are, with not such a great difference in

price. Have you promised Mary a party dress from Paris? Here is one which will have no rival, a picturesque pink "period" dress with a quaintly scalloped skirt—eleven hundred francs, but valued at far more than that in terms of happiness. Or, slightly cheaper, the fragile-looking blue and silver net, an ensemble if you please, with a coat and hat of blue velvet and silver. The coat as it is costs three hundred francs, but you can make it really elegant by adding an ermine collar and paying twelve hundred. Simple wool dresses for the schoolgirl, far removed from the uniform often inflicted in America, in a wide variety of material, and plain but not matter-of-fact coats. Mme. Marguérite has charge of the second floor, and will be happy to show the regular stock or to talk with you of special designing, for this house has its own designers, and its own seasons, just as do the dressmakers for grown-ups. In fact, a good designer of children's clothes has a future before her, for the field is not crowded and the rewards are high.

Brisac on the Boulevard Malesherbes was founded in 1909, the directors being M. and Mme. Brisac. The prices are about the same as at Fairyland, and the models range from baby's clothes to eighteen years. Lion, on the Rue de la Boétie, is slightly older, having passed from father to son. The standards are about the same. In a class by itself is Mignapouf, the highest of the high couturiers for children, where Betty's wardrobe will cost as much as mother's, the value of materials being compensated for by the exquisiteness of workmanship. Capdeville, Lenci, Adrienne, Suzanne Dubin, Belin et Cie, Alice on the Rue de Rivoli, and André on the Rue Mondovi are others for you to investigate, searching out for yourself the prices and the type of clothes which suit you. It is difficult to choose for you,

or to go into detail, for the differences are not as marked in this world as in that of the adult while the individual wants are so varied. So we leave the research to you, knowing that you will enjoy every visit.

Do not forget the department stores when you are doing this shopping. We have spoken of these in the chapter on department stores, and take this occasion to recommend again, highly, Primerose, the children's department in Printemps. Don't miss the special children's furniture department there, either. A friend of mine who buys many presents for her horde of nephews and nieces says that the Galeries has exceptional knitted suits.

The problem of shoes will prove even more difficult for the child than for the grown-up. Aside from the department stores, I will mention three shops—Taya, the creator of the most individual shoes for children; the little shop, Legendre on the Rue du Mont-Thabor, one of the best known of the conservative bottiers; and Roquet away over on the Ile St. Louis. The Bally shop on the corner of the Rue des Capucines and the Boulevard also carries children's shoes.

The larger houses such as Fairyland and Mignapouf present the trousseau in every form from the simple to the de luxe. They, with the Grande Maison de Blanc and the White House, will make your shopping for linens simple. The aristocrat of this world is probably Rouff, who designs and executes trousseaux for the finest families of France and the Continent. This house has just moved up on the Champs-Élysées in the beautiful *hôtel particulier* where Drecol was—corner of Rue Balzac. If you want monogramming *only* done on linen, the L'Art à l'Aiguille, 15 Rue du Colonel Moll, will do exquisite work for you. This is one of the small

houses that keeps itself personal and selective. A few minutes' talk with the director or the gracious woman in charge will convince you that you have found a place to remember.

The Lenci shop is unique in presenting toys and clothes too, a truly individual gift being a dress with a doll gownned to match! The Lenci dolls are famous, of course, so you will at least want to see them. G. Ourine has novelty dolls which are often amusing, presenting a sophisticated doll, for instance, wearing an authentic copy of a Jenny dress! Brigitte Sée has startlingly real character dolls, also. Some day when you are far down the Rue de Rivoli, past the Louvre, you may see a little shop called Bébés et Poupées, where you will find the old-fashioned dolls with lovely hair; the treasured kind of your childhood which "talk"; and sturdy, unbreakable ones for the husky child. Not a smart shop, perhaps, but a pleasant one. To know toy shops in different parts of town may prove a life-saver sometime! So remember Au Nain Bleu on the Rue St. Honoré; Le Paradis des Enfants on the Champs-Élysées; and Au Bébés Incassables on the Rue de Rivoli. Au Nain Bleu is the Schwartz of Paris, and will solve the gift problem for many of your small nieces and nephews. Don't forget either the toy *rayons* at the department stores, again especially at Printemps, where wooden toys have their seasons, the toy fair presenting novelties every year.

If little Betty must have a live "toy," go to the bird and cat market Thursdays and Sundays on the Rue de Lutèce and the Quai de la Cité; or to the Fourrière, Rue de Danzig, Tuesday or Friday at two, when a public sale of cats and dogs is held. The Bird Market will be better than a visit to the Zoo as entertainment because it is so full of "homey" life. Whether Betty is looking

for a little Hartz canary that will sing its throat out in the *pension* room or a handsome Congo parrot with a red tail, she will be entertained for as long as you want to stay. While the dozens of descendants of concierge's cats, as well as their more aristocratic brothers and sisters, will make choice difficult. For dogs you can also visit some one of the good kennels, either 11 Rue de la Boétie; 42 Rue de Ponthieu; 24 Rue de Mont-Thabor; 28 Avenue de Champs-Élysées. Outside of Paris not too far are splendid kennels at 57 Avenue Raspail, La Varenne, or the Grand Chenil du Queroy at Marnac.

With the dog in hand, a visit to Goyard, on the Rue St. Honoré, or Aux Etats Unis, on the Rue St. Honoré, or a little shop on the Rue des Petits-Champs, near the Rue d'Antin, will be another way to entertain Betty in her lonesome moments. At these shops you will find all the accessories for dogs and cats, At Goyard's you can dress a dog with Paris chic, a smart raincoat perhaps, a sport coat of the latest tweed, rubber boots for the wet Paris days! If you want to do the ultra thing you will have your dog coated to match your new suit from O'Rossen or Regny.

André—Rue Mondovi.

Lion—7 Rue de la Boétie.

Fairyland—271 Rue St. Honoré.

Lenci—402 Rue St. Honoré.

Brisac—33 Boulevard Malesherbes.

Suzanne Dubin—21 Rue Royale.

Alice—250 Rue de Rivoli.

Belin et Cie—193 Boulevard St. Germain.

Mignapouf—12 Rue Boissy d'Anglais.

Capdeville—63 Boulevard Haussmann.

Adrienne—84 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Brigitte Sée—13 bis Rue d'Aumale.

Bébés et Poupées—1 Rue du Temple.

Au Nain Bleu—406 Rue St. Honoré.

Le Paradis des Enfants—156 Rue de Rivoli.

Au Bébés Incassables—202 Rue de Rivoli.

Palais des Jouets—87 Boulevard Malesherbes.

Ourine—58 Rue Charlot.

Goyard—233 Rue St. Honoré.

Aux Etats Unis—229 Rue St. Honoré.

Saillard—87 Rue des Petits-Champs.

Roquet-Savare—29 Rue St. Louis-en-Ile.

Legendre—7 Rue du Mont-Thabor.

Bally—corner Rue des Capucines and the Boulevard.

CHAPTER VIII

FOR THE MAN OF THE FAMILY

TRUE enough, most men traveling abroad would not choose to have their clothes made in Paris. As Paris is the Mecca for women, so is London for men. It may surprise you to know, however, that Poole of London has an establishment at 18 Rue Tronchet where you can select materials as you would in London and have them cut and fitted by English tailors at something nearer French prices. And that in the neighborhood of the British Embassy are other very good tailors, shirt-makers, and bootmakers who carry on English traditions. Down near the Madeleine, 5 Boulevard Malesherbes, is Aberdeen, where you will find a good selection of Scotch and Irish tweeds, and English cutters and fitters who specialize in sport clothes. The prices here are most satisfactory, a rough, smart-in-an-English-way suit costing about thirty dollars. Auld Reekie at 10 Rue des Capucines also presents English materials handled by English tailors. In the center of town you may see some Scotch tailors, who, incidentally, aren't exactly Scotch and aren't exactly tailors! Be sure of your house before you order your suit.

O'Rossen, on the Place Vendôme, is in a class by himself, a Frenchman of Irish extraction, who has become internationally famous, having made clothes for kings and princes of the East and the West, as well as for the most prosaic well-dressed English and Americans.

Up on the Champs-Élysées is a world-famed Viennese-London tailor, Knizé, who has recently opened in Paris, in striking salons decorated by Adolph Loos of Vienna. Salons, every inch modern. At one end of the large room is a huge fireplace flanked by two great armchairs that take all the discomfort out of selecting one's wardrobe. Knizé prides himself on being the most expensive tailor in Paris, but even such a threat means little to you who are accustomed to New York prices. His cravats, dressing-gowns, scarves, slippers—are choice. They would make perfect gifts, no more expensive than the same high-class merchandise elsewhere. It is worth buying a scarf at Knizé's for the pleasure of seeing the interior. The house has amusing accessories too, such as tam-o'-shanters in Scotch plaids, and a special toilet water for men, with an effective modern label.

Several well-known American business men on their return from France have aroused the envy of their associates by appearing in good-looking suits, tailored by Reynault, of the Avenue Wagram.

There is a Paris Sulka on the Rue de Rivoli where you will pay New York prices. Grouped around the Place Vendôme are several other fine shirtmakers, as Boivin on the Rue Castiglione, mentioned in the chapter devoted to accessories; Hilditch and Key on the Rue de Rivoli; Charvet on the Place Vendôme. Byron et Cie on the Champs-Élysées may interest you while Lambert on the Faubourg St. Honoré is small and smart. Clouet, also on the Faubourg, is a well-known bootmaker. D'Ahetze, at 12 Arcades des Champs-Élysées, deserves special mention for his smart ties, shirts, scarves, all the last word! The list of his clients reads like an international Who's Who in the men's world of fashion. He is young, modern, interested in all phases of men's fashion

needs. Flannel dressing-gowns—"quite different"—not at all matter-of-fact sleeping pajamas, ties to match the color scheme of your car or your club. He creates around any idea.

A well-dressed director of one of the smart dress-making houses suggests Rauvauit, 40 Rue Rochechouart, for ties, scarves, and handkerchiefs, and Burgos, 9 Boulevard des Capucines, as a *chemisier*.

Men can have their hats fitted in Paris too! At the house of Gélot on the Place Vendôme. Saks Fifth Avenue, is its representative in New York. Willoughby, 9 Rue Castiglione, and Stetson, 14 Rue de la Paix, advertising the finest fur felt hats as a specialty, are also well known. The following will be worth a visit if you are seriously shopping and want to find the right thing, suited to your pocketbook.

- à la Petite Jeanette—24 Rue de la Paix.
- Carnaval de Venise—3 Boulevard de la Madeleine.
- Chartraire—37 Rue Marbeuf.
- David—32 Avenue de l'Opéra.
- Delion (hats)—24 Boulevard des Capucines.
15 Passage Jouffroy.
223 Boulevard St. Germain.
- Harold—Rue de Rivoli.
- Manby—19 Rue Auber.
- Paul Olmer—159 Rue Montmartre.
- Rhodes et Brousse—14 Rue Castiglione.
- Veron—8 Rue Royale.

The department stores offer cheaper merchandise of good values, especially the Galeries with its separate building devoted to men's interests, and the Trois-Quartiers with its annex, Madelios, across the street. Sometimes you can find good bargains in canes, malacca, ash, and others, in these stores, although the swank place to buy them is at Brigg and Sons, on the corner of the

Rue des Petits-Champs and the Avenue de l'Opéra. There is a little shop, Planche, at 61 Faubourg St. Honoré, which has good values in canes and umbrellas. You will find a pleasing personal attention from the proprietress and her daughter. The question of handkerchiefs can be settled at any one of the places recommended under Accessories, more cheaply and often just as satisfactorily.

CHAPTER IX

ANTIQUES—AND NEAR-ANTIQUES

THE business of Antiquités in France must rank with the major industries. It would be interesting to compile statistics proving its place, but oh, how difficult! For where the dressmaking industry is confined to the city of Paris, and within the city to certain localities, and within those localities to a relatively few houses, the antique business spreads itself all over France, extends into America with branches of well-known houses, and is represented by hundreds of shops, little and big, in the city of Paris alone. The sign "Antiquités" or its equivalent meets you everywhere you go—on the dignified Place Vendôme, the gay streets of Montmartre, the sordid streets of the workingmen's "quarters," the romantic streets of Bohemia, the bourgeois streets of well-nourished Paris. You cannot escape them! Even outside the gates of Paris, at the well-known Flea Market, antiques are reported to exist, although they are the kind that as a rule we should call "junk!" Parallel with the business in real antiques, goes that of reproductions, centering itself geographically more than that of its more dignified ancestor, reproductions so cleverly done that they pose as originals often.

The antiquités shop may be a tiny, dingy, tucked-in space, quite filled by a few tables, some objets d'art, and a chair or two, or it may be an imposing establishment in an expensive part of town. Its *carte de la maison*

may be a *mélange* of six or eight kinds of print and, like the windows themselves, full of information about everything on earth related to the business at hand; or it may be engraved and dignified, egotistically featuring the name of the owner, with *Antiquités* in fine print; or it may more modestly present to the world the information: "*Antiquités, 20 Rue de la B. . .*" As a rule, the more dignified card means higher prices and a choicer collection, the place to go if you cannot judge values for yourself. At the others you often find a hodge-podge which may yield two good chairs, and an *armoire* perhaps, in the midst of mediocre pieces; a choice Louis XVI necklace in the midst of cheap bits of jewelry of the people, pawned for a little bit of nothing; a roll of yellow *toile*, somewhat worn, but very beautiful, in the midst of an awful mess of nondescript old fabrics. In this kind of shop you are apt to find the bargains, of course, but it means tired feet, endless searching, persistence in dragging things out of dark corners, and—a knowledge of antiques. Paris offers fewer and fewer of these places each year. Like *restaurateurs*, the *antiquaires* are quick these days to feel the pulse of the American searcher. Two or three Americans a day, gasping, "Oh, how cheap!" to an antiquaire; or "How cheap and how delicious," to a restaurateur—and the place is well on its way to sophistication and higher prices. The serious buyer, like the serious gourmet, does not give his secrets away, either to his acquaintances or to the manager! Discouraged with Paris, if he is buying extensively, he now goes to the provinces, to other towns which are centers of the wealth and culture of the past. This is impossible for the ordinary traveler, for whom Paris must remain the source. There are serious ones among these always; it is to you that I will give a few

hints. If you are a real lover of antiques, you will prefer to follow your own nose. All I shall do is to set you in the midst of a "quarter," for instance, and let you do the rest. If you do not know the "points" of old furniture, you cannot expect to buy well, unless you have an uncanny sense for authenticity and very good taste. If you are uncertain, it would be best to put yourself in charge of one of the people in Paris whose business it has become to sell their taste and background, for commissions. There are many of these. They can manage for you all the matters of packing and transportation. You will leave them with the feeling of having made friends. I can suggest several to you, if you call in Paris.

If you want to do your own buying, you can follow two methods. You can choose the well-known shops—on the Place Vendôme, the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the Quais on the left bank, where you pay well for authenticity and taste in selection, and spare yourself the humiliation attending one of our well-known figures in the musical world who returned to America with enough antiques to furnish a house, only to have the customs demand duty on the ground that they were reproductions. On the other hand, you rob yourself of that exciting pleasure—finding a real bargain. So you may take your choice. There is no point in discussing the shops of this character, as they are well known in New York for the most part, and will meet your eye quickly on the streets of Paris. We shall add a list at the end which may be valuable if you are seriously interested in museum pieces, or their near-equivalents. This chapter, however, is for the simpler buyer, who cannot indulge if he cannot find things reasonably cheap.

An interesting thing about these smaller shops is that they are usually in charge of women. Whether the man

of the family spends his time searching for "stock," or has died in some far distant past, or has another business, I do not know. But this prevalence of women makes me wonder why Americans are so proud of their women in business, as if it were a brand-new idea, for the execution of which some unusual ability of the American woman is responsible. The Frenchwoman has been in business for some time—in her husband's little restaurant, presiding over the destinies of the cash or strong box; the proprietor of hundreds of small antique shops; the heads of most successful dressmaking establishments; the best of milliners; the head of one of the most successful department stores; supervising the laundries and the dry cleaning of most of Paris; making you very comfortable or distressingly uncomfortable in the small *pensions* and hotels. All this without having developed as a self-conscious by-product the woman problem that is supposed to accompany the invasion of the American business world by its women. I shall not appoint myself a critic of the modes and manners of the French in this field, but if you are interested, your adventures in the field of antiquities will furnish you much material for a psychological and economic inquiry. The important thing is that you will find women in charge of most of the small shops, and you will have to do with the psychology of a woman in buying. When the shop blossoms into the next stage, where it deals with the product in larger quantities, the man is apt to appear—but as a rule he is no more important than his wife, and it is not well to concentrate too heavily on him if she is about.

You will find that these proprietresses divide themselves into several classes. There is the oldish lady of indeterminate age and quiet manners, who will respond



AT PARIS THERE ARE FAIRS FOR ALMOST EVERY CONCEIVABLE KIND OF THING FROM GINGERBREAD TO PAINTINGS AND ANTIQUES. THIS IS A CORNER OF THE FAMOUS "FOIRE ST. GERMAIN."

UNRECOGNIZED GENIUSES—AND PARIS HAS MORE THAN ITS QUOTA—DISPLAY THEIR WORK AT WHAT IS ODDLY KNOWN AS THE "CRUST FAIR." HERE IS A TYPICAL OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION.



THE BIRD MARKET, HELD EVERY THURSDAY AND SUNDAY ON THE QUAI DE LA CITE, IS ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF THE PARIS MARTS.

most favorably to a real love of her few well-chosen things. If you feel the wood on an old buffet with a tender touch, or select what may be a rare piece of Boulle from a conglomerate of objets d'art, or recognize a Henry IV piece, she will open her heart to you, and sell you her precious pieces happily. There is one such in the vicinity of the Luxembourg. Her tiny shop is spotless; her furniture is rubbed with tender care, and arranged to good advantage; all her prices are marked, so that you and she are spared the pain of tactless bargaining; her pieces are few and well chosen. You feel that when one goes she hunts lovingly to replace it. Her prices are not high. She is in business for the love of it. She has a funny face—a soft loose skin, eyes not at all expressive, hair arranged in a style of *autrefois*, a little black ribbon around her neck—not at all prepossessing. But show her that you love beauty in the form in which you find it here, and her face lights up from within, her eyes commence to speak—she becomes alive and charming. When you leave you feel as if you had been robbing her of choice possessions—that she ought always to keep them there and live in the midst of them, polishing and arranging.

There is the *grande dame* type, who is usually annoying. She presents the picture of aristocracy fallen thus low! She tries to determine your taste with superior airs, and she hates letting you go without selling you something. In some way her importance to herself seems to depend on the degree to which she can impress you. You can bargain to advantage with this type, for her values of her possessions are often out of proportion. I usually escape when I find one unless I see something rare which I simply must have.

There is also the refined uncommunicative type, who

never seems to come forward to meet you. Usually her things are beyond reproach, so that she needs no graces of manner to sell them. Her values will be rather high, but there is little use in bargaining. She has collected these articles with impeccably good taste to sell to some one who knows their value, and needs no high-pressure salesmanship to dispose of them. You can depend absolutely on your purchases—her integrity and her taste are beyond reproach. There is one such in the neighborhood of St. Sulpice. You will not enjoy your visit here as you did the one with the charming old lady near the Luxembourg, but you will have acquired some choicer articles, possibly.

More prevalent in some quarters are the simple women who derive their taste from God-knows-where. Their shops are apt to be a *mélange*. You may have to edge past a rosy-faced baby in a carriage, almost blocking the door, apologetically pass a toothless grandmother, and stumble over two or three cats and a dog. You may think that there can be nothing in this hodge-podge which would interest you—but look carefully. You may find a lovely piece of jewelry, rolling about in a drawer, knocked around by homelier bits. Or an exquisite Louis XVI chair, hidden by an ugly *armoire*. This kind of shop usually repays a little effort in nosing around. You can tell after a few minutes whether there are any treasures. The woman will be very amiable—she won't mind dragging things out of corners herself, and she won't mind if you snoop. This snooping into drawers has often resulted in charming jewelry finds. For almost every antiquaire has something in the way of jewelry, often hidden away, considered of no importance. It was in such a shop as this that I found an exquisite paste necklace, Louis XVI, for which a London dealer offered

me double my purchase price later. In another shop, in the drawer of a desk, I found the loveliest pair of old gold earrings—and so it goes. Always ask if there are any pieces of jewelry if you are interested.

Sometimes you meet the woman with enough force and imagination to develop a more pretentious establishment, with several rooms, a variety of periods, and extension into the art objects of other countries, the inclusion of tapestries, in addition to the *toiles* and brocades of the smaller shops. She is apt to be a delightful person with whom to do business, and an interesting person to know. Her range of knowledge is more extensive, her appreciations more intelligent. She is usually the type to whom you can entrust commissions. She has developed something more in the nature of a real business, through sophistication and an organizing ability combined with imagination and good taste. There is such a one in the vicinity of the Odéon, who numbers many Americans among her customers and who will do you any service from running to get you a taxi on a rainy day without any regard for her dress, to searching for just the *rafraîchissoir* that you want to complete a room. Either service with equal graciousness!

Then there are the minor aristocrats of the antique world, the ladies who sit in the splendor of some shops on the boulevards of the left bank, with a manner which would grace a stage drawing room, surrounded by well-preserved, good specimens priced to pay for the superior location and the sophistication of the setting. Right next door, there may be an antiquaire of the old school, fond of his fine things, but not nearly as impressive to the eye of the amateur as the more imposing neighbor. If you have a good business head, and know your stuff, there will be no question in your mind.

You may ask—"Are there no disagreeable types in the business?" No, as a whole, no. They are very pleasant people to approach, interested personally in the things with which they surround themselves, masking the home-making instinct, perhaps, in this particular phase of business. For this reason I see fit to bargain with few of them, unless I am making a combined purchase, or unless I honestly cannot afford some particular piece which I want very much. It is well to visit several before you decide, to know relative values. Then you can bargain if you find any great divergence from the ordinary standard. This is legitimate, but the variation is usually not very great in shops of the same quarter.

It is customary to leave a deposit as the shopper rarely shops with enough money to pay for many purchases. A receipt will be given you often on the *carte de la maison*. But a warning here may save you a disappointment—if you find something that you must have, and don't enjoy the prospect of a broken heart, pay for it completely. If you cannot that day, return the next morning early. For it sometimes happens that there is a "misunderstanding," that the wife of the patron did not know that you had made a deposit on this particular piece and had sold it to another customer! The antique dealer is not above turning an honest penny, and if another customer offers a higher price, a "misunderstanding" is apt to occur. However, this happens seldom and precaution is necessary only when you are certain that never in all your life will you be able to duplicate this particular piece. The method of leaving a deposit and returning to complete the payment works in very well too with the *expéditeur* system. You have to find a packer, who will prepare your things for transportation. It is better to have nothing sent to him until you have

completed your purchases, so that the shipment can be prepared together, and the necessary papers made at once. He attends to this also, although it is well to be acquainted with the formalities. A visit to the American consul will acquaint you with these. The commercial office is at 3 Rue des Italiens, over the Guaranty Trust Company. When you are ready, go about to your separate places, give them directions and they will send your purchases to the packer. Usually a shop of any size knows such a man who is accustomed to American exportation. But I can tell you some that I know are reliable:

Charles Pottier—14 Rue Gaillon

Packer and Shipper for the Metropolitan

Pitt and Scott—16 Place Vendôme

Deloche—5 Rue des Messageries; and

I have said nothing about the men in the business. There are some, especially in the larger shops. The proprietor may be a bustling little bourgeois who has learned his business as an employee in some grander establishment, or a gentleman of taste whom it is a delight to meet, or a regular bear who is in the business to get away with all he can. I have met this variety among men in antique shops, but never among women. I may have been particularly fortunate, as the type certainly does exist in France among women—in business, but I choose to believe that there is some deep connection in the female mind between this particular business and the home-creating instinct, and that she gives to it much of the graciousness and the loving care that she might ordinarily express more directly. Surely this would not be difficult when you were dealing with beauty, where it might be a more difficult transfer to

make if you were dealing with a commodity like flour, or "nuisances" like ignorant travelers.

You may have concluded from this approach that there are many antique stores on the left bank. You are right. In fact, for the kind of shopping the average person with little time at his disposal wants to do, this is the most likely place to go. You will find little shops in every quarter, in addition to the more expensive ones of the Faubourg, the Place Vendôme, and the left bank Quais. But for practical shopping, go to the section around the Odéon, following up to Vaugirard; the quarter around Montparnasse; the lower end of Boulevard Raspail, branching off into the rues des St. Pères and du Cherche-Midi; and that around St. Sulpice.

Of the four, that centering around the Boulevard Raspail is most expensive, naturally, because this is a main artery, which many Americans use, and near the Lutétia, the Paris home of many others. The shopkeepers here are more sophisticated, they often have more pretentious establishments, consequently bigger overhead which they must meet. You can feel your way around here after you have covered some of the other quarters, although this one has more to offer you possibly in variety and choice pieces than any other center. On Raspail there are three establishments, not too pretentious, much patronized by American buyers, offering good collections—well recommended to me by every one who has purchased there. In one you will usually find very good pewter items; in another a wide variety of chairs of the eighteenth century; in another, Provençal. There is a shop specializing in jewelry and fabrics, where you will not be met very graciously if you are not seriously interested in buying. Unlike the smaller shops, they do not care about having you poke about to find

things for yourself, and aren't especially pleased to be asked to take *toiles* and brocades from the shelves or jewelry items from the window. This kind of shop probably maintains itself by the customers, not especially interested in antiques, who see something intriguing in the window—earrings, collar, enamel box—and come in prepared to buy it or too shy to refuse after it has been shown. If you show that you can value things for yourself, they will know that you will not prove as good a customer. Hence their indifference. However, they have a stunning assortment of jewelry, some of it really choice, so that you may not want to miss it; otherwise you will have to pick up these items here and there, one at a time. Personally I should prefer to walk the length of the Rue Bonaparte, looking in every window until I found something I liked, but our ways may not agree.

The Rue du Cherche-Midi offers competitive shops at almost every number, with the prices often varying enough to make shopping interesting. In one shop some very fine chairs—Louis XIV, perhaps, and some others that seem to be authentic earlier ones, if you can judge. Next door, a Louis XV table may catch your eye immediately, to give way to the two benches of the same period or to an unusual Spanish armchair and a remarkable Spanish table. This shop may specialize in Gothic and Spanish, the next in Provençal, the next in seventeenth and eighteenth century. There is a wide appeal here. I once found a gem of a Louis XIII couch in one of them, something I had not seen for days, and in another two fine Chippendale chairs.

A center that I always prefer because I seem to find more individuality in the shops is that of the Odéon, with the shops raying down from the Odéon itself, onto

the Rue de l'Odéon, neighboring it on the side, and creeping out onto the Rue Vaugirard farther off. I have bought some of my pet pieces of Provençal here; a darling little booktable, unique; a Brittany closed bed, which was converted into a distinctive day bed; soft, smooth, fruit-wood *armoires* and bureaux. Some lovely rustic things too. In another, some chairs to match others that a friend of mine had, again things I had been seeking for some time; a tapestry, very cheap; yards of old brocade; luster for another friend. With several Louis XV chairs, and a console and a bureau that I left reluctantly. This is the neighborhood where you will find my charming old lady; my rather more businesslike friend; a man well versed in every phase of the antique world—all people that you will remember. There will be jewelry and objets d'art in many of the shops, few pieces, some of them with an irresistible appeal. And the Luxembourg gardens are at hand where you can rest during the long two-hour lunch period, after eating at Foyot's, perhaps, or the old Café Voltaire.

The shops in this neighborhood and those around St. Sulpice seem more indigenous—you would say that they had grown there—while there is a suspicion with some others that this particular neighborhood has been chosen because of its business advantages, just as the United Cigar Stores always choose the right corner of the street. There are none of the more impressive ones around St. Sulpice; they are small for the most part and intimate. When you leave one you feel as if you had been spending an hour or two with the family. There will be the children and the animals, papa and mamma, and grandmamma, as I have mentioned before. The assortment of goods is, as a rule, more conglomerate

and your keen sense of values must help you. There is one shop on the Rue de Vieux Colombier where you will find many *armoires* and buffets, Provençal and *rustique*, copies too. One of the most satisfying of all the shops I know is on the Rue St. Sulpice. Everything in the best taste. There is well-bred interest on the part of the quiet proprietress. You will always find something choice here, and you can have complete confidence. The stock will be apt to be eighteenth century; the individual articles will be in splendid shape; and they will be fine examples of their kind. You may find a delicate coral bracelet, or a finely wrought necklace. You will be certain to see some silver or glass that you will want. The prices will be slightly higher than you will find in the simpler shops of the neighborhood, but you will see the reason. Your hour here will be peaceful, where in other places you may feel as if you had traveled far and seen much when you leave—there has been such confusion. There is another shop on the same street, specializing in little things—tables, objets d'art, etc.—managed by a friendly woman. Around the corner on the Rue Mabillon is another with a very pretentious name. This is one where you search, and find perhaps, a quaint old oil portrait, for an additional ancestor, a solid *bergère*, or a fine little table. On the Rue Bonaparte another, where again you must know the difference between antique and reproduction. They have no intention of deceiving you, but—if you know no French and cannot discriminate, you might easily leave with a new piece instead of the old one you wanted. Here I have found some fine pieces of jewelry—the Louis XV collar, for instance; a quaint silver collar; a pair of amethyst and gold earrings. The prices here are apt to be high, but you can understand that when you look around at

the three generations of family cluttering up the place. They must be supported.

I kept away from the Montparnasse section for some time, thinking that the American invasion of this quarter would have influenced prices. The original invasion was by poor artists, to be sure, but the number of wealthy friends they seem to have collected around themselves, or the number of mere people who have thronged to the quarter to see the sights, must have familiarized the shopkeepers with the sight of American dollars. I was partly right and partly wrong. There is one shop in the quarter where I have found the largest collection and the lowest prices—a shop covering much ground space, crawling up into the second story, filling up the garage at times, and creeping out to the sidewalk. On the Boulevard Raspail, too, but not the same Boulevard where the grand ladies sit and tell you in superior tones that these are three very good Louis XVI chairs and that you can have them for four hundred and fifty dollars! Quite another quarter and quite another kind of lady. So many things that you may want—buffets long enough to grace a stately *salle à manger*; *armoires* large enough to hold the family skeletons for generations; dozens of tables, the kind that would do no groaning under the heaviest Christmas dinner; bustling, nice people in charge. They carry reproductions, and will make them for you. They made a beautiful inlaid refectory table for me, getting the lovely quality of old walnut very well. There are so many pieces here that the contrast is very evident between the redder tones and the soft, yellowish beige tone which pleases me so much in French walnut. You may like the other better, but you will be apt to find the wood here in the variety of tones that come with age and different treatment. You

will not want to miss this shop—it is entertaining and satisfying. On the other side of the street is a smaller shop, a “family” affair, where the serious-minded little daughter of the family sits studying while you transact business with mamma or papa. There will be a few good old pieces, *armoires*, chairs, and bureaux; and many good reproductions, especially of *rustique*, the chairs and tables being well made and cheap.

Speaking of *meubles rustiques* reminds me of another very good shop. This one on the right bank, in a quarter where you might not otherwise go—65 Rue des Courcelles. They have both antiques and reproductions, and are especially conscientious in carrying out commissions of search for you. You may want also to look up one on the Rue de Longchamp, well done, at 40 Rue du Mont-Thabor; and Maison Paysanne, at 60 Boulevard Malesherbes. In buying *meubles rustiques* you will look also for peasant china. I will give you three well-known addresses for that, this business being established on a commercial basis:

19 Rue des Miromesnil.

157 Boulevard St. Germain.

One on the Marché St. Honoré.

On the Boulevard Montparnasse is a shop where I had one of my few unpleasant experiences. The woman in charge was not only ungracious, she was disagreeable. But she had some yellow *toile* that I thought I wanted. So I put my pride in my pocket and went back—to find her almost sunny. Whether she is merely temperamental or thought perhaps I was not in earnest, I do not know. But we have been good friends since. I still find her prices rather higher and she is one of the few people with whom I regularly bargain. I started it the day she was disagreeable and have continued it. Her

shop is a little nearer the American center, which may account for her increases. She has in this shop yards of old materials—dusty, heavy, some in sight in an *armoire*, some hidden away in dark corners. If you hunt around yourself, very well—but she will not do much for you. She often has some good Aubussons, fine embroideries, and the rarer *toiles*, but you do the searching. Perhaps she does not even know they are there. Jewelry, too—uneven in value. Some furniture. She likes undertaking commissions. For some time she had been collecting yellow *toile* for an American who was to redeem it on his next trip. This was what she sneaked out of a back room one day when I told her that it was the only thing in which I was interested. She told me the story, and showed me the obituary sent her by the family, which gave authenticity to her tale. She had evidently been saving the *toile* for him, and she may be equally loyal to you some day!

It is well if you are really interested in buying to find some one of the dealers whom you can trust with commissions. It is better, of course, to have these handled by a shopper whom you have tried out, as you get quicker action. But it can be done through one of the dealers. This you must decide for yourself. It must be one whom you have found reliable, whose taste you can trust, and who has a comprehensive knowledge of the periods in which you are most apt to buy.

The question of reproductions is important also, for you may need to complete an effect by these. Beds are very hard to find in amateur buying; chairs of the same style and similar condition. These two elements often have to be introduced through reproductions. Several of the dealers can arrange for this for you. Aside from those I have mentioned, there are shops in the Faubourg

St. Antoine quarter near the Bastille which specialize in this. Gilardino, 8 Rue Titon, has copies of *rustique*. Prigent et Cie also make fine reproductions of old chairs, with lovely tapestry upholstery; André Hammel, 16 Rue Martel, has fine reproductions, porcelains, ivories, Tôle, etc.; and Lanzani, 30 bis Rue Basfroi, is another copyist.

This chapter would not be complete without a list of the well-known antiquaires, where business is not only "business," with the stock well valued and authentic, but also a pleasure, or rather, a deep joy such as a museum visit might bring. You may also be interested in knowing of some shops on the right bank where you can buy old laces and silver. These can often be picked up at auctions, or at the official pawnshops. You will have found some in your searchings on the left bank. But the few definite addresses listed here may be helpful to you.

At the other extreme from the dignified antiquaires is the Hôtel Drouot, with its auctions. It is known also as the Hôtel des Ventes. It was built in 1852 by the Society of Auctioneers (Compagnie des Commissaires Priseurs). These auctioneers in France are official, the appointments being made by the Minister of Justice, just as those of notaries and sheriffs are settled.

The auctions represent property confiscated by the state or by creditors, bankrupt merchandise, and the possessions of individuals wishing to dispose of them by auction. The largest sales are from April to June, and are announced in *Le Moniteur des Ventes*. For every sale of art objects or furniture the auctioneer names one or more experts who act as a guaranty for their authenticity. A state tax of nineteen per cent must be paid on the accepted bid.

From a sentimental point of view these auctions are often the most touching of spectacles. Broken-up homes, bankrupt nobility, material souvenirs of famous men and women—these furnish the Hôtel Drouot with the substance of its life. From a business point of view the experience often brings magnificent results. Imagine buying a Louis XIV commode for four dollars which you would find worth sixteen thousand dollars! This has happened. Even if you are not so fortunate, you will usually get sound bargains if you know values and can speak French. The lot to be sold is put on exhibition the day before so that you can inspect it. But if you are unfamiliar with the language and the routine, it will be useless to go except for an experience! We can recommend an able person to accompany you, or to bid for you if you make your selections the day before.

The auctioning is simple and honest. No matter how much “window dressing” of a spectacular or sentimental nature the auctioneer could use to advantage, he never does! I went to the Cécile Sorel auction at the Georges Petit Galleries, where she auctioned off the antique furnishings of her house, having decided to make a clean sweep in favor of modern. A Marie Antoinette bed! Not to mention other romantic and interesting items. Surely such an auction would produce some excitement! It did not—it was conducted throughout with great dignity and impersonality.

To close this chapter, let me hope that none of your swans will prove to be geese!

RECOMMENDED FOR SPECIALTIES

Hautes Epoques

Objets d'art et sculpture:

A. Sambon—7 Square de Messine.

XVème Siècle—Gothique

Furniture, wood carvings, tapestries

Demotte—27 Rue de Berri.

Stone sculptures, mantels, etc.

H. Roux—106 Faubourg St. Honoré.

XVIème Siècle—Renaissance

Furniture, tapestries

Bacri Frères—141 Boulevard Haussmann.

XVIIème—XVIIIème Siècles

Seats, decorative panels, sculpture

Buvelot—9 Quai Voltaire.

Furniture, tapestries, objets d'art

Louis Touzain—33 Quai Voltaire.

Larcade—140 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Paintings:

Trotti—8 Place Vendôme.

Decorative sculpture, statues, fountains, garden pieces

H. Roux—106 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Other Houses Specializing in This Period:

Lewis & Simmons—16 Rue de la Paix.

Paraf Louis—23 bis Rue de Berri.

Wildenstein—57 Rue de la Boétie.

Zivy, René—57 Avenue Montaigne.

Flemish Furniture

Kleinberger—9 Rue de l'Echelle.

Italian Furniture

Kleinberger—9 Rue de l'Echelle.

Spanish Furniture

Sala—20 Rue Bonaparte.

Rare Rugs

De Andrea—40 Boulevard Malesherbes.

Robert Fernandez—15 Rue Royale.

Chairs

Camoin—9 Quai Voltaire.

Reproductions—Fabrics

Tassinari and Chatel—82 Rue des Petits-Champs.

Silks

Schutz—25 Quai Voltaire.

Fulgence—75 Rue La Boétie.

Old Silver

- Baur—32 Rue de la Boétie.
 Carré—219 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Marion—13 Rue Tronchet.
 Pagenel—95 Rue des Petits-Champs.
 Wakelin—90 Avenue Malakoff.

Old Laces

- Camerino—32 Avenue de l'Opéra.
 Marion—13 Rue Tronchet.
 Pagenel—95 Rue des Petits-Champs.
 Vieux Milan—35 Rue Châteaudun.

OTHER GALLERIES

RIGHT BANK

Quarter of *Place Vendôme*

- Duveen Brothers—paintings, tapestries, objets d'art—20 Place Vendôme.
 Edouard Jonas—objets d'art and pictures—13 Place Vendôme.
 M. Knoedler & Co.—17 Place Vendôme.
 Lewis & Simmons—16 Rue de la Paix; old masters, objets d'art—22 Place Vendôme.
 Jacques Seligman et Fils—objets d'art—9 Rue de la Paix.
 Arnold Seligman et Fils—paintings, furniture, tapestry—23 Place Vendôme.
 Trotti et Cie—old masters, objets d'art—8 Place Vendôme.

Quarter—*Faubourg St. Honoré*.

- Georges Bernheim—paintings, from 1830; modern also—109 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Bernheim Jeune—paintings, from 1830; modern also—83 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Cailleux—eighteenth century—136 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Jean Charpentier—modern also—76 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Galerie d'Art Ancien—74 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Galerie Druet—nineteenth century; modern also—20 Rue Royale.
 Charles Kaufmann—old paintings, and tapestries; high antiques—23 Rue Royale.
 Edouard Larcade—paintings, objets d'art—140 Faubourg St. Honoré.

- Goldschmidt—old masters—11 bis Rue Boissy d'Anglas.
 Paul Rosenberg—nineteenth century; modern also—21
 Rue de la Boétie.
 Wildenstein—old masters, tapestries, French furniture,
 eighteenth century—57 Rue de la Boétie.

OTHERS ON THE RIGHT BANK

- Max Bine—Expertizing; old and modern paintings—48
 Avenue d'Iena.
 N. Brimo—works of art for collections, tapestries, paint-
 ings; early middle ages to Renaissance—34 Rue Lafa-
 yette.
 Demotte—Persian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman—27 Rue de
 Berri.
 Durand—Ruel—nineteenth century, impressionists espe-
 cially—37 Avenue Friedland.
 J. Féral—old masters—7 Rue St. Georges.
 René Gimpel—19 Rue Spontini.
 Galerie Kleinberger—old masters, primitives of all schools,
 objets d'art; Holland and Flemish schools especially—
 9 Rue de l'Echelles.
 Galerie Locarno—modern also—15 Rue Laffitte.
 Louis Paraf—old paintings, French furniture—eighteenth
 century—23 bis Rue de Berri.
 M. & R. Stora—Faïence—Italian, Spanish, Moorish; old
 tapestries—Middle Ages to Renaissance—32 bis Boule-
 vard Haussmann.

PRINTS

- Collection d'Estampes—Engravings of all schools from Dürer
 to Picasso—31 Rue de Tournon.
 Collection d'Estampes—French and English prints, litho-
 graphs of 1830—45 Rue Laffitte.
 Galerie de l'Estampe—1 Rue Edouard VII.
 Le Goupy—5 Boulevard de la Madeleine; maps and prints—
 28 Avenue Champs-Élysées.
 Louis Godefroy—old prints, modern etchings and lithographs
 —19 Rue Caumartin.
 Guiot—etchings—4 Rue Volney.
 Michel—modern etchings—17 Quai St. Michel.

Richard Owen—Venetian and French; eighteenth century—
15 Quai Voltaire.

Paul Prouté—engravings ancient and modern—74 Rue de
Seine.

Bucher, Bernheim Jenne, Girard, Colette Weil, and others
listed under Galeries also have modern prints and repro-
ductions.

CHAPTER X

MODERN DECORATORS: NOT AN ARGUMENT!

ONE of the foremost decorators of modern France—Francis Jourdain, painter, architect, decorator in the modern spirit—has said: “One should not lose sight of the fact that antique furniture when new was nothing else than modern furniture.” There are periods when little that is new is created, when we must live on the contributions of the past. To-day is decidedly not one of these. There is a vigorous new movement, new enough so that you are not all receptive to its work, and so that any appraisal of its contribution cannot be static. No one can say what the decorative art of the next decade will be, or in whose hands it will develop to its finest form. What I offer in this chapter I offer for what it is worth to-day, with certain opinions about its values, but with no presumption in setting values permanently. Where France leads the world to-day in decorative art, and centers its creations in Paris, possibly another country will lead in 1940. America should since it is here that the machine age, the inspiration for most creative effort to-day, is developing its possibilities. But in the meantime Paris affords the most varied and the richest exhibits which should interest you as cultural expressions even if you are still devoted to antiques and pseudo antiques.

The resistance to “modern” seems strange, when America goes on expressing itself so straightforwardly

in other fields—the simplified skyscraper, the streamline automobile with its elimination of everything except metals and undistorted woods, the bathroom perfectly suited to its use, the sunlit factory. In these creations America has kept abreast of the times, while the home has, for the most part, remained a reflection of the past. Instead of using concrete and steel in ways of beauty and utility, we continue building French châteaux, Elizabethan cottages, and strangely sophisticated suggestions of Norman farmhouses. We are buying our furniture from the homes of old Europe, or selecting its machine-made copy from Grand Rapids. We have utilized electricity frankly on the stage, in advertising, in the movies; but we disguise it in crystal chandeliers and candlesticks in our homes. Our offices, our motors, our clothes, reflect modern life; our furniture and our homes are of the past.

Strangely enough, in Europe it is different. They cling more sentimentally to their old business ways, their methods of transportation and communication, their makeshift plumbing; but they have advanced far beyond us in creating modern home environments without the great stimulus of machine activity and modern business tempo, that we have here. Possibly the reason is simple. In Europe the artist is freer. Always in advance of his time, he finds himself functioning easily there. More sure of himself, the painter like Jourdain, Leger, Dufy, Laurencin, is not ashamed of extending himself into the field of practical design; the sculptor, like Navarre, finds a new medium in “plastic glass”; the architect often prefers to consider the problem of interior architecture as closely allied to that of interior decoration, and produces plans for the two simultaneously, as have Guevrekian, Roux-Spitz, Bourgeois, Mallet-

Stevens. What is more effective still, they do not fear to work together with some of the old guild spirit. The "individuality" of the Frenchman is something so distinct and so natural that he knows it will not suffer from coöperation with his fellow artists. In this way he gains a certain power of solidarity to protect himself from the copyist, something the American is learning slowly, and the opportunity to work with his peers in the development of an ensemble. Printemps has developed a unique working organization with some of the best decorative and artistic talent in France, most of them having already received recognition in their various fields. The other department stores have been successful too. The Compagnie des Arts Français includes many of the daring younger men, known to the art world of the Continent and America, who intend to cover a great deal of ground—from the decoration of a wine shop to modern décors for the movies. France has taken the lead, and has much to offer you whether you are planning a complete swing to modern ideas in decoration—from the foundation up, and the outside in, or if you want only a vocabulary for dinner-table conversation. You will want to know at least. Then you can take it or leave it, but—you will know.

The modern decorative field in France can be divided into two groups—the traditionalists and the out-and-out modernists. The former are more familiar to Americans perhaps, because their formula is less difficult to admit and to accept. Working with traditional material, the old styles and the old ideas of workmanship, they simplify in matters of line and elaborate in matters of wood and cabinetwork. Producing elegant pieces of furniture which can be insinuated into ordinary interiors without too much offense, and which give the feeling of

innovation in their use of exotic new woods and their manipulation. I say "manipulation" purposely because the distortions of woods by this school does not seem to express the spirit reflected in a stunning mass of concrete and steel, or in the simplicity of a twentieth century motor. The most impressive representative of this school is Ruhlmann. His fine cabinetwork and his use of ivory and rare woods puts his furniture in the luxury class. You can know if you select a piece that you will be competing in matters of taste with the Metropolitan and other museums, and that you have an exquisite example of craftsmanship and of taste. It is what you might call—classical-modern. No harshness of line. No abruptness. If he uses metal it will not be the nickel pipes of Sognot or the uncompromising iron of Chareau, but pleasantly fluted metal, combined with the elegance of ebony. He may use leather chairs in an office, but their lines will be soft and inviting, not direct and masculine. His idea will not be a substitution of wood, for instance, in favor of the more representative metal in the spirit which has modernized motor cars, but a decorative effect of metal, softened in line and surface. You may have seen what I consider a most pleasing room by Ruhlmann, the Salon de Thé on the *Ile de France*. A gracious room, dignified and full of repose. The *Ile de France* is a monument to modern art with as great an effect in its way as the famous Salon of 1925, a demonstration of the fact that "modern" can be so adapted that it will please the taste of the average traveler as well as that of the most sophisticated. The decoration of the main salons was entrusted to the traditionalists, but traditionalists inspired by M. Dal Piaz, the director of the line at that time. He knew that this boat was mechanically a clear and lovely symbol of our age. He dared a great deal in

making its interior correspondingly representative. Even Ruhlmann, forswearing elaboration and design, produced the clean beauty of the walls in the Salon de Thé, and contributed a stunning, simple lighting scheme. Süe et Mare executed a room, elegant and impressive, although more traditional than Ruhlmann's. Throughout the public rooms there is a blending of the modern and the familiar, which is probably more effective as propaganda for the new, than if the plan had been more uncompromising. Before you leave the boat you will have yielded unconsciously to the beauty of plain wood surfaces, the unexpected repose of the vertical, the austere grace of decorative iron, the comfort of diffused light, and the hard brilliance of lacquer. You will be well on your way to an enthusiasm!

If you want to see the "young moderns" ask to visit the staterooms designed by Etienne Kohlmann and René Prou, and the second-class interior by Prou. Here is a fine example of the purity of line and simplicity of furnishing which is in perfect keeping with the spirit of a modern steamship, a rational modernization thoroughly successful. If you are still in America after reading this chapter and are interested in seeing fine examples of the two schools, get a permit to visit the *Ile de France*.

Others of the traditionalists are Follot, Leleu, Dufrène. All have made contributions, some influencing more advanced younger men, as did Follot when he was head of Bon Marché, and Dufrène as head of the Galeries Lafayette. Conservative themselves, but ready to encourage daring.

Opposed to this school are the real modernists, those who look to this age alone for inspiration, and who find the greatest beauty in a product perfectly adapted to its use. It is among these artists that I believe the decora-

tive art of the age is developing and it is among certain younger ones that I find the most satisfying expressions. Many of them are still seeking, but the spirit of the search is right. If you can depend on your own good taste and feeling for appropriateness, you will not go wrong. So I shall present them to you with little comment, leaving you to find your own way about.

The decorative group can be divided into four groups:

1. Groups of creators associated for commercial purposes
2. Individual artist decorators
3. Manufacturers
4. The creator in individual fields.

In every case part of the secret of success is in the control by the artists. They are the directors in the art fields, responsible for policies, and business control yields to them. Even the manufacturer places the design control in the hands of a recognized artist, and the manufacturer's exhibits stand next to those of the individual creator at the salons.

The first group is the one with which you can become familiar the most easily. They have display studios where you can go comfortably without feeling ignorant or intrusive. If you are impressed and want to consider a complete scheme of decoration, there will be a director, a well-known artist, who will consult with you. If you are interested in looking only, or in buying an incidental piece—a modern lamp, perhaps, or some decorative pottery, you will find much from which to choose.

You are already quite well acquainted with the department stores, so perhaps it will be well to start with those. Printemps has the most impressive department, called Primavera, under the direction of Mme. Chauchat-Guil-

leré. It has a large group of artists working exclusively for it, including Sognot, Guillemard, Madeleine Sougez, Claude Lévy. The artists, however, retain all rights to design and execute work for individual clients, having at the same time a unique opportunity to experiment and bring their work before the greater public at a large store. You have probably seen examples of their work as there have been exhibits from Primavera in several department stores in America. This was the first modern studio created in connection with a department store in France. The interest was at first in ceramics, bibelots, lacquer, metal. Later they began to design textiles—cretonnes, damasks, etc. Then they opened a studio for the design of furniture, lighting fixtures, forged iron. Realizing the inevitableness of the movement, they next converted two factories into modern manufactories—one at Ste. Radegonde, near Tours, for the production of ceramics; one at Montreuil, near Paris, for that of furniture. For some time now, artists connected with Primavera have gained considerable recognition at different expositions and in the world in general. Guillemard has won prizes at Expositions, as has Sognot; Madeleine Sougez and Claude Lévy have been awarded gold medals; and Lévy has been honored with the Blumenthal fellowship for 1928. So you will be buying works of value from recognized artists, well known on the Continent through exhibitions.

Sognot is very young and very modern—you can look to him for advance. He has done some impressive smoking rooms, one in particular I remember for its startling but restful use of lines. The walls were divided horizontally in the scheme of decoration, in broad bands; the windows paned so as to seem a continuation, different only in density values. The whole restful on account of

the stability of the horizontal. Vertical uprights broke these lines, cleverly rounded to give solidity and variety. These lines were repeated in bookcases and cabinets, the rounded verticals again a welcome change. The chairs were nickel pipes, the upholstery pigskin—the whole chair giving the effect of being swung in space. This was done so cleverly that they looked solid enough so that you trusted them, but they had none of the awkwardness and monotonous matter-of-factness which many of the pipe chairs have had. The whole effect was one of a certain smart rakishness, offset by dignified severity, most intriguing for this room so often uninspired. Smartness, steadied with simplification, is the keynote of these younger men who pare things down to essentials and still remain provocative. The same trick which you admire when you see its expression in an Agnès or a Talbot hat. The daring that knows when to stop. Other young decorators possess it. Sognot has done some amusing and successful bars. Even the Salon these days admits private bars. The French man of fashion specializing in smartness has one. Often a part of his intimate room, or the smoking room. Usually small, involving little expenditure, they offer opportunity for unusual daring. France has accepted the American cocktail and given it a setting.

Some of the specialties of Primavera most popular with Americans are the faïence; the decorative flowers of glass, feathers, and heaven-knows-what; modern china; decorative objects of all sorts. Nothing could be more charming for a gift than the sprays of isinglass which you could buy there last winter for a dollar or more, acceptable to even your most conservative friend. Madeleine Sougez' amusing figures, Claude Lévy's fantastic ones, would do well as a gift for the friend difficult

to please. There are always inexpensive small objects, attractive, easy to put into one's trunk. Colorful pottery animals. Tea sets in striking modern designs, for five and ten dollars. Whole modern dinner or tea sets in plain faïence, very cheap. If you have a half dozen people on your gift list with blanks still opposite their names, and an hour only—go to Primavera. They attend to the matter of packing; the cost of shipment is relatively small. The duty is not heavy and there is very little chance of breakage. At the time of writing the installation of the furniture at Primavera was not calculated to give a novice a very good idea of the possibilities of "modern" for ensembles. You could see individual pieces which are tempting, but the whole seemed rather scattered. Possibly this will be improved. It is unfortunate, as some of the most successful modern interiors at the Salons have been installed by Printemps.

The display of pottery and other decorative objects is most satisfying. The upholstery fabrics and curtains are interesting, and often can be made the beginning of a modern interior. The rugs and other floor coverings are of far less interest.

The group at the Galeries is called *La Maîtrise*, and is under the direction of Maurice Dufrené, a well-known figure in the decorative as well as the art world. Of the older school, but not unwilling to gather around him younger men of more advanced ideas. He has an imposing list of collaborators—

Among these the Adnet brothers are the most promising, Jacques and Jean. Jacques has been placed in charge of the *Compagnie des Arts Français*, recently purchased by the Galeries Lafayette, a studio for the more advanced output. Jean remains with the Galeries. You will find much of interest at the Galeries proper

and can arrange for a complete decorative effect, including every accessory from clocks to silver. Slightly more conservative, more adapted to the average home, the furniture offers many practical suggestions. If you want the more advanced you will go to the Compagnie des Arts, which will be considered later.

The department Pomone at the Bon Marché should prove stimulating, as it has recently been put in the charge of René Prou, a young decorator of advanced tastes. His influence has already been seen in the installation, which is the most effective of the department stores. Spacious and modern in effect. Possibly as a result of the influence of Paul Follet, the former head, who is credited with introducing the comfortable chair into modern, you will find many good chairs, well designed, comfortable, fitting as easily often into an old interior as into a new one. The glassware is specially pleasing. Stimulated by the rivalry of the antique department, the best in any department store, backed by a progressive management, well equipped himself, Prou can be depended upon to develop a studio of ideas.

The heads of the Studium, at the Louvre, are also young men, responsible for some of the innovations seen in recent Salons—Kohlmann and Matet. Responding to the modern age in the same spirit as Sognot with pipe, pigskin, aluminum, and their equivalent. Possibly Kohlmann's most important contribution has been amusing, practical, wholly original ideas in tables. Clever corner tables making a new use of this space so often neglected, and so important in the small apartment; a curiously incomplete dressing-table, with legs on only one side, allowing much more space for drawers, thoroughly solid in appearance and reality, offering a refreshing new silhouette. With Chareau he has found the small occa-

sional table, so important in our life now, a problem calling for originality and practicability. You will see the modern display well arranged in rooms competing more favorably with similar *rayons* in the other stores than any other department in this huge, amorphous organization. Although you may want to do general buying in the other stores, you will see the exposition of decorative art here if you are at all interested. Like the others it carries rugs, fabrics, objets d'art, and plans entire interiors. The rugs are of peculiar interest, most of them being designed by Max Vibert, a young woman designer of great promise.

Aside from the department stores there are two other organizations of importance now—the Compagnie des Arts Français and the house of D. I. M. The Compagnie is owned by the Galeries Lafayette, and has taken over the old business of Süe et Mare, under the direction of one of the Adnet brothers, which augurs well. For Jacques Adnet is in the front of modern art life in Paris, and intends to extend the interests of the Compagnie to touch almost every activity of the art world as it affiliates with business. An artist of distinction, he was awarded the Blumenthal prize. He made his début with Dufrené at the Galeries, but moved rapidly out of the transitionalist atmosphere with very clever installations at the Salons. One, a men's study, although most modern in spirit and execution, was bought by the State. Jacques has a vast program which he can be relied upon to carry out. In these Galeries he shows work of Jean Besnard, Lurçat, Leger, Marcoussis, and other advanced artists, and they plan to contribute in every field from the movies to architecture. If you want only to look, and perhaps to buy occasional pieces, you will go to their pretentious show rooms on the Faubourg St. Hon-

oré. If you want to consult with an artist on the décor of a play, to be treated in the new manner, or with an architect about plans for a seashore villa like some of the smartest ones on the Riviera, you may go there, too. At least you will look to them for new ideas for some years, and for a rather practical business application of the ideas. This organization stresses that constructive and determining relation between art and business which the young Frenchman has seen as important, while often the young American is still lamenting the inhibiting force of the machine age.

D. I. M. is probably one of the most successful organizations in the decorating field at present. Sound business background, advanced creative ideas tempered by practicability, and some concession to the more general taste. You will find something that will please you here, and you will probably say after your visit, "Well, modern is not as bad as I thought it was." The artistic direction is in the hands of Joubert and Petit, who have made an intelligent effort to bring modern to an acceptable point. You may have seen exhibits by them in Paris, in one or many of the Salons, and will have selected items which could be used in your own home. They cannot be classed with the traditionalists at all. They do not cling to old silhouettes; neither, as a rule, do they offend by too startlingly new ones. If you want the unusual, they can plan it, but they are most successful in creating for the average person with a desire to get away from the old, though not too far away. They show every accessory—lamps, created by Guevrekian and Chevalier; rugs, weaving their own; many objets d'art—cigarette boxes, book-ends, glass, a unique collection of sculpture in wood, etc., the right present for the discriminating friend. They present Rodier linen,

Goupy china, and Puiforcat silver, so that you can plan your entire dining room, utilizing the finest creations of France. One of their most startling displays recently—and most satisfying also—was a dining-room table entirely of aluminum, truly beautiful. Their textiles and wallpapers are most usable. In their studio showroom, you see easily everything demanded by a modern interior, and you can edge yourself, unconsciously perhaps, into an acceptance of modern which isolated, bizarre pieces has not permitted you.

The Trois-Quartiers, under the direction of Robert Bloch, must not be ignored, with its department Athélia. This department is only a few months old, and its future is still nebulous. Its lamps have been unusually good, and the whole studio compares favorably with the antique *rayon* which has an excellent reputation.

Fitting into the preceding group, as well as the following, is the house Dominique. Dominique is the pseudonym for André Domin and Marcel Genevrière. This organization, with a showroom at 104 Faubourg St. Honoré, concerns itself with the designing of furniture, and the creation of ensembles. Not too advanced to startle, but characterized by simplicity and dignity, this house has been represented in several American exhibits. It has done houses in Paris and in Havana; it has created for discriminating individuals and for a business like Houbigant. It shows yearly in the Groupe du Cinq at Bernheim (Georges) et Cie.

The group of artist-decorators will be most interesting to you if you are seriously involved in this problem, because they make their contributions with no concessions. Their work represents the steady development of artistic achievement, keeping pace as a rule with the times. Some of them have studios where you can see their ideas

in substance; others work only on definite problems. The acceptance of the modern idea in France is measured by the really enormous amount of work that these creators have done, in all fields from the small shop to the pretentious country house. Some of them are more conservative, like Ruhlmann, Leleu, Dominique. Others are advanced enough so that each accomplishment offers something refreshingly new, like Chareau, Bourgeois, Lipska, Kinsbourg, Jourdain, Herbst. Others have developed some particular contribution to exquisite form, as Dunand and Jallot with their lacquer, and Martine with color applied to textiles. With some you feel the personality of the creator more than the pull of the age as Groult, Kinsbourg, Klotz. Unless you have access to homes or interiors, or can study them at the Salons, you will find it difficult to appraise the contributions of those who work on individual problems, but you can visit the studios of those who have displays.

One of the most conspicuous leaders is Francis Jourdain, architect-decorator of to-day—a painter of repute some years ago, one of the best examples of the application of a sound creative ability in an art to problems of applied art. As a painter he was responsible with Bernard for the Amphitheatre of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, here showing his dual interest in science and mechanics on the one hand, art on the other. He began working in the field of decoration in 1912, the year that saw the beginning of this movement in France, opening a studio and workshop. Then he had a shop of his own on the Rue de Sèze, where you felt the principle of abstraction which dominates the work of the advanced modernists. Interest in essential form, lack of ornamentation, abstraction in spirit. True artist that he is, every problem of environment reflecting the age interests him. He.

puts as much imagination and effort into the plans for a candy store, a shoe shop, an automobile accessory shop, or a lingerie shop, as he does in creating a hunting lodge for the Princess Murat or James Rothschild or the interior of one of the well-known modern houses in the Rue Mallet-Stevens. Whether it is the lingerie shop or the hunting lodge, the same principles govern his plan—rationalism and utilitarianism expressing themselves in art. If you want to see some of his work before going to his studio, find the Bally shop on the Boulevard, with its smooth shining metal front by Mallet-Stevens, its interior by Jourdain. If you meet Jourdain himself, you will say, "This is a sound man." A high-powered business man might readily choose him to design an automobile body; you would trust him with your husband's study, if you liked the spirit of his work; a sensitive artist would value his criticism. He can meet most of the objections put forward by the opponents of modernism.

Chareau is one of the finest and most sensitive creators of to-day, every year seeing greater responsiveness to the demands of the age. He is a dean in the field and, at the same time, one of its most advanced contributors. His business has been well organized from the first by Mme. Chareau, an Englishwoman. You can go there and find something in the nature of American business efficiency. His secluded, charming studio-showroom on the Rue Nollet is hard to find. But when you get there you will at once feel the quality of Pierre Chareau's contribution and will know whether or not you like it. There are examples of his well-known pieces, and his more recent creations, as well as of his practical decorative ideas—iron moldings, movable mirrors, screen-walls. Any piece designed and still on his program can be seen

in photographs if it is not on the floor. His rugs, textiles, and wallpapers are designed by artists collaborating closely with him, so that he can produce a complete decorative effect. His alabaster lights are outstanding in the field. Although these artists may work with other decorators, their designs for Chareau are exclusive with him. He has a small shop on the Rue du Cherche-Midi where these can be seen and bought independently. Mme. Chareau is often in this shop, and English is spoken by the staff. Over this store is an interesting small gallery and library, incidentally, directed by Mme. Jeanne Bucher. The library has books in several languages; Mme. Bucher has edited and published several advanced art portfolios, Juan Gris, Jean Hugo, Jean Miro; and you will often find small modernists' exhibits.

If you like directness you will welcome Chareau's use of metals and wood. Here is none of the distortion seen in some of the compromising decorators. The essential quality of iron is preserved, and its use is consistent with this quality. It forms the support of pieces just as steel forms the support of a concrete building. One of his most successful pieces has been a business man's desk with simplification of every line and surface in the wood; with iron used for support and essential framework, the desk being designed to furnish the maximum of available space for arms and legs, for current papers, and consultation material. You can be comfortable—and you can reach things. No effort is made to have it serve as a filing cabinet so drawers are eliminated. Nothing to knock against your legs, and to bark your chins as you try to pull out unwieldy drawers. Instead, papers are kept in a stern cabinet just behind the desk, in easy reach. Each piece fulfills its function with the maximum of comfort and convenience to you. And what is more

important in the evolution of this form of decorative art, every piece is designed with an economy and directness which would make mass machine production possible. His favorite woods are ash, sycamore, and palisander—all yielding a smooth, shining surface. These surfaces are kept plain. He creates chairs that are comfortable, which you may like to know, for the chair is still one of the least successful contributions of modern art. He does not hesitate to put iron and sycamore into the bedroom, and designs pieces, unique in conception, to meet the problems of the limited space in the modern apartment. Amazing utilitarian pieces like the compact small “chest” of drawers, bound in iron, suspended to swing open in the middle, and offering an unbelievably large number of trays. I shall never forget a bed in pigskin parchment which I saw recently in his studio and which I expect to see some day in one of our important museums.

His modern hotel at Tours is the first of its kind in France, designed and decorated in “frank” modern, a noteworthy achievement. His golf club at Hyères on the Riviera is an indication of a new trend in a field still very conservative. His interiors in the homes of Dr. Dalsace, Edmond Fleg, the writer, Mme. Reifenberg, will probably be as satisfying twenty, fifty years from now as to-day. He will not give in to the temptation to enlarge his business, nor allow the immediate directorship and creation to pass out of his hands, although his style is one that could be adapted to large production. Approached with an offer to come to America, he said: “But why should I leave my friends, and my home?” He will continue to be one of the leaders working intimately with the individual client, always producing several pieces that will be successful in ordinary sale. His

directness in woods and metals makes him one of the men to appeal to American business tastes. If I wanted a business office furnished, he would be one of the decorators who would interest me, for he is ingenious without being bizarre, intelligent and daring, adapting himself to the material and spiritual outlines of his age.

I shall become presumptuous now and say, "Watch Djo-Bourgeois." A young architect-decorator, he represents to me the spirit of this age. He might easily have been a product of America, nourished on its towering smokestacks; its massive grain elevators; its "Pacific 231"; its concrete and steel as symbols of speed, strength, and extraordinary adaptation to use and necessity. In his studio on the Rue Vaneau, you can see some of his work, but he designs individually, and perhaps he will arrange to have you see some of the interiors he has installed. His wife works with him in the creation of textiles and rugs, so that between them they create from the foundation up. Using iron and concrete often, strange materials like cork and aluminum, simple woods with plain surfaces, he creates with great versatility—now a cork nursery with its obvious advantages; a phonograph shop perhaps; a dressing room for an actress; a boudoir for a princess. Different walks of life certainly, but each furnishing him with a new opportunity to make environment serve two purposes—the demands of the time and the demands of personality. You would usually say, "That is Djo-Bourgeois' work." And you would always be interested in the personality for whom he had created the setting. Simplification carried to the *n*th degree—possibly further, you will say, when you see a bed of concrete, a unit with the wall! Harmony of spaces as well as of forms. A pleasing austerity, almost monastic, heightened by color and design in rugs and textiles which challenge the emotions.



SPACIOUSNESS, UTILITY AND LIGHT ARE THE AIMS OF THE FRENCH MODERNIST. THIS STUDIO, WITH ITS SPIRAL STAIRCASE, BROAD WINDOW AND PRACTICAL FURNITURE, ILLUSTRATES THESE PRINCIPLES AS INTERPRETED BY THE GIFTED MARCEL GUILLENARD.



THE LATEST IDEALS OF DECORATION AS APPLIED TO DINING ROOMS AND STUDIOS ARE SEEN IN THESE TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE ART OF LOUIS SOGNOT AND JEAN-MICHEL FRANK.

Jean Michel-Frank has introduced some unusual ideas in his decorating—being the first to realize that parchment is a material thoroughly in harmony with other modern manifestations. He has used it successfully for walls, where the dull surface with its soft tones makes an admirable background for a daring use of color. A de luxe wall covering, but he specializes in the de luxe and original expression as Ruhlmann does in the elegant conventional. His rooms for the Comte de Noailles, and for Mr. Crocker of San Francisco, startle with some unusual feature, offset with sober, very elegant furniture. He was the first also to use straw for a wall covering. It is the background which interests him most—he sees against it unobtrusive furniture, and the human figure to give life and color. The individual is on “display,” as it were, in this type of decoration.

René Herbst is another of the young men in the front these days, his designs being edited by Siegel, responsible for the unique mannequins and display furniture finding its way into America now. Metal is a favorite medium for him too. He has done one of the smartest shops in Paris—the bag shop of Henriette Léon, mentioned in the chapter on accessories. The Isabey Perfume shop is by him also, in both cases the problem of display interesting him especially. He is the editor of a magazine on modern window display, and responsible for many of the innovations in this field.

If you like Marie Laurencin's paintings, you would do well to go to André Groult! He has no competition in the sort of thing he does—all exquisitely, delicately modern. Wallpapers often set the tone of the room, his designers being Laurencin and Laboureur. Against these he puts furniture of subtle design, which will not overpower the delicacy of the wall and beautiful furniture harmonious in line and color. His wife's dressmaking

salons are a splendid example of his work, being designed around the idea of two Laurencin paintings. You may hesitate to use the furniture—it is so lovely in its satin harmonies. He uses rare materials for *meubles*, as Frank does for walls, having made an entire commode of galusha with ivory handles. Exquisite, but hardly of this world!

In a class by himself is Martine, none other than our old friend Poiret, who bursts forth under new names both in the perfume business and in that of interior decoration. Watch this chameleon. Some day he may appear in a new disguise to carry on a creditable career in painting, or again, to make his *début* in the music world with his violin. With a name for each of his activities, his record will soon look like that of a gangster with his aliases, or a German Duke of the old *régime*. They all stand for something, these names! Martine, in particular, for outstanding contributions to the decorative movement, contributions that have left their mark in its history. He dared the world to use color in decorative effects, thus paving the way for more subtle departures. He flung it all over his cretonnes with such a wicked hand that you probably remember the time when your American decorator pulled a sample from behind a screen, apologetically, saying: "Here is a new cretonne which is popular in France, but it is rather loud for us. However, since you want something unusual, look at this." Almost like bootlegging. It was the rare person who accepted them at first, for the really lovely things they were. On the stage—with the Russian ballet, of course—but in the home!! Hardly. Only a few years ago—and now the cheapest and most popular textiles in the basements of stores are riots of color. Perhaps he did it! He also introduced the use of silvered woods,

as a subduing accompaniment to extravagant color in textiles, and the influence is felt here in every exhibit of modern decoration, although the idea was born several years ago in the studios of Martine. He launched straw screens, the world taking the idea and developing it in terms of furniture, walls, etc. You can see an amusing room by him on the *Ile de France*, the gorgeous "jungle" on the walls showing the possibilities of this material.

The same mind that travels all over the world of to-day and the past in a search for the stimulating, X-rays the world of the material and sees the essential quality and possibilities of the most unusual and the most hidden. To him rugs, textiles, and wallpapers are the keynotes in a decorative scheme—he plays with color and texture. He has planned interiors for many prominent people—if you are the sort of person who would like to be dressed by Poiret, you might expect to consult him in this other field. If you want to see an interior executed by him, go to Helena Rubinstein's Paris branch. One of the most recent of his installations is the apartment of Maurice de Kobra, not unknown to Americans.

Among the decorators who have become famous for some particular development, the outstanding is probably Jean Dunand, with his work in lacquer. I have never asked him where he finds them, but there they are—a dozen or more quiet little Indo-Chinese busy producing lacquer. In other ways, seemingly inexpressive, in this particular medium they tell strangely beautiful stories. On screens, wall panels, whole walls of rooms, tables, decorative objects, this hard-surfaced, shining medium is modern, completely modern, although its origin is far back in the past. Not content with the ordinary uses, Dunand has invented a method of spraying it onto textiles to be used decoratively and in the dressmaking

world. Agnès, the milliner, and Louiseboulanger have launched scarves, hats, gowns, sweaters with smart modernistic designs in sprayed lacquer. The particular kind known as eggshell lacquer, with its black and white contrasts, adapts itself so easily into any scheme that it has proved especially popular. Needing thousands of eggshells, because it is really what it seems—tiny pieces of shell bedded in lacquer, Dunand raises his own chickens, a variety furnishing the whitest shells, and also leases the output of the neighborhood. He has done many interiors and is now doing Agnès' shop. His metal work is as distinctive as his lacquer in forms and uses of materials. Hammered silver, copper, alloys with unusual sheens, enamels on metals—all of them in the modern spirit. You may have seen his cardroom on the *Ile de France*, executed entirely in lacquer.

Prolific as a designer, he also sketches a great deal for a big silk house. His gorgeous lamés, made into shawls and evening wraps, launched by Worth, were true expressions of a metal quality in the most supple material. He has been vice-president of the Salon des Artistes Décorateurs, and in this position has fought dramatically for the integrity of the artist, and the protection of his design. *Chez lui* you will see the charming table or the stunning screen that you are sure you can never find in America. Look around his huge studio on Rue Hallé for something else—there will be much there. If Dunand himself meets you, you will have a particularly enjoyable afternoon. He is a lusty man—the type we associate with Burgundy. And virility and power are seen in all his work. He lives happily with his large family, his work a natural expression of a rich, well-ordered life.

Léon Jallot is well known also for his lacquer, although he works more intimately. He has a shop in the

furniture quarter, so that you can sightsee at the same time that you visit him. 17 Rue Sedaine, a quarter where nothing else would ordinarily take you. His father was one of the first modernists, so that this is one of that father-son combination that we see often in this field to-day. His cabinet-making is remarkable, and his lacquer in screens and furniture very lovely. He makes interesting small tables, so that your visit will be justified by these alone. He has made original uses of galusha, a medium which can fit into any scheme.

Women have played their part in this movement. Foremost among them being Renée Kinsbourg, who has her own shop on Rue de Longchamps, where she displays rugs, screens, furniture, lights, textiles—all of her own designing. A decorator working with a wealth of materials. If you do not feel at home with the angularities of Bourgeois, the not-of-this-world delicacy of Groult, the violence of Martine, Renée Kinsbourg may offer you beauty through a peculiar combination of the modern built upon the spirit of the old. Her work, whether it is a screen, a rug, a chest, gives a feeling of age, although it is thoroughly modern in form and design. The colors are apt to be neutral—blacks, whites, grays—the appealing in what you might call the painter's quality. You can easily imagine any of her interiors transferred to painting, retaining their essential quality. She has done much work for prominent clients—apartments, yachts, shops. You would enjoy one of her lacquer screens placed in any kind of setting. Her work gives no impression of fragility or neutrality, yet it can be placed in almost any interior, regardless of period.

Lipska, on the other hand, must stand by herself. You will not think of giving in lightly to her! A pupil of Bakst, she has kept pace with the times—getting ahead

of them often. Her own salons on the Champs-Élysées are outstanding, modern to the limit. Copper, aluminum, tin—no metal is too ordinary or too difficult for her active mind to play with. The more difficult the problem, the more stimulating to Lipska. The results are often daring, but not too bizarre to be beautiful, if you like “that sort of thing.” Natural woods—a utilitarian use of woods. One of her most interesting displays was a dining room entirely of dark blue bottle glass and forged iron. This new feeling of the dining room as a setting for personalities, rather than as a purely decorative unit, observed in D. I. M.’s aluminum dining room, and this combination of the pure tones of glass and iron is perhaps one of the happiest gifts of modern, giving a brilliance to the color and charm of women of to-day. The formal dinner remains formal and will indefinitely—the idea of depersonalizing the room and featuring the persons is sound. Lipska, not content with the creation of backgrounds, specializes also in clothes, stunning ones, a female Poiret with even more radical leanings. You will not go to Lipska unless you feel your own importance and the value of dramatizing it.

Jean Désert must also be mentioned here, as one of the pioneers in the movement, quietly taking her place several years ago, and maintaining it to-day. Her shop on the Faubourg St. Honoré probably caught your attention with its displays before modern decoration was put on the front pages of newspapers by American Publicity.

Mme. Klotz started as a dilettante collector with unerring taste. First she collected accessories, original ones, gradually evolving into a consulting decorator. Her work could be characterized by the one word—“elegance.” Obviously this limits its appeal. Herself a

woman of social prominence, she has done many interiors in her own world. A certain dramatic quality, combined with elegance, has made her a favorite with the art world too and she has created backgrounds for famous singers and artists, for well-known journalists, for discriminating commercial leaders. You will admire the combinations of cream satin and cream straw in her studio although you may not be tempted to transfer them to your New York apartment. Elegance—preciosity.

If the problems of packing, transportation, production time, etc., make serious attention to the decorative field impractical for you, you will probably want to buy some of the individual pieces which prove the easiest way of edging into an acceptance of modern. This field is also for the most part in the hands of artists of position.

The field of textiles and wallpapers furnishes a good starting point, for here you have the beginnings of a modernized room which can be developed later. When you see the names of Dufy, Laurencin, Laboureur, Lurçat, Delaunay, Bonfils, you have a lever for selling the idea of modern to some particularly conservative member of your household. With the present-day value of a Laurencin or a Dufy painting, an exclusively designed paper by the artist is a very real distinction to its possessor. If you thrill at the naïve figures of Dufy, calmly sitting in the midst of hearty rubber plants, or at his familiar ships sailing in what seems to be a tropical jungle, you will go to the house of Bianchini, or one of the Paris decorators handling these designs. If the delicate tracery of Laboureur, the clean svelte line with which he presents surprising South Sea ladies and not too rollicking sailors, ships and tropical settings, the material but by no means the rich virile treatment of Dufy,

pleases you more, you will look up André Groult, for whom *Laboureur* now designs exclusively. If you want the tone of a room to be set by the cool fragility of a *Laurencin*, you will see those here. For geometrical modernistic treatment, the materials of *Sonia Delaunay*, *Hélène Henry*, *Rodier*, will give you a variety from which to choose. The heavy hand-woven silks, self-toned, of *Hélène Henry* and *Evelyn Wyld* are restrained enough for the most quiet taste. Shown in America often in exhibits, these have always proved particularly acceptable in contrast to the more striking fabrics. *Martine* presents charming papers, with large leaf and floral designs, and amazing color, very adaptable in spite of their decided personality. *Bonfils* is another designer for *Bianchini*. *Chateau* presents fabrics and papers, very original—perhaps featuring an amusing combination of balloons, airplanes, steam engines, ships or birds, and bars of music, these all designed by *Jean Lurçat*, the painter—delicate in color, but often striking in color contrasts, abstract and airy in conception. *Jourdain* designs his own, having a great variety of style and appeal, from the most conservative to the most modern, depending on whether he is to use the paper as a quiet background or whether it is to dominate the room. The papers and fabrics of *Ruhlmann* are, as a rule, heavy tapestry effects, in rich colors, difficult to adapt to the average home. Each department store has its staff of designers, and most of the other decorators not mentioned have exclusive designs, sometimes from artists creating for other outlets also. The wife of *Djo-Bourgeois* designs simple, clear, geometric fabrics to complement the architectural quality of her husband's interiors. Wherever you turn now in Paris, you are confronted by

the modern in fabrics, and you will also find some of the most important lines, represented in American importations. Some of them, like the creations of Rodier and Bianchini are more easily purchased here than in France where the house itself sells only to decorators, not to individuals. These materials have to be obtained through some Paris decorator. Rodier has made interesting experiments in mediums, combining jute and artificial silk, for instance, in a material most suited to a modern interior. He has carried his interest into the realm of table linens also, so that you can complete the spirit of your interior with his linens. The materials of D. I. M. are noteworthy, like the furniture conceding enough to the average taste to make them acceptable but insisting on a truly modern note, refreshing and strong.

Rugs have taken an important place in French decorative schemes, for one reason because of the ease and cheapness with which hand-knotted rugs can be produced. Where in America we have to depend on the product of a machine, limited sadly by the tremendous expense of setting a pattern on a loom, France either herself, or through her colonies, has a huge body of hand labor, trained to this craft. So that an individual design for a rug is as simple as for a piece of furniture. As a result there have developed some individuals, designing and producing hand-loomed rugs, and practically every designer has exclusive designs. Probably the designer best known to America is da Silva Bruhns, whose rugs are often "background" rugs. This is important to the American, for whom the rug must be inconspicuous, a background for a decorative scheme. The vogue of late years for the one-tone carpet is a perfect example of what the average American expects a rug to be. Bruhns

has the same conception. His designs are for the most part conventionally geometrical; his colors, neutral. To an eye not too critical, some of the motifs seem primitive. He has a regular business, organized and developed on a more wholesale scale, so that you will find great variety. He has rugs of three qualities, using French, Hindu, Argentinian and Australian wools. He does his own designing and has his own looms. Like many other creators of modern he was a painter first, and is also a scientist. Both of these interests reflect themselves in his designing—artistic harmony and mathematical precision of style. His shop on the Rue de l'Odéon is charming. Go to look even if you do not think you are interested.

Myrbor, who combines dressmaking salons, modern art galleries, and decorative salons in the same place—17 Rue Vignon—is one of the most advanced exhibitors. Mme. Myrbor is outstanding in the decorative field. Her fine taste and her contacts with the world of modern artists have been used to advantage in the presentation of her ideas. You can see stunningly original clothes there—often with unusual embroideries designed by some one of the modernists, and executed in Algiers; rugs probably, with the greatest art interest of any in the French market; decorative materials in the same spirit, exclusively designed for her by artists; furniture and objets d'art. She believes in a fusion of the old and the new in a decorative scheme, so that you may see a Moroccan chest or old chairs in an interior dominated by a Leger rug. She commenced this experimenting in her own home, first developing single rooms in modern and leaving others with their rare antiques. Then she dared to combine in the same room on the theory that beauty of one age is rarely incompatible with beauty of another; and on the practical principle that furniture of one

period rarely was eliminated to make way for that of the next. If you are interested in this problem of "marriages," her salons will help you. The department of decoration is now in the hands of Mme. Jourdain, the wife of the decorator. Actually the rugs are her most important contribution to the modern movement. Through her connections in Algiers (Mme. Cuttoli's husband is a senator from North Africa) she has developed an organization there to weave on hand looms the designs of well-known and coming artists. The wool is imported, since the Algerian product is none too good; the design and color scheme are imported, so to speak. The labor is Algerian. There are only five rugs made from a single design, so that collectors buy a Leger rug as they would a Leger picture. She is now making rugs in plain color for backgrounds, using the more daringly designed ones for carefully worked-out effects. The colors are from the palettes of the modernist, not always acceptable to the average American taste. Much chartreuse green, flame, brilliant blue, purple, yellow. If you live in a New York apartment you can very well use them as wall hangings for which they are admirably suited, as the artists, all painters, have given them the painting quality. They are personality rugs, dominating most interiors, and properly used are a great asset to a modern room.

Evelyn Wyld designs and also edits the designs of others. Very modern in spirit, the rugs are not quite so compelling as those of Myrbor, but concede nothing to popular taste. Her success in a few years augurs well for her future. She makes fabrics also, as has been mentioned, so the hangings and the rug can be created together.

The rugs of Chateau are frequently designed by Burkhalter, though M. Chateau himself from time to time

designs his own. They are much milder, while thoroughly modern. The clear-cut lines are kept in the furniture; the rug becomes a vaguer thing, charmingly unobtrusive in color harmonies, thoroughly in keeping in spirit.

The Desny rugs are of the type generally popular with Americans. A more "patterned" modern, geometrically designed usually, worked out in varying tones rather than contrasting colors. Browns, cream whites, grays, beiges, for instance, contrasted strikingly in tones and designs. Often heavy and coarse in weaving, they fit well into a certain conception of modern. The Desny studios also display lamps, glass, decorative flowers and figures, rather Viennese in feeling.

Coudyser has made a name for himself in the French market. He is rather conservative and not connected with any organization.

Renée Kinsbourg is doing very effective floor coverings, neutral in effect, thoroughly pleasant in color and space harmonies. You can adapt them into almost any interior, and still they have enough personality to form the nucleus for a scheme.

D. I. M. in this field, as in the others covered, is successful from most points of view. You will find fairly conservative designs, bursting out in daring colors; and unusual designs tempered by quiet color. A varied color palette of blues, mauves, grays, whites, as well as the more representative yellows, flames, purples, and greens.

With Jourdain the rug is not the center of interest, either in color or design. He is more concerned with the spirit to be expressed in the ensemble and in the furniture.

Chez Martine you find the same exaggerated leaf and floral motifs which appear in papers and hangings, so

that you must temper one or the other with solid color.

Ruhlmann is apt to create intricate design, so that it is often difficult to get away from persistent and too varied design in paper, hangings, rug. The result is as confusing as with Martine, and the production of both must be carefully handled.

The Place Clichy now specializes in rugs too, editing the designs of Jourdain, Bénédictus, etc. You can get rugs here from no price at all to any price you want to pay. Another example of the old established business having been converted to modern as a paying fashion.

You may want to have a design of your own woven in France, as a tapestry or a rug. This will be simple. It can be done by the manufactories of Gobelin, Beauvais, or Aubusson, the first two, national institutions, the last a commercial enterprise. The main difference in the three is one of fineness and subtlety of execution, the productions ranking in the order given above. The weave of Aubusson, although coarser, is often more harmonious in a modern interior. The Dufy tapestries are done at Beauvais, while the Leger designs of Myrbor are now being executed by Aubusson. The official center in Paris is at 66 Rue François Premier, under the name B. A. G. (Beauvais-Aubusson-Gobelin). You can get an idea of the prices for modern work from this scale.

Gobelin rugs—\$1600 to \$2000 per square meter.

Beauvais tapestries—\$2000 per square meter.

Aubusson tapestries—\$60 to \$80 per square meter.

Aubusson rugs—\$20 per square meter.

This shop also carries bags of Aubusson from sixteen dollars up, and of Beauvais from sixty dollars up. You will also find rugs of more ordinary makes, modern, Algerian, Moroccan, reasonably priced.

In the same way, if you want fabrics woven, using your own designs, go to Tassinari and Chatel, 82 Rue des Petits-Champs. They not only make reproductions of famous designs of any period, and edit some modern ones of Foliot, Dufrène, and Suzanne Laliq, but also are happy to execute any design brought to them. You must place a minimum order of fifty meters.

The lights are probably one of the best features of this era of decoration. The possibilities of electricity have not been realized in home decoration nor its essential quality considered. The lighting principles of the candle and the lamp still determine forms, where the fluidity of electricity could open up fascinating fields. The French have seized upon this idea and developed it brilliantly, flooding the room with light from concealed sources planned architecturally, parts of the moldings, emanations from a glassed ceiling, hidden tubes above doors—so that no source of light is evident, and the strain on the eye is eliminated. They have also made it a part of the architecture of the room, utilizing the obvious corner with its waste space, the harsh line at the top of the side wall, the ordinary sconce effects—in every case marrying the form of the fixture to the spirit of the structure of the room. The light in these cases is always diffused, the medium of alabaster often being used and the fixture *per se* being eliminated or subordinated to the element that diffuses the brilliance. So that the illumination seems a natural outpouring of light. Their lamps are often combinations of metal, aluminum or iron usually, making use of planes and angles in a decorative way, ingeniously designed to spread light rather than focus it, embodying the same spirit of congruity that the use of iron in decoration does with men like Chareau or Bourgeois. Naturally you will look to

Chareau, D. I. M., Primavera, the Adnet brothers, for clever conceptions. Dominique has done very effective lights, using alabaster plates in wall appliqués, angle lights, ceiling discs. Perzel's name too must be added to the list. The lighting schemes of decorators like Ruhlmann consist usually of an elaboration of chandelier and side light ideas which will not interest the ordinary homemaker even if he likes the more conservative kind of expression. Guevrekian, a young architect-decorator, and Chevalier have produced some fine examples, edited by D. I. M.

If you are interested in Venetian glass and the possibilities of working it into an old or modern interior, the house of Cappelin et Venini on St. Philippe du Roule will delight you. Strangely enough, this material lends itself very well to modern treatment as you may have observed in the D. I. M. studios.

As mentioned before, artists have turned from the definite channels of sculpture into the field of glass-making and pottery, using their feeling for form in new materials. There are several creators producing for a distributor, Rouard, on the Avenue de l'Opéra.

The Grand Dépôt, displaying glass, china, and pottery, handles Sèvres exclusively. It is the "mother" shop and is considered official, except for the Sèvres shop at 240 Rue de Rivoli. It often holds retrospective expositions which are of great interest. It is also the exclusive agent for one of the most famous potters—Delaherche. Daum, Luce, Baccarat, and Lalique are their own distributors. Primavera, D. I. M., and Crémaillère are important centers also, while the china manufacturers have modern designers, Suzanne Lalique creating for Haviland. There is no possibility left undeveloped, so that you can select an individual piece stamped by the signature of

the artists, or a dinner set, with the spirit of an artist designer.

Rouard is the distributor for an exclusive group—most of the leaders in French decorative accessories—glass, terra cotta, pottery, paté de verre, china, etc. Decorchemont is known to you, probably, because of his exhibits in America—very expensive, paté de verre, all unique pieces signed. He has samples of his work in the Metropolitan, in the Luxembourg and other European museums, and is well known in Europe through frequent exhibits. The process is interesting—broken glass pounded into powder, melted, and then molded like bronze.

Simmen is another frequent winner of medals and prizes for his pottery, exquisitely fine. He makes use of ivory, ebony, and other rare materials for mountings and inlays. A student of Lachenal, he rapidly developed a genre of his own, a sort of modernized Chinese. His wife, a sculptor, does some of the lovely tops of vases and mountings for pieces. Each piece is unique, signed, and has collector's value, since examples of his art are in collections in Roumania, England, Belgium, Japan, Bulgaria, and America.

Navarre, a sculptor, still working in this field, developed the process of sculptured glass, in which the glass is taken red hot from the furnaces on a pipe, which makes the opening for a vase or hollow piece. This molten material he sculpts with wooden spatulas. There can be no reworking. When the glass is chilled its form is set, so that the conception must be carried to an immediate finish, a test of design quality of the artist. Again, obviously, unique pieces. Navarre is responsible for the beautiful reliefs in wood and glass in the Chapel of the *Ile de France* and at the other extreme,

for the very modernistic fountain in the dining room. Among other artists represented *chez* Rouard are Lenoble and Decœur with their pottery, Marcel Goupy with tableware and china, Puiforcat with silver, Dunand with inlaid metal vases and lacquer. In addition, this house carries copies of all periods of French china and glass, and the production of other countries. Swedish glass, Wedgwood china, the famous Nymphenburg wares of Germany.

Lalique is probably best known among us, one of the most versatile creators in his field in France. A jeweler, wood carver, glass blower, master craftsman in general. He made his entrance into the accessory field as a jeweler working in enamel and sculptured metal, using precious and semi-precious stones. Responsible for a new style in jewelry, a true emancipator here, replacing conventional ideas of value in jewels, with the more precious one of new art standards. He then began to be interested in the formula of molded and pressed glass, giving this art new life and new forms. Inspired usually by nature, but a vibrating, living Nature—a world of insects, serpents, dragons—he has molded glass into the tiniest, most precious boxes, and into large, impressive masses. He has developed the art of table glass to a fine degree. He has designed exquisite *flacons* for perfume, individual products which will only be properly valued as they become antiques. Extending his field into that of interior decorating, he executed friezes, doors, ceilings, chandeliers, lamps of glass, or combinations. His fountain at the Exposition of 1925 is known all over the world for its beauty, and individual creations are valued beyond the circles of their owners. Even if you have no ambition to own a museum piece, you will want to see his lovely table glass, and his simpler decorative pieces. He is re-

sponsible for the Lalique room in the new Jay-Thorpe building in New York, the only one in America installed by him.

Daum is another significant name in glass. Again a house founded by a father, continuing its traditions and expanding its interests with the son. Beginning as a simple bottle industry, later making glasses—copies of the wares of older times. Experimenting first in 1890 with engraving on glass with fluorhydric acid, the house soon became famous. They now do unique pieces, also series pieces, so that you can suit your taste and your pocketbook.

Marinot, again a glassmaker, an individual artist, displays his creations *chez* Hébrard on the Rue Royale.

Jean Luce not only creates but has his own shop where he displays his own productions, and also Italian glass, handling Cappelin. He works in other fields too, notably those of china and ceramics. His particular contribution is the engraving of glass by sand blowing.

Buthaud also must be mentioned in the field of ceramics. An artist, he turned his attention to ceramics after the war. He received the Georges Blumenthal fellowship, and has been a member of the Jury at the International Exposition. His pieces can be found in museums in Marseilles, Brussels, Copenhagen, Munich. And his work can be seen in Paris.

The Crémaillère was founded in 1923, distributors for glass, lamps, pottery, table china—featuring modern designing as well as copies in medium-priced pieces.

Do not forget Vuitton in his rôle of creator of uniquely mounted and designed bottles, for the toilet table and for the traveling bag. Using ivory, crystal, silver and gold, he produces exquisite forms.

The pottery, china, and glassware of Primavera have

already been mentioned, as well as that of the Bon Marché which seems to have special distinction in its more limited field as this book is written.

The firm of Christoffe offers modern silver, less personal in design but not without a certain merit for the more restricted purse.

The use of iron in combination with wood has been touched upon in furniture designing, but the pure use has developed interestingly as one of the expressions of the modern spirit. The first name coming to my mind is obviously that of Brandt, because he was the pioneer in the field. He now has his own distributing center in America—Ferrobrandt. Subes and Kiss have followed with more modern ideas, and many of the architects make its use an integral part of their schemes.

Before closing this chapter mention should be made of the Musée Galliéra, a museum founded in 1895 to exhibit contemporary decorative art. It is the only one of its kind in Paris. The first exposition was held in 1902. The program is to hold a general exposition of decorative art each winter, and a special exhibit each summer. A showing of modern jewelry is planned for May, 1929, which will probably last two months. A recent special exhibition dealt with wallpapers, and printed fabrics; previous ones had shown silks, rugs, lighting fixtures, glass and enamel, copper, etc. The museum is supported by the city of Paris, another proof of the vitality of the decorative movement in France. When you visit it you may think of certain like manifestations in America. The Newark Museum, for instance, under the brilliant direction of John Cotton Dana, has been a pioneer in sponsoring this relation between art and industry. It was the first museum in the country to open its doors to an exposition of foreign in-

dustrial art, bringing one from Germany in 1916. The city of Newark can be proud of its forward-looking policy. In New York the museums have been singularly slow in adopting this idea, leaving it to private capital for the most part, to subsidize such expositions. The winter of 1928-1929 saw the first showing of American designers comparable in any sense to the Continental showings—the American Designers' Galleries. This exhibit was made possible by the generous interest of Edgar A. Levy, and the direction of Herman Rosse. There are displayed entire rooms by leading American designers, such as Donald Deskey, Henry Poore, Ilonka Karasz, Herman Rosse, Joseph Urban, Wolfgang Hoffmann, Robert Locher, and Winold Reiss. In addition it presents individual pieces by artists and craftsmen, like Archipenko, William Zorach, Paul Frankl, George Biddle, Duncan Ferguson, Wharton Esherick, Henrietta Reiss, Ruth Reeves. The fabrics of Miss Reeves are often lovely. It is to be hoped that they will inspire manufacturers to coöperate with the designer of advanced ideas, as the Stehli Silk Company have done so commendably with other American artists. It includes also displays of architectural designs which seem somewhat out of place. When we are ready to show plans for modern domestic architecture, instead of our well-known skyscrapers and factories, give them a prominent place in such an exposition, by all means! The installation has been intelligently done, and is a decided contribution to the evolution of such exhibits. Each ensemble gives credit to all the manufacturers responsible for its execution. Mr. Levy is to be commended for his belief in America's contribution and his enthusiastic backing, just as Mr. Bamberger of Newark deserves great credit for his wholehearted support of Mr. Dana's ideas.

The intelligent work of the Art Center in extending a warm welcome to such exhibits has done much to pave the way for more general interest. During recent years, Mr. Bement has shown some stimulating collections.

Mr. Fox of the Brooklyn Museum has just completed a European trip to the industrial museums of four countries, which is a hopeful sign of the changing attitude of the old-guard museums. The Metropolitan's projected exhibition by six American architect-decorators under the direction of Richard Bach, is a healthy sign, especially since full power is to be given to the artists.

The department store has taken over the rôle of the museum, too, as Mr. Dana prophesied several years ago. Macy led the way with its Art in Trade Exhibit in the spring of 1927, sponsored so effectively by Robert De Forest, Professor Richards, and Richard Bach. Lord and Taylor had the courage of their convictions and presented the first really telling exhibit of modern French decorative art at great expense and effort. Wanamaker established a department Venturus. Bamberger, Abraham and Straus, Altman, Loeser's and stores throughout the country followed suit. Marshall, Field and Company in Chicago went even farther, and in addition to displays of decorative art, brought over a stimulating exhibit of modern domestic architecture from France. Kem Weber has made the name of Barker Brothers of Los Angeles well known in the East. Saks has been the real pioneer in spirit, accustoming the thousands of people who pass its windows every day to the austere beauties of machine-age window decorations and consistently reflecting modernism in their merchandise. Donald Deskey, who contributed the successful man's room to the American Designers' Gallery, has been responsible for some of the striking windows recently, Friedrich Kiesler for others.

Saks was the first store in New York to use modern French furniture and rugs as decorating fixtures. Mr. Adam Gimbel has been responsible for the policies and has been consistently progressive.

Among the individual decorators who have done much to distinguish the movement are Paul Frankl and Eugene Schoen. Frankl was a real pioneer, devoting energy and enthusiasm to breaking through the hard crust of indifference and hostility which America presented to modern until very recently. He struggled for his belief, both by developing a business against odds, and by spreading propaganda through lectures and writing. Mr. Schoen regularly uses his galleries for small exhibits of individual artists and craftsmen. Ralph M. Pearson, through his writings, his lectures, and recently his rug production of designs by American artists, has done much to develop an intelligent interest in the principles of modern art and decoration. This is by no means a record of our achievement, touching, as it does, superficially on a few of the manifestations. Our interest is probably not as limited as it seems. But after your stimulating sightseeing in Paris, you will realize that part of the responsibility in giving America a better place is yours. The artist and the artisan must have an audience. The individual and the community must furnish it. Perhaps you will return with the determination to see that your museum becomes a factor in bridging the gap between the artist and the manufacturer, and the artist and the public, which the machine age makes necessary. And to do your part as a buyer to make the authority of the artist recognized. He is the source of that distinction added to merchandise by design, which makes it pleasing to you. Recognize that source whenever possible by dealing directly with the artists, or by

demanding artists' creations through regular business channels. So that soon the large body of creative artists working in manufacturing fields in America will be as well known as corresponding ones in France. Too often now their names appear only on payrolls! America's problem is different, but more stimulating perhaps. We should be creating furniture and homes which can stand proudly beside our skyscrapers, our factories, our airplanes, our automobiles. And the creation should be largely through the medium of machinery, controlled by the hand of the artist as well as by business interests.

DECORATORS

Adnet, Jacques—116 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Adnet, Jean—Galleries Lafayette.

Bagge, Eric—Care of Palais de Marbre, 77 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

Bucheron [Léandre Vaillat, director]—10 Rue de Rivoli.

Chareau—54 Rue Nollet.

Compagnie des Arts Français—116 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Desert, Jean—217 Faubourg St. Honoré.

D. I. M.—40 Rue du Colisée.

Djo-Bourgeois—25 Rue Vaneau.

Dominique—104 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Dufrène—Care of Galleries Lafayette.

Follot—Care of Waring and Gillow, 130 Rue de la Boétie.

Groult—129 Rue Saussure.

Guillemard—Printemps Atelier—Primavera.

Herbst—4 Rue Châteaubriand.

Jallot—17 Rue Sedaine.

Jourdain—26 Rue Vavin.

Kinsbourg—75 Rue de Longchamps.

Klotz, Mme.—3 Rue Miromesnil.

Leleu—65 Avenue Victor-Emmanuel III.

Lévy, Claude—Printemps Atelier—Primavera.

Lipska—146 Avenue Champs-Élysées.

Matet—Care of Louvre.

Martine—1 Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées.

Michel-Frank—7 Rue de Verneuil.
 Myrbor—17 Rue Vignon.
 Prou—Care of Bon Marché.
 Ruhlmann—27 Rue de Lisbonne.
 Sognot—Printemps Atelier—Primavera.
 Soujez—Printemps Atelier—Primavera.

DEPARTMENT STORE STUDIOS

STORE	DEPARTMENT	DIRECTOR
Trois Quartiers	Athelia	Maurice Bloch
Galleries Lafayette	La Maîtrise	Maurice Dufrène
Bon Marché	Pomone	René Prou
Printemps	Primavera	Mme. Chauchat-Guilleré
Louvre	Studium-Louvre	Heads of Atelier Etienne Kohlman Maurice Matet

IRON WORK

Brandt—Galleries Edgar Brandt.
 27 Boulevard Malesherbes.
 New York Showrooms—Ferrobrandt.
 Kiss—24 Rue Léon—Delhomme.
 Subes—131 Rue Damrémont.

FABRICS

Bianchini—24 bis Avenue de l'Opéra.
 Bonfils—c/o Bianchini.
 Delaunay, Sonia—19 Boulevard Malesherbes.
 Djo-Bourgeois, Elisè—25 Rue Vaneau.
 Dufy—c/o Bianchini.
 Groult, André—129 Rue Saussure.
 Henry, Hélène—7 Rue des Grands Augustins.
 Laboureur—edited by Groult.
 Laurencin—c/o André-Groult.
 Lurgat—rugs and wallpapers, edited by Myrbor; fabrics,
 edited by Chareau; 101 Rue de la Tombe Issoire.
 Myrbor—17 Rue Vignon.
 Rodier—3 Rue des Moulins.
 Ruhlmann—27 Rue des Lisbonne.
 Tassinari et Chatel—82 Rue des Petits-Champs.
 Wyld, Evelyn—17-19 Rue Visconti.

CARPETS

- B. A. G.—66 Rue François Premier.
 Bruhns, da Silva—9 Rue de l'Odéon.
 Burkhalter—edited by Chareau.
 Chareau—54 Rue Nollet.
 Coudyser—personal address, 85 Rue de Bac; edited by
 Point Sarrazin.
 Desny—122 Avenue des Champs-Élysées.
 D. I. M.—40 Rue du Colisée.
 Kingsbourg, Renée—Les Arts de France.
 85 Rue de Longchamps.
 Jourdain—26 Rue Vavin.
 Martine—1 Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées.
 Myrbor—17 Rue Vignon.
 Place Clichy—3 Place Clichy.
 Ruhlmann—27 Rue des Lisbonne.
 Wyld, Evelyn—17-19 Rue Visconti.

LIGHTS

- Cappelin—4 Rue St. Phillipe du Roule.
 Chevalier—c/o D. I. M.
 Chareau
 D. I. M.—40 Rue du Colisée.
 Dominique—104 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Guévrekian—4 Rue Marbeuf.
 Perzel—1 Rue Henri Becque.

CHINA, POTTERY, ETC. (DISTRIBUTORS)

- Crémaillère—5 Boulevard Malesherbes.
 D. I. M.—40 Rue du Colisée.
 Grand Dépôt—21 Rue Drouot.
 Hébrard—8 Rue Royale.
 Rouard—34 Avenue de l'Opéra.

POTTERY, GLASS, ETC.

- Baccarat—30 bis Rue de Paradis.
 Buthaud—c/o Rouard.
 Daum—Dépôt de Paris, 32 Rue de Paradis.
 Decœur—c/o Rouard.
 Decorchement—c/o Rouard.

Delaherche—c/o Grand Dépôt.
 Dunand—72 Rue Hallé—shows at Galerie Edgar Brandt.
 Goupy, Marcel—c/o Rouard.
 Lachenal—edited by Grand Dépôt.
 Lalique, Suzanne (Haviland)—c/o Theodore Haviland.
 21 Rue Drouot.
 Lalique—24 Place Vendôme.
 Lenoble—c/o Rouard.
 Luce, Jean—30 Rue de la Boétie.
 Marinot—c/o Hébrard.
 8 Rue Royale.
 Navarre—c/o Rouard.
 Simmen—c/o Rouard.
 Vuitton—70 Avenue des Champs-Elysées.

SILVER

Puiforcat—14 Rue Chapon.
 Christofle—33 Boulevard des Italiens.
 shop: 12 Rue Royale.

MODERN ART GALLERIES

RIGHT BANK

Georges Bernheim—109 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Bernheim Jeune (publisher also)—83 Faubourg St.
 Honoré.
 Bernheim Marcel—2 bis Rue Caumartin.
 Bignou—6 Rue de la Boétie.
 Bing—20 bis Rue de la Boétie.
 Danthon—29 Rue de la Boétie.
 D. I. M.—40 Rue du Colisée.
 Druet—20 Rue Royale.
 (Also Druet reproductions—all modern painters)
 Durand-Ruel—37 Avenue Friedland.
 Galerie Joseph Billier—30 Rue de la Boétie.
 Galerie Th. Briant—32 Rue de Berri.
 Charpentier, Jean—76 Faubourg St. Honoré.
 George-Petit—8 Rue de Sèze.
 Expertising and auctioning also
 Girard—1 Rue Edouard VII.
 Hodebert—174 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Locarno—15 Rue Laffitte.

Percier—38 Rue de la Boétie.

Rosenberg, Paul—21 Rue de la Boétie.

LEFT BANK

Art Contemporain—135 Boulevard Raspail.

Bibliothèque Etrangère—3 Rue du Cherche-Midi.

Carmine—51 Rue de Seine.

Fermé la Nuit—41 Quai de l'Horloge.

Frenne, de Ernest—41 Rue de Seine.

Galerie Jeanne Bucher—see Bibliothèque Etrangère.

Galerie Pierre—2 Rue des Beaux-Arts.

Galerie Van Leer—41 Rue de Seine.

Le Portique—99 Boulevard Raspail.

Sacré du Printemps—5 Rue du Cherche-Midi.

Zak—16 Rue de l'Abbaye.

CHAPTER XI

TWO HOURS FOR LUNCH

No matter how absorbed you are in shopping, you must lunch in Paris! Don't think to save time by a "business man's lunch," or that hastier substitute, the malted milk and sandwich of the drug store. Impossible in the first place, impracticable in the second. For all Paris runs on the business principle of two hours for lunch—two, if not three! The Frenchman after his meager breakfast of brioche and café au lait, of necessity takes luncheon seriously. You will see that he does if you lunch at Drouant's or some one of the other restaurants popular with business men. The marvel is that he can function at all after such a meal. *You* will often find it difficult for that simple little sole, and that tricky Tour-nedos, not to mention the lusty Beaune, can give a glow to life which may not help you to buy practically and discriminatingly! However, lunch you must, and it should be a part of the joy of your Paris trip. If you're wise, you will plan to eat in the quarter where you are shopping, for the taxi man is a gourmet, like most Parisians. He hangs the little black shirt over the taxi flag—and Lindbergh himself could not turn him from his path. If you happen to be going in his direction, he may condescend to take you, but you can't depend even on that! So my advice is: Choose a restaurant in the quarter where you are.

If you are shopping at the Champs-Élysées coutu-

riers or in some of the smart small shops of the neighborhood, there is Traktir, a branch of Prunier, where they can guarantee almost every kind of fish that grows! The simple cooking, like grilling, broiling, is done so perfectly that even the most confirmed dyspeptic need not worry, or the most critical gourmet. I had a boiled sole—can you imagine anything less inviting, as an idea?—that was something to dream about. If you want to see the French imagination at its best, try any of the more elaborate dishes—Sole Bonne Femme, Homard à l'Américain, or the Spécialités de la Maison, and you will not be disappointed. You will find the lobster quite different from the American variety. The little ones, *homard*, are unbelievably sweet and tender, whether you eat them cold with mayonnaise or sauce verte, or hot; while the larger ones, *langouste*, you may prefer à l'Américain or Thermidor. With these a good dry white wine, like Pouilly, Chablis, or Meursault. With fish itself, a sweeter wine, a Sauterne, a Barsac, or a Montrachet.

If you're farther down near the Rond-Point, you can take your choice. If you want "atmosphere" you may like the Cheval Pie, with its Norman interior, a cheerful place. You will enjoy the way they serve the butter, in slices shaved off a huge mound that looks as if it might have come from Grandmother's butter house. And there will always be an interesting casserole or pot dish—I remember especially a veal chop à la Bonne Femme, with its sweet little onions, and a ravishing dish of beef, olives, and tomatoes. With either of these you will want a red Bordeaux or Burgundy—Château Margeau, or Lafite, or Latour, perhaps, for Bordeaux; a Beaune, Pommard, or Moulin-à-Vent, for Burgundy, saving the heavier ones for the duck that you will have for dinner

at the Tour d'Argent. There will often be a delicious Norman dessert on the menu too, that you do not want to eat if you are taking the popular hose treatment for weight—Gâteau Normand. If you are interested, ask the Maître d'hôtel when he opens the Clos Normand, in the Bois near the Porte Maillot, for this is one of the simpler Bois restaurants which gives an illusion of the country.

Not so far away, also on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel, is the Cabaret, where you will find as many French as Americans, a recommendation for this quarter where our country people are so well acquainted. All these places boast "Bars Américains" where you can get cocktails, and don't blame me or the bartender if they do not taste like those you have at home! Who could expect it? I had an amazing dish here one day—chicken pie. A French friend ordered it under the impression that he was doing me a favor! It is an effort to make something similar to our American dish and the French seem to like it, but after the one experience, I decided always to do "as the Romans do" in the matter of food. At Sherry's a light lunch; at the Franco-Italian, more variety. Watch the time in any of these places, for your two hours will melt away and your afternoon be well on its way before you are through with your *café filtre*. Down toward the end of Avenue Victor Emmanuel there is l'Homard, another attractive place specializing in fish dishes.

You will often find yourself in the neighborhood of the Madeleine at lunch time for one reason or another—the flower market, the milliners, the smart dressmakers, the men's shops, the big cafés, serious sightseeing. Here you will be surrounded by restaurants of all classes, a variety to suit any pocketbook or taste.

If you want dignity, and diplomats for neighbors, you will select Larue's. Only see that you have not spent all your money in the morning, for I will not guarantee you a cheap luncheon here. It will be amazingly good, for this is one of the finest restaurants in Paris, with traditions and wine cellars most impressive. If you walk down the Boulevard you will see Viel on the corner, and may say—when I recommend it for years of splendid service—"But surely this is not an old restaurant!" To be sure, it does not look so to-day. It has had its face lifted and now shines with modern glass and the polish of woods. But it is the same old Viel's at heart, whose proprietor is one of the Les Purs Cent, Poiret's organization which settles the destinies of French restaurants by giving them its seal of approval. If you turn to the left instead, you will find Lucas at the side of the Madeleine, and you will enjoy anything that you may select here. Or on the Rue Duphot near by, opposite Nicolet, where you may be buying gloves, you will find Prunier's, and all that I have told you about Traktir holds good here too. More, too, because they have a fish bar where you can buy and eat any kind of cold sea food—oysters, lobsters, crabs and also patés. This is a place where you can really eat quickly if you want to—and if you can find a place on one of the high stools. You will like to know also that his room downstairs specializes in cheaper dishes, not so great a variety as you will find upstairs, but well chosen. Try French oysters as soon as you have a chance, if the season is open. For I refuse to be patriotic in the matter of oysters. The French ones are the best I have ever eaten. If you have never eaten Alsatian food, you may like to adventure into Cigogne, where you will want to try the paté, and possibly the Kirsch served in the huge glasses,

iced. The icing brings out the flavor, and the large extent of glass distributes the odor—assailing too many of your senses at once so that I might not advise serious shopping after the trial. You will probably like the Auberge de la Madeleine, another cheerful place with a pleasant interior. Here the *patron* brings in the main dish—a huge casserole or pot, so that you can select the portion you want. It adds just that intimate touch which may check the wave of homesickness you feel coming on. This restaurant and Cigogne's will leave your pocket-book a bit fuller than Larue's, Viel, or Lucas. Or the Grand Vatel down on the Rue St. Honoré. If you want a quiet atmosphere with the food assured the best, go to Dame Blanche on the Rue Chauveau Lagarde back of the Madeleine. This is one of the restaurants owned and managed by that enterprising young André Terrail who astounded Paris with the Hôtel George V, after having pleased them for some years with the Escargot and the Tour d'Argent. In his smaller restaurants you will find the wine from the cellars of the Tour d'Argent. The best of recommendations, since the Tour inherited them "by marriage" from the old Café d'Anglais. In front of the Madeleine is Ladurée's, the one place in the center of Paris where you can lunch deliciously on sandwiches and coffee, tea, or chocolate. Weber's is such an institution that you will try it some day, although I find myself always saving it for my *apéritif*. If your budget is low some day, try Bernard's back of the Madeleine. The Petite Boite on the Rue Casenave has been recommended as a fairly inexpensive place of exceptional quality by a French friend of mine who esteems himself a gourmet.

If you have followed through the Faubourg St. Honoré fascinated by its small shops where you will find any-

thing from Raymond Duncan's exquisite hand-blocked fabrics, to a mélange of strange articles made by blind soldiers; from the little shop of Charley, where rumor has it—and the vendeuse assures you—they have models of the *haut couture* at ridiculous prices, to the grander establishment of Lanvin on the corner; from the stunning modern setting of Perugia the bootmaker, to Hermès, the saddle and leather firm; on up the street to the Place Beauvau, where possibly you have planned to see if Marcel Rochas has just that tricky sport model that you knew you must have—you will find a treat, the Restaurant Crémaillère. You won't miss it, with its gay flowers and the little terrace. If you go in the door at the left you will find Vincent the bartender, who will speak American to you with words and cocktails. If you enter at the right, Marius will greet you. If you had been a patron of Paillard's before it was sold, you will know him and he will know you! He will tell you that he brought thirty of the old staff of Paillard's here after the sale, and established the Crémaillère where you will find the same personal service and many of the specialties which used to make a dinner at Paillard's an event. The menu is simple, but Marius will advise you well. If Sole Crémaillère is on the menu, don't miss it. Try it with a bottle of Chablis, or Montrachet which the *sommelier* will bring up from the cellar, and know that sole can be too heavenly to have come from the sea! Their Riz Suprême and Profitterole au Chocolat will not disappoint you either. I once took there an American friend who had been moaning for days because she could not find ice cream with chocolate sauce in Paris, or even chocolate sauce. She found it here listed as Bombe Hélène, Désir de Roi, Caprice de Reine. If you are feeling very poor, try the Petit Paillard around the corner

on the Rue de Duras. This little restaurant was started during the war in a dingy little room, frequented by Red Cross employees and American soldiers. Marie fed them well, so well that soon there were two rooms; and now it is an establishment, clean and comfortable. You may have to wait, but it will be worth it. Marie is gone now. So is Mme. Paillard. Do not expect to find it as it was during war times.

If you have a fitting at Regny's or Champcommunal's, or have spent some pleasant hours in the Galeries of the Rue de la Boétie, go down the Rue Penthievre at noon, hunting for Comm' Chez Soi, on the corner of Rue Cambacérés. Upstairs or down, you will be well served. I have never eaten a more intriguing chicken crème than the one I had there last. I could not believe that it was anything so simple.

The Place Vendôme and the quarters radiating from it offer many attractions, from the chic of a smart hotel to the simplicity of a tearoom, from the acme of French cuisine to the bacon and eggs of America. If you want to be extravagant, go to the Ritz, and dine in the garden after you have had a cocktail at the bar; or down the Rue de la Paix, around the corner on the Rue Daunou to the Hôtel Chatham; or to Ciro's where Raimondi will welcome you. If he knows you, or you can persuade him by some magic that you belong to the chosen few, he will place you in the small inner room. He will show you the big register and ask you to add your name. You must do it reverently because if Raimondi has dignified you thus—there must be nothing short of the proper appreciation. You will see the bar hidden down at the end to make it more exclusive. And if you look about you with a worldly eye, you will see notables of every sort. Raimondi will take very good care of you in the matter

of food, too, if you trust yourself to him. Almost next door is Chez Philippe, a smart restaurant with much to recommend it. Turning down the Rue des Petits-Champs, off the Rue de la Paix, brings you in the range of any number of interesting places, with a wide variety of appeal. On the Rue des Petits-Champs there is Shevlin's, a place where you can eat real American food. I can recommend it for two things beyond cooking. It is cool, on the hottest day in summer, and has a beautifully trained Schnauzer as a mascot, who never interferes with business. This restaurant, unlike so many fly-by-night American ones in Paris, has been run by Miss Shevlin, a former Red Cross girl, for several years and the standard remains high, whether you are ordering a stuffed tomato or griddle cakes with sausages. To the left on the Rue d'Antin, is Griffon, a restaurant of the highest rank. The thing I enjoy most here, I believe, is the perfect service. No matter whether it is Adémard, Charles, Casimir, or John who greets you, you can be sure of the subtleties of service which please. If you ask for a salad with just a touch of garlic, Casimir will look so pleased. Then when it comes and you discover a big piece of bread in it, don't think that I have been telling you fairy tales about the service. For this is one way of subtly initiating you into the joys of garlic. The garlic is rubbed not only around the bowl as you probably do yourself, but also on the piece of bread which distributes this delicate taste well through the salad!

Of course one pays for service like this, so if you want a cheaper luncheon, with a quiet charming atmosphere and some interesting specialties, go to the right off the Rue des Petits-Champs, on the Rue du Marché St. Honoré, then round the corner by the market to the Relais de la Belle Aurore on the Rue Gomboust. If you

are wise, you will look in the windows of the shops along the way for you will find this a center for food delicacies. At the Relais you will be greeted by M. Bicard, who works very hard at being a host and succeeds very well, so that you leave feeling kindly toward him and his restaurant. You will like the charm of the place, with its low-ceilinged rooms upstairs, which are cooler than most other places that I know in summer. You must take the hors-d'œuvre here, because they are Bicard's pride. They should be for any restaurant that puts fresh caviare, écrevisse, and melon on its hors-d'œuvre variés every day, during season, and serves them with the gesture that the Relais does, deserves a reputation. You can serve yourself to caviare out of the big pot while the waiter looks on smiling. More choice even to me though is l'Oignons Escoffier, a strange combination of raisins, onions, spices, white wine which comes from one of Escoffier's famous recipes. Bicard told me that a representative of the New York *Herald Tribune* had been there to find out how to make it, and that the jolly chef who peeked in the door at just that moment had made it for her. So you may know how by this time. Try it anyway. And do flatter the sausage man into telling you some of the secrets of his sausages, for he has a dozen or more there for you to choose from. He will show you Napoleon's sausage; the favorites of Lyon, Arles, and other parts of France; and will convince you that you must try Saucisson Paris, with its whip of garlic. You can entertain yourself by reading the quotations on the wall, if you are not too easily shocked. And if you see Chicken à la Josephine Baker on the menu, try it and see what Josephine has done for Paris. In tribute to her, the chef created it, with chicken, okra,

grapes, a hint of curry—things of the South and warm countries.

Farther down the street and on the next corner is the Café Universelle long noted for its hors-d'œuvre. But not to be compared in choiceness with those of the Relais. You will see many French people here, seated at the tables overlooking the Avenue de l'Opéra, and you will find very good food, with dozens of hors-d'œuvre. There is hardly any kind of fish—French, Italian, Norwegian—which does not appear among them. You can limit yourself to a luncheon of hors-d'œuvre if you like *comme résistance*, the price being higher than when they precede another course. Across the Avenue on Rue Gaillon is Drouant's, where you will find solid business men who like good food and do not let it interfere with business. The interior here has been modernized by Ruhlmann, an innovation to which most French restaurateurs have objected, on the ground that food traditions should be accompanied by decorative traditions. One restaurateur talked to me quite heatedly about this one day, although he had made the concession of letting Guy Arnoux, Le Pape, Brissaud and Marty do amusing murals. I forgot to mention that you must see the bar downstairs at the Cheval Pie. However, Drouant took the step that Viel has now also taken, and the clientèle seem not to be disturbed about it. You will probably find the combination of brown corduroy and light wood really refreshing and will want to look twice at the detail of the iron work. If you have a practical, housekeeping mind, you will note the absence of heavy curtains at the windows, an intentional absence to minimize the retention of food and smoke odors in the room. If you are architecturally interested, you will note the clever way in which ventilators have been inserted in the design at the top of the

walls. The air is changed four times an hour, so the patron tells us, and we believe him! Since it is a favored restaurant with business men, you may be surprised to know that the Académie Goncourt meets here every year to make its final decision. Near by is Henry's, expensive and conventional, one of the fine restaurants of Paris.

Some day you will be tempted to walk all the way down to the Rue de Rivoli, under the arcade. Once having started, if you have no serious engagements, you will find yourself helpless. You cannot stop. One shop after the other, each with its dizzy array of little things, the kind that catch and hold your eyes. Until finally you find yourself at the end, at lunch time, too tired to hunt for a place to eat. Or perhaps you have walked the equivalent of these "blocks" sightseeing in the Louvre. In either case, all you have to do is to go down the Rue de l'Echelle to the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, where you will find a modest door, looking entirely closed in the summer by a huge screen, with Montagné Traiteur, on a faded sign. Don't hesitate. Move the screen and go in. Into a quiet, dingy room which seems to offer a haven of quiet at least. There will be few people all there with a definite purpose—to be very well fed by Montagné Traiteur. There is no hurry, no uncertainty, no dashing about to propitiate demanding clients—peace and quiet. You know very well that it will do you no good to bluster and try to seem important. In fact you are a little afraid that they may never let you come again if you are not good. It has the dignity, not of the impressively solid Larue or Voisin, but that of an intimate, well-ordered home, where you are invited personally. There is no question of your determining the order and the ways here. You accept them, and give thanks that there is an oasis like this in Paris. The patron with

his Légion d'honneur ribbon, may sit in the back at a table doing something that looks like accounts, or he may come forward to welcome you. He knows that his place is well managed, and that you will be pleased, whether he fusses about you or not. He has two *maîtres d'hôtel* and almost as many waiters as there are people on some days, quiet, dignified waiters who have been a part of the family for years. The menu looks disappointing at first. Where is that startling array of dishes with long names with which you are cowed into subjection in all the big restaurants? Not here. No, only a few plates. A *plat du jour*, with a few other suggestions that you are not really supposed to take seriously. No—a soup first, if you wish. A fish—you will find it perfect. And then the *plat du jour*. For you are expected to take this, inasmuch as it is the creation of the day. All the thought of the patron, the work of the chef have gone into creating this one dish for you, and you will be less highly thought of if you take grilled chops instead. Even if it sounds unappetising, don't hesitate. My first luncheon there was on a very hot day. The *plat du jour* was pork—something rarely found on Paris menus. I almost decided against it, until some instinct told me that the *maître d'hôtel* was really grieved when he said, "But, Madame, most of our patrons take the *plat du jour*," as he showed it to me with all the pride of a father over a first-born. I caught the tone of his voice just in time to throw all my old ideas to the wind, and ordered pork, with the shades of my past rising before me. That was my initiation. I shall never hesitate again to take their advice at Montagné. I ate not only the pork, but an amazing dish of eggplant, and a wonderful dessert, a *poire glacé à la crème*. There are more interesting desserts here than in any other Paris res-

taurant that I know. None of the Fraises du Bois, Framboise, Tarte de la Maison. No, indeed, real deserts, such as you have never experienced before. I tell you this so that you may prepare for them when you order the rest of the luncheon. A sommelier who helps you select your wine with a fatherly interest, and then draws the cork properly, and sees that your glass is filled at just the right moment throughout the entire meal. Indeed, such service and such food as you could expect in a well-ordered private home. You may judge by this that I was pleased with Montagné. You are right.

If, however, you should end at the Rue Cambon, you would have the equivalent there in Voisin's. I shall not wax enthusiastic about this, because if you have liked Larue's, and Montagné's, you will yield to the charm of Voisin's. And you will pay equally well in all three for that perfection of atmosphere, cuisine, and service that exist in a French restaurant of the first class. This section holds also the atmosphere of Sherry's and the Continental; an American tea-room, Colombin; and a famous Russian restaurant.

Some day, if you bank at the Guaranty Trust, you may be there at luncheon time, and decide to find a place in the neighborhood to eat. That is easy. It is Sam's. Where you can be yourself if you wish and order a club sandwich or corned beef hash. Or farther down on the Boulevard is Marguery where you can taste the original of the Sole Marguery which sprouts up so often in New York, always the same name, but, oh, the difference!

You may have shopped only on the right bank so far, but the day will come when you decide to start your "antiquités" search on the left bank, probably combining it with sightseeing! For these are the quarters where beauties of old France are to be had for the look-

ing, as well as to be acquired through search and exchange. This is the day when you will go on and on, always with fresh hope, until you are very tired when night comes. So it behooves you to lunch as well as you can in the middle of the day. Where are you going first? To the vicinity of the Luxembourg? Then you have two or three choices. There is the Café Voltaire, on the Place de l'Odéon, back of the Odéon. Very good food, reasonable. You will be apt to see senators, hoary and otherwise, there for luncheon, and if you understand French well, you may hear secrets of state, or only those of the garden. Up on Rue de Tournon is another restaurant to be added to your four-star list—Foyot's. So much has been written of this famous place that to add more would be gilding the lily. Possibly one might add that here, again, one pays well. Farther down, across from the Luxembourg is the Grill Room Medicis where you can eat more reasonably and very happily. While next door is a still cheaper place, but interesting and good, Chope Latine.

Perhaps you have been hunting about on the Rue Bonaparte or thereabouts. Then Michaud's will be the luncheon rendezvous—reasonable, with unusual dishes of the people, good wines, and a gracious proprietor. Or, if you have gone still farther into the quarter of Montparnasse, you will find a very interesting place—Des Trianons, one of these serving *plats régionaux*, dishes of different parts of France. Usually the menus for the month are prepared for the first, so that you know what to expect on any given day. You may choose Toulouse day, and find yourself eating cassoulet; or Tripes à la Mode de Caen or Soupe aux Choux. Whatever it is, it will please you and fortify you for the afternoon. The Lavenue across the way has had a fine repu-

tation and still serves excellent food, although its picturesque days are over. On this bank also are a good Chinese restaurant, 11 bis Rue des Carmes; the famous Rôtisserie de la Périgourdine on the Place St. Michel; American restaurants, including the Little Brown Jug of some years' standing on the Carrefour de l'Odéon, and Margaret Brown's restaurant at 115 Rue de la Convention, Elza-Lee's at 130 Boulevard St. Germain, Butler's Pantry on Rue Jules-Chaplain; Scandinavian restaurants, the Styx and Vikings.

Here is still another point of view from which to consider the restaurants of Paris. Those where you find some one or more dishes especially well done. Again like Emerson and his mousetrap. When you cook a snail better than any one else in Paris, the world will beat a trail to your door. And, strangely enough, the places famous for specialties do lie off the beaten track in Paris, and the world does beat a trail to the door. L'Escargot, down near the Halles, is in a section where the ordinary Parisian looking for a restaurant of that type would not naturally go. Yet there is the Escargot, crowded every noon, and often so popular at night that it is well to reserve a table. This is one of the restaurants owned by André Terrail. This one is managed by M. Lespinasse who has grown up with the business and has a most sensitive mind as far as food and the conduct of a restaurant are concerned. Whether he is greeting a client at the door or directing activities in the very small but beautifully adequate kitchen, he is aware of all that the situation demands. Here you should eat snails, of course, because it is the one place in Paris where you will find them nearly perfect.

It may help you over your first trial if I tell you something of the ways of a snail at Escargot. First the snail

is raised on a farm in Burgundy with hundreds of others. Then he is brought to Paris, put in the basement of the restaurant and starved for three weeks. After this, he is given a wonderful meal of milky nectar, at least so it must seem to him. To us it would look suspiciously like chaff and water. This nectar is soaked up by a big sponge, and Mr. Snail is set on the sponge to eat to his heart's content—and to yours, for this meal makes him a peculiarly luscious morsel. Evidently the ordinary eating habits of snails are not to be trusted when they are destined for human consumption, which you may discover if you try them in some restaurants less well known. All this "party" for the snail is only his death warrant. After he has finished he is plunged into hot water and killed. Then he is taken out of his shell and washed innumerable times to rid him of any stray bits of sand that may still cling to his rough surfaces. Ready now to be heated in the shell with specially prepared butter, and served piping hot, accompanied by the diabolical-looking tongs with which you manipulate the shell. The secret is—to eat him as soon as he comes out of the oven. M. Lespinasse is always much annoyed if a client who has chosen snails, changes his mind and orders something else to be served first. Then the snail gets tough, and the reputation of the Escargot is endangered. So know your own mind when you go to the Escargot and order snails, if you want to be popular. And M. Lespinasse is one of the nicest *maîtres d'hôtel* in Paris with whom to be popular!

Under the same management is the *Tour d'Argent*, again way off the beaten track, with its specialty of pressed duck. This dish was created by Frédéric, and is well known to most Americans now. Père Terrail presides over the restaurant, a charming old Frenchman

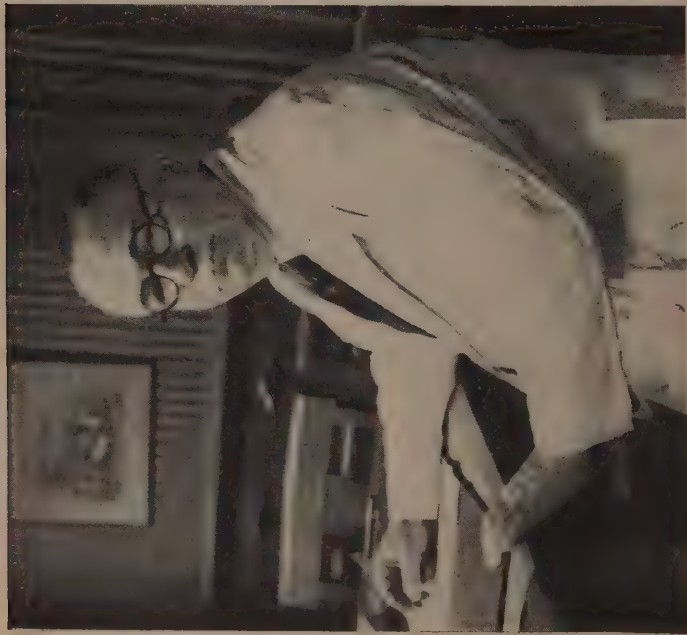
of eighty years, who remembers M. Burdel of the old Café Anglais as one of his best friends—as the father of his daughter-in-law, in fact. It is thus in France that the best food traditions are connected with the traditions of families. Père Terrail, and his old friend Burdel, are of the generation in which André has been trained, and in his activities he must carry on the traditions of the old Café Anglais, which he inherited along with its magnificent cellars. Père Terrail told me an interesting story, incidentally, about the sale of the Anglais. At this time it was at the height of its glory. The kings of Europe and the developing commercial kings of America were simple people here, seeking the gastronomic joys which even their power could not produce for them in their own countries. There was great grief when it was learned that M. Burdel intended to sell the restaurant. He had decided that he was too old to carry on with pleasure and he would not tolerate the idea of having his restaurant pass into other hands as it was. A kind of integrity and pride which one admires, knowing the sad tale of such magnificent institutions as Paillard's. At this time, one of New York's Four Hundred came to him with a blank check. He put it in M. Burdel's hand, saying: "Make this out for any figure you wish, and hand the restaurant over to me. I will see that it carries on." The fine old Frenchman refused. He closed the Café Anglais, and died—soon after. This had been his life. Père Terrail still presides over the Tour d'Argent. He will stay there and see that it remains the grand institution that it has been for so many years. So when you go, look for him, and see the joy of work well done in his face.

The *pièce de résistance* here is pressed duck. You have your own duck—it has even a number to identify



ARMENONVILLE IS ONE OF MANY CHIC RESTAURANTS
TUCKED AWAY IN ENCHANTING BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE TOUR D'ARGENT, WHOSE DUCK IS FAMOUS THE WORLD
OVER, IS ANOTHER HAUNT OF GOURMETS.



THE FAMOUS PROSPER MONTAGNE ATTENDS PERSONALLY TO THE DETAILS OF ADMINISTERING HIS RESTAURANT EVEN TO THE PURCHASING OF SUPPLIES, AS DO MANY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.



AS AT THE ESCARGOT, THE CHEF PERFORMS THE RITE OF BINDING THE PIGS' FEET.

it. This duck with hundreds of others has been raised especially, and killed in the primitive way—by strangling. This method retains all the blood; this collects in the breast and lends a rosy tinge which is startling when you see it uncooked. But the real secret commences in the kitchen, with the removal of all the livers, and their conversion into a thick paste which will form the basis for the sauce. So when you arrive and you have ordered duck No. 806965, it is slightly broiled in the kitchen, and the meat sliced to be carried into the dining room for the rite. The carcass is put into the weird-looking silver machine and pressed until all the juice and blood have been extracted. Then the sauce is concocted.

The slices of duck are placed in the sauce and cooked slowly over the alcohol flame while you watch, until they are ready to serve—individual treatment of an individual duck—the essence of the culinary art in a restaurant. With it you might well allow Père Terrail to serve you wine. He will tell you that only the choicest Burgundies should accompany it, and will recommend Romanée, or Chambolle Musigny, or Richebourg. Follow his advice, for he knows wines. That is, he knows most of the wines! For there are some bottles in his cellar taken over from the Café Anglais the contents of which are a deep mystery to him. There is one demi-john two feet high, holding no one knows what nectar of the gods. It is probable that if these bottles contain wines, their days of glory are over, so perhaps it will be as well to leave them unopened, preserving the mystery. The dinner should be followed by Napoleon brandy, of course.

Farther down the Quai is Lapérouse, with its tiny, low-ceilinged rooms, looking out over the Seine. This

also is a temple of gastronomic delights and will reveal them to you as graciously as the Tour d'Argent. But glories like these have their price.

You have already been to Traktir and Prunier, where the fish is exalted. Then it is time to visit Dagorno's or Cochon d'Or—off in the picturesque quarter of La Villette—en route to the aviation field. Strange to think of a quarter like the slaughter-house district of Chicago being picturesque—but so it is, too much so sometimes at night, they say! Here one finds the same individuality which our mass production denies us in America. For the proprietors of these restaurants can personally select the finest cow or calf that comes into the market from Normandy, and present its choicest cut to you. You will feel that you have never before known a choice beefsteak! You haven't, of course, and the accompanying pommes frites or pommes soufflé, and anything else you may select on the menu, will make the long trip to this quarter well worth the effort. I have heard of another restaurant here to which I have never gone. In this day of literary interest in bullfights, possibly you will want to try it, as I have it on good authority that your interest will be repaid. This is the Al Armval, 19 Rue de Pont de Flandre, the headquarters of the Toro Club, decorated with souvenirs ranging from bulls' heads to the weapons of the fight, and signed photographs of famous fighters, as a similar restaurant of the theatrical world will have its gallery of stars.

Very interesting restaurants, if you are seriously concerned about food, are the ones where plats régionaux are served. These are operated on the same plan—a monthly menu which divides France into gastronomic provinces and takes you to them for food, day by day. You may have the dishes of Toulouse one day, of Lyon

another, of Alsace another. If you really want to find out how versatile France is in this matter of food, get a monthly menu at one of the restaurants specializing like this and follow it as often as you wish. I shall mention only three, all of which I can recommend highly—two on the left bank, the other on the right. The Grand Veneur, on the Rue Demours is well known to the Parisian and to a few Americans. In addition to doing regional dishes with the touch of an artist, it also can be depended upon for fine game during season. It is a gay restaurant, with a huge grill in the front, and in the summer one of the most charming gardens in Paris, with summer houses, trees, umbrellas—furnishing opportunities for intimate dinners or spectacular ones. The dark smiling maître d'hôtel, and the graver, blond one will be equally gracious, and if you come often will make you feel singularly well cared for. The attention that you get in a French restaurant where you make friends with the maître d'hôtel is flattering and highly educative. He can always tell you secrets of cooking, and advise you about specialties of the day—and you can trust him. It is difficult to select any specialties in these restaurants, but I can mention some of the better known ones that you will want to experience if you have not already—

Bouillabaisse de l'Ile St. Honorat.

Cassoulet de Castelnaudary.

Les Tripes à la Mode De Caen.

Saucisson Chaud de Lyon.

Les Oeufs Pôeles au Cambajou.

La Sole St. Malo.

Le Caneton Braise aux Olives.

La Soupe aux Choux.

One restaurant on the left bank is Des Trianons, simpler, but famous for its habitués—men prominent in the

world of art and letters. Although the surroundings are much less pretentious, and the prices somewhat lower, the quality of the food is excellent.

The other, the *Rôtisserie de la Périgourdine*, varies this method by having the days of the week devoted to provincial dishes.

In the category of specialty restaurants comes also these of other nations starting with the Russian ones which sprang up in Paris after the war, with titled patronage, as well as titled management. The best known are *Le Caneton*, Rue de la Bourse; *La Maisonnnette des Comédiens Russes*, 36 Rue Vivienne; *Maisonnnette Mont-Thabor*, 36 Rue Mont-Thabor; and *Russian Hermitage*, 121 Boissy d'Anglas. All can be recommended for their Russian specialties—blinis, borsch, cochon de lait, vodka; and usually for their music.

There are also the Swedish, American, and Chinese restaurants mentioned; the well-known Noël Peter's, with its authentic Italian food; *Chez Louis*, a Czechoslovak restaurant on the Rue de Surène; *Au Neuvième Art*, with Holland-Japanese dishes; and *O'Duoro*, Portuguese.

It is often well to know a good eating place near a railroad station, so that you can regulate your time exactly. Near the Gare St. Lazare you will like to visit the *Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque* or *Chez Graff*, practically opposite the station, both medium-priced restaurants. The *Rôtisserie* is more "arty" than I like one to be, but I can find nothing to criticize about its food. Near Gare de l'Est is another Drouant, very dependable. Near Montparnasse, *Des Trianons*, and *Lavenue*. Near Gare de Nord, *Labbé*. At the Gare de Lyon one eats very well in the station.

If you are in Paris in the summer as the majority of

Americans are, you can have the treat of dining outdoors all the time, when the weather permits. For dining outdoors is a pleasure extended through all walks of life in France, from the simpler villagers to the most sophisticated. Every little restaurant in Paris boasting a garden flaunts it in your face; and lacking a garden, creates a terrace with the help of the handy boxwood tree and the sturdy French awning. The larger hotels usually have gardens, while restaurants like the Grand Veneur and the famous Champs-Élysées places—Ledoyen, Ambassadeurs, Laurent, Langer—cannot accommodate the large crowds that want to eat in the cool and beauty of a French evening, which lasts so long on account of daylight-saving time. The choicest places are in the Bois, of course, where you can run the gamut from the Château de Madrid to the simpler Clos Normand, anything that your pocketbook will allow and your taste desire. The smarter ones with their jazz orchestras, and their lists of titled Europeans and wealthy Americans appearing in the society columns of the *Herald* each day, are something not to be indulged in often by the ordinary income. Armenonville, on the shore of a miniature lake far from the jazz band, is a treat. Far more intimate and quiet, more authentic as out-of-door restaurants are the Clos Normand, with its little Norman house with its ruffled curtains and its huge garden under trees; or the Chalet des Iles, which you must approach by a row across the lake in a boat which comes to meet you. Here you are really removed from the city, and the noise of the hundreds of motors that convert the Bois into a huge boulevard; and you will find pleasing food and simpler, warmer welcome.

One should not ignore the places immediately in the vicinity of Paris either, as taxis are so cheap that a ride

to St. Cloud, Ville d'Avray, Versailles, St. Germain, or even farther afield into the Valley of the Chevreuse, for instance, should be considered. The Chevreuse is a perfect French countryside, rich in historical interest, and offering a quiet and beauty that are a good preface to any dinner after the heat and hurry of a day. An hour will take you to Dampierre, with its Auberge de St. Pierre and its handsome château; or to Senlis where the Hôtel du Pont Hardi offers simpler, but just as satisfying atmosphere and food; or Hôtel Avril at Cernay-la-Ville; Hôtel St. Hubert at Rambouillet. You may fit any one of these trips in with a visit to the ruins of Port-Royal, near Dampierre, on the road of seventeen turnings if you are interested.

Another restaurant about the same distance from Paris is Moulin de Bicherel at Pont Chartrain, where you will find hundreds of Parisians and Americans eating some of the seventy-six chickens that can be roasted at one time! It is an example in the French countryside of what we call mass production in America. Ordinarily the French mind does not work this way, especially in the matter of food, and I wonder what organizing mind was back of the Moulin. However, the quality of the food has not suffered, and the dinner will be delightful. At St. Germain there is the well-known Pavillon Henri Quatre with its stunning view of Paris, as well as smaller restaurants. At Versailles, the equally well-known Hôtel des Réservoirs and the Trianon, as well as the simpler Brasserie Muller. At St. Cloud, the Pavillon Bleu, and opposite the lesser known and cheaper Impérial. At Ville d'Avray, the rather expensive but very good Cabassud, with its little pavilions on the lake, and the simpler Père Auto. Robinson's must not be forgotten if you want to revert to your childhood and climb

a ladder into a huge oak tree, where you will find a little table set for you—certainly a fairy-tale place. Meudon, Marly, Bellevue, and many other suburbs have good restaurants which space does not permit me to describe here. At any rate you have enough for one Paris trip. When you come again, I shall have some more ready for you. But you must not forget the Pavillon du Lac in the Parc Montsouris where you may want to eat dinner the afternoon that you visit the new University City. Here you have all the peace of the country very near Paris, and country meat dishes that are a revelation in simpler cooking.

Ramponneau's, with its menu on a huge slate; Bœuf à la Mode, with its well-founded reputation; the restaurant of Jean Cornaton opposite St. Eustache, where you get a fine dinner for twenty-five francs; the famous Casenave which boasts "no branches"; the restaurants of Montmartre from the sophisticated Ecrévisse and Ane Rouge to the more simple Poule au Pôt and Marianne; the very simple eating places like the Rendez-vous des Mariniers and Pauline's; the Vert Galant on the Ile; the restaurants of the Terne district, Manoir Topsy and Pet-Nonne, for example, all these and many others deserve more than this passing word.

Your first few meals may be pleasanter if you know something of the food habits of the French. In the first place you must *not* be in a hurry. It will make not the slightest difference to the maître d'hôtel, the waiter, or the chef. They simply will not know what you mean! It is best to order the dinner all at once when the maître d'hôtel comes to your table. He expects it and so does the chef, for in French kitchens cooking is really "to order." This is especially necessary when you are ordering something like crêpes suzette, omelette confiture,

or a soufflé for dessert, as these take plenty of time for preparation. Do not hesitate to get on friendly terms with the maître d'hôtel and trust to his advice. He will always be happy in directing your tastes. If you are ordering luncheon it is proper and interesting to start with hors-d'œuvre, either variés or individual, or oysters in season. The Frenchman often adds to this a fish course, an entrée, and a vegetable or salad, topping off this simple luncheon with dessert. You may find it more agreeable to concentrate on fish or an entrée, vegetable or salad. The vegetable is served as a separate course. This will seem strange to you, but you will understand when you experience a French vegetable with its subtle flavoring. It should be eaten alone! If you insist on following your own ways, say *en même temps* when you order the meat and the vegetable. If you do not want your meat rare, when ordering steak, roast beef, etc., add the magic phrase *à point* which gets over the idea "medium." The ordinary maître d'hôtel is rather accustomed to these vagaries of Americans, and will not annihilate you with a look. But the average Frenchman still raises his eyebrows, throws up his hands, dramatizes his emotion in half a dozen different ways, when you suggest eating cheese with your salad. The delicacy of the salad with its hint of garlic, and the exquisite flavor of a Camembert—assail the palate with the two at once. Non, non, by all means, non! You have no respect for tradition, and no discrimination in taste! You can order your salad, *au citron* or *au vinaigre*, with or without *un petit peu d'ail*—which is "just a little bit of garlic." You are more of an epicure if you say "with." *Café filtre* is the aristocrat of coffees. Dinner should be more formal—soup instead of hors-d'œuvre, fish by all means, a roast instead of an entrée, and so on.

The matter of wines is difficult for the average American with the gin-Chianti background of to-day. A few simple suggestions will make life easier :

Don't order red wine with fish or white wine with meat.

If you want to be really discriminating, don't order anything but a dry white wine with oysters or other shellfish, a wine like Pouilly, Chablis, Meursault-Charmes, Vouvray, Alsace. Keep the sweet wines and the finer white ones, like Sauternes, Graves, and Barsac for fish.

As a rule, concentrate on the Bordeaux and the lighter Burgundies for entrées, reserving the heavier Burgundies for roasts and fowl.

Don't order champagne—unless with a light dessert or at a night club where you are offered no alternative.

Don't hesitate to take the Vin Ordinaire, either white, red, or rosé. It is usually good, and rosé is especially popular.

Don't *ever* refuse Château Yquem if it is offered you, although you may be breaking all the other rules which I have laid down for you, in accepting it! Drink it any time, any place! It is too good to miss, and too expensive!

Don't hesitate to take the sommelier's advice. He knows his cellars.

Do not miss the experience of Napoleon brandy. Give it the setting of a grand dinner preferably, and relax to it! The matter of the apéritif deserves some mention for it has no counterpart in American experience. You sip it at about five o'clock on the sidewalk, or inside any café in any part of Paris. Choose the Opéra center or Montparnasse or St. Germain—but make it a habit. If you are mildly interested in the effect, you will order port or sherry. If you want a longer, fairly innocent drink, you may take Vermouth-Cassis or Dubonnet, Cinzano, Porto Rouge et Blanc, Byrrh. If you want a little dynamite, you will try Pernod or Mandarin-Curaçoa. If you insist on being American you will have a cocktail; you can get it in most Paris cafés.

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES AND ROND-POINT

- Traktir—16 Avenue Victor Hugo, corner Rue Traktir.
 Le Petit Durand—Corner Avenue Victor Hugo, and Rue du Dôme.
 Le Cheval Pie—Avenue Victor Emmanuel III.
 Le Cabaret—4 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III.
 L'Auberge du Père Louis—17 Rue de Ponthieu.
 Ledoyen—Carré des Champs-Élysées.
 Ambassadeurs—Carré des Champs-Élysées.
 Langer—Carré des Champs-Élysées.
 Laurent—Carré des Champs-Élysées.

MADELEINE

- Larue—27 Rue Royale—opposite Madeleine.
 Viel—8 Boulevard de la Madeleine, corner Rue Godot du Mauroy.
 Lucas—9 Place de la Madeleine.
 Prunier—9 Rue Duphot.
 Cigogne—17 Rue Duphot.
 Auberge de la Madeleine—41 Boissy d'Anglas.
 Au Grand Vatel—27 Rue St. Honoré.
 La Dame Blanche—6 Rue Chauveau-Lagarde.
 Weber's—21 Rue Royale, near corner Faubourg St. Honoré.
 Bernard—29 Place de la Madeleine.
 Ladurée (Sandwiches)—Rue Royale.
 La Petite Boîte—3 Rue de Castellane.
 Casenave—39 Rue Boissy-d'Anglas.

PLACE BEAUVAU

- Crémaillère—Place Beauvau.
 Au Petit Paillard—7 Rue de Duras.
 Comm' Chez Soi—Corner Rue Cambacérès and Rue Roquepine.

PLACE VENDÔME—OPÉRA

- Ritz—Place Vendôme and Rue Cambon.
 Hôtel Chatham—17 Rue Daunou.

Chez Philippe—10 Rue Daunou.
Ciro's—6 Rue Daunou.
Shevlin's—79 Rue des Petits-Champs.
Griffon—6 Rue d'Antin.
Café Universelle—Avenue de l'Opéra.
Pauline—5 Rue Villedo.
Drouant—18 Rue Gaillon.
Henry's—30 Rue St. Augustin.
Montagné—Rue de l'Echelle and Rue St. Honoré.
Voisin—261 Rue St. Honoré.
Hôtel Continental—Rue Castiglione and Rue de Rivoli.
Sherry's—6 Rue Castiglione and Rue de Rivoli.
Colombin—4 Rue Cambon.
La Maisonnnette—36 Rue Mont-Thabor.

BOULEVARD

Poccardi—11 Boulevard des Italiens.
Marguery—34 Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.
Sam's—3 Rue Taitbout.

MONTMARTRE

Ane Rouge—28 Avenue Trudaine.
Hôtellerie de la Biche—37 Rue Des Martyrs.
Ecrivisse—32 Avenue Trudaine.
Poule au Pôt—Square d'Anvers.
Marianne—72 Boulevard Clichy.
Auberge du Père Louis—7 Rue de la Boule-Rouge.
Auberge du Clou—30 Avenue Trudaine.

ILE ST. LOUIS AND ILE DE LA CITÉ

Rendezvous des Mariniers—Quai d'Anjou.
Auberge du Vert Galant—42 Quai des Orfèvres.

TERNES

Ramponneau—21 Avenue Marceau.
Pet-Non—77 Boulevard de Courcelles.
Manoir Topsy—64 Avenue des Ternes.
Grand Veneur—6 Rue Demours.

THE BOIS

Château de Madrid
 Armenonville
 L'Ermitage
 Pré-Catelan
 Pavillon Royal
 La Cascade
 Clos Normand
 Chalet de l'Île

LA VILLETTE

Dagorno's—190 Avenue Jean Jaurès.
 Le Cochon d'Or—194 Avenue Jean Jaurès.
 Au Armval—19 Rue de Pont de Flandre.

LEFT BANK

Café Voltaire—Place de l'Odéon.
 Foyot—33 Rue de Tournon.
 Grill Room Médicis—17 Rue de Médicis.
 À la Chope Latine—58 Boulevard St. Michel.
 Michaud—29 Rue des Sts. Pères.
 Des Trianons—5 Place de Rennes.
 Lavenue—at the Gare Montparnasse.
 Rôtisserie de la Périgourdine—2 Place St. Michel.
 Tour d'Argent—15 Quai de la Tournelle.
 Lapérouse—51 Quai des Grand-Augustins.

LES HALLES

Escargot—38 Rue Montorgueil.
 Jean Cornaton's—5 Rue du Jour.

IN THE VICINITY OF RAILROAD STATIONS

St. Lazare

Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédaque—6 Rue de la Pépinière.
 Fin Bec—7 Rue Roy.
 Chez Graff—Opposite the Gare.

Gare de L'est

Drouant—79 Boulevard de Strasbourg.

Gare de Lyon

Restaurant in Station

Montparnasse

Lavenue

Des Trianons

Gare du Nord

Labbé—69 Boulevard Magenta.

FOREIGN

Chinese

The Chinese Restaurant—11 bis Rue des Charmes.

Pascal—2 Rue de l'Ecole de Médecin.

American

Little Brown Jug—Carrefour de l'Odéon.

Butler's Pantry—17 Rue Jules-Chaplain.

Margaret Brown's Restaurant—115 Rue de la Convention.

Eliza-Lee's—130 Boulevard St. Germain.

Shevlin's—79 Rue des Petits-Champs.

Colombin—Corner Rue Cambon and Rue Mont-Thabor.

Italian

Poccardi's—11 Boulevard des Italiens.

Noël Peter's—24 Passage des Princes.

Franco-Italien—5 Avenue Matignon.

Russian

Le Caneton—3 Rue de la Bourse.

La Maisonnnette des Comédiens Russes—36 Rue Vivienne.

Orloff—73 Rue de Provence.

Aga—6 Rue Joubert.

Franco-Russian—54 bis Avenue Wagram.

Club de l'Alma—5 Place de l'Alma.

Le Coq D'or—13 Rue Malbran.

Prado—41 Avenue Wagram.

Aga—27 Rue de la Pompe.

Casanova—12 Avenue Rachel.

Scherezade—3 Rue de Liège.

La Maisonnnette—36 Rue Mont-Thabor.

Hermitage Russe—121 Boissy d'Anglas.

Grand Hermitage Moscovite—25 Rue Caumartin.

Restaurant Antoine—40 Rue Poncelet.

Martianitch—15 Rue Lemercier.

Norwegian

Strix—4 Rue Huyghens.

Vikings—29 Rue Vavin.

Czecho-Slovak

Chez Louis—9 Rue de La Surène.

Holland-Javanese

Au Neuvième Art—55 Rue Pigalle.

Portuguese

O'Duoro—4 Rue de Surène.

SUBURBS

<i>Town</i>	<i>Restaurant</i>
Pontchartrain	Moulin de Bichere
St. Germain	Pavillon Henri IV
Versailles	Hôtel des Réservoirs
	Trianon
	Brasserie Muller
St. Cloud	Pavillon Bleu
	Impérial
Ville d'Avray	Cabassud
	Père Auto
Sceaux	Robinson
Senlis	Hôtel du Pont Hardi
Cernay-la-Ville	Hôtel Avril
Rambouillet	Hôtel St. Hubert

TEA ROOMS

RIGHT BANK

Madeleine

Chez Fast—13 Rue Royale (Fortune Teller).

Colombin—41 Rue Cambon.

Ixe Tea Room—24 Rue Royale.

Ladurée—Rue Royale.

Rond-Point and Champs-Élysées

Les Merveilleuses—32 Champs-Élysées.

À La Marquise de Sévigné—1 Place Victor Hugo.

Laurent—Carré des Champs-Élysées.

Tierem Boyard—38 Rue de Berri.

Chiquito—38 Rue du Colisée (Thé Dansant-Diner).

Lido—78 Avenue des Champs-Élysées (Thé Dansant).

Sherry—Rond-Point.

Iran—7 Rue de Ponthieu (Musique Russe).

Sirdar—50 Champs-Élysées.

Rey—95 Avenue Victor Hugo.

Bœuf sur Le Toit—26 Rue de Penthièvre (Thé Dansant).

Oussadba Russe—84 Faubourg St. Honoré (Music).

Rue de Rivoli

Rumpelmayer's—226 Rue de Rivoli.

W. H. Smith's—248 Rue de Rivoli.

Récamier—24 Rue du Mont-Thabor.

Sherry—6 Rue de Castiglione.

Rivoli Tea Rooms—2 Rue de l'Echelle.

Masson—91 Rue de Rivoli (opp. Louvre Museum).

Maisonnette Russe—36 Rue du Mont-Thabor (Music).

LEFT BANK

Poiré et Blanche—196 Boulevard St. Germain.

Fermé la Nuit—41 Quai de l'Horloge.

La Rotonde—Boulevard du Montparnasse.

Lutétia—45 Boulevard Raspail.

CHAPTER XII

THAT PARIS COMPLEXION

THERE is one, no doubt! Not one, but many. But whether you will want to acquire a handsome new one is another matter! You can very easily, for even the American beauty parlors in Paris concentrate not only on cleansing the face with their usual American preparations and a superior technique, but also specialize in the matter of providing you with a charming new complexion. Some of the operators are artists and take your face seriously, blending new beauties into it with magic fingers. I have even known some who placed the perfection of art above business, and who would say quite frankly: "We have nothing in our preparations that will give you just the right effect on your eyelids. Go to X—— and buy some of their Y—— cream!"

More American women in Paris go to beauty parlors than in New York, probably because they are not so pressed for time. Perhaps, also, because the more perfect chic of the French woman convinces them that there is more to the success of a new gown than its selection. A new face to go with it gives life a new zest! Then, too, if you are traveling much, it may follow that you are neglecting your skin, exposing it to sun and winds, clogging the pores with dust. So that the most important thing after your arrival will be a visit to a beauty parlor.

If you speak no French you will probably prefer to go

to an American. There is Elizabeth Arden on the convenient corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue des Petits-Champs in the same building where Ganna Walska has her perfume shop. Originally English, Elizabeth Arden has succeeded very well in being cosmopolitan, and her shops in Paris, London, and New York reflect a fine organizing ability and exceptional supervision. The center in Paris is charming, the rooms where you relax for a facial being very pleasant places, simply done, with enough color and individuality to remove them from the too hygienic monotony of some beauty parlors. I want to recommend especially one operator, Lisa, who knows a great deal about facial manipulation and effective make-up and still more about human nature. She will not take you as a client if she does not like you! But having assumed the responsibility for your new Paris complexion, she will do marvels for you. This house has very practical cases, ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars for its products, the one at seven hundred francs being especially desirable. It carries also de luxe specialties—lingerie, jewelry, *négligés*, bags. You will pay rather well, which may not be a disadvantage if you want to save shopping time, or if you see something that you cannot resist. There is also a gymnasium where you can be taught just the right "set" of "setting-up" exercises, or lose the few extra pounds for which rich French sauces have been responsible.

Helena Rubinstein's Paris branch hasn't quite the charm of her really stunning New York house. This, incidentally, is an amazing institution, to the development of which Helena evidently gives her best effort. Her use of modern decorative ideas alone sets it apart from other houses. Mme. Rubinstein has worked wonders in the ten or more years she has been in business

and her Chicago, New York, London, and Paris salons tell a tale of astounding energy. She has many "old faithfuls" who swear by her rouge, her cream—in a word, her complexion.

Lina Cavaliere is much more personal in the supervision of her house on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. It is an extension of her deep interest in feminine beauty, an interest which would be quite natural for one herself so lovely. Mlle. Jeanne has always taken care of me, and my friends always "notice the difference."

Fanny Ward has a house of Perpetual Youth, which her own marvelous example advertises! I can tell you nothing of it from personal experience, but Fanny's ability to make the front page as an exponent of youth may persuade you to a trial.

One of the smartest Frenchwomen in Paris, whose face greets you often from the pages of *Vogue*, goes regularly once a week to Styptane, who combines facial treatment with a special neck and shoulder massage guaranteed to send the blood rushing about in a most healthy fashion. He works alone, no assistants, while his wife attends to the sale of accessories and products. He is not as much interested in giving you a grand complexion on the outside, as from the inside out.

A Russian woman, Dr. Payot, has perfected creams and lotions which have converted several of my friends. She worked in a small way at first, and now has an interesting establishment on the Rue Richempanse. She believes in the development of muscles by exercise, building beauty into your face not only by what she does for you, but what she teaches you to do for yourself with daily facial exercise. Her cases for products are very

practical and more attractive than many, having quite a chic.

A new complexion deserves a new haircut, or at least a really good shampoo and wave, which are difficult to get in Paris because the water is so hard. The French are gradually learning from American methods, and many parlors now advertise *eau douce*, soft water. However, their technique in the shampoo has not caught up to ours, although their cutting and waving are superior. Many Americans solve this problem by going to one of the American places for a shampoo, either the Ogilvie Sisters, Frances Fox, or the Harper Method, and then selecting a French house for the cut and wave.

Before going to a French house for the first time, you will want to know something of the "etiquette." As a rule, they do not try to sell you "special" shampoos as do American houses, but they will act very grieved usually if you don't take a "friction." This is part of the "art" of the coiffeur to them, and your preference for the smell of healthful tar soap will really hurt them. The "friction" is a perfumed alcoholic preparation especially for the hair and bears the trade-mark of one or the other of the leading perfumers, so you can select your favorite fragrance—Coty's, or Houbigant's *Quelques Fleurs*, etc. It is rubbed in while the hair is wet, and practically doubles the price of the shampoo. The alcohol base is rather drying, naturally, but the delicate odor resulting is very pleasant. You might try it once to see if you like it. If you don't, be stern about refusing it with a *pas de friction, s'il vous plait* even if the operator looks at you reproachfully. French hair-dressing parlors rarely have massage departments, only manicure.

The French barbers are superior, proved to you al-

ready by the prevalence of the Frenchman in the smart American hairdressing establishments. They work slowly and carefully, with a real valuation of your particular type. They have one bad habit, the use of the razor, which you can stop by the simple expression—*pas de rasoir, s'il vous plait, des ciseaux seulement*—which translated into Americanese is “Don’t touch my hair with the razor, if you please! Only with the scissors.” It is a most disagreeable sensation to have one’s hair thinned out, *effilé* the French would say, with a razor. The tipping of a coiffeur should be on a higher scale than most other French *pourboires*, twenty-five per cent being a good average, more if you are especially pleased and want to feel secure in the good graces of a particular coiffeur for the next time.

The house that comes first to your mind, of course, is that of Antoine, whose branch at Saks Fifth Avenue, may take care of you in New York. Antoine in Paris is an experience! The world and its neighbor gather there and truly rub elbows in the crowded shampoo room. You will never dare throw any stones after having lived an hour in this glass house. A roomful of strange-looking creatures, where the strangest-looking one on your left may prove to be the startlingly handsome woman who aroused furious envy in you last night at a dinner party. It is a grand advertisement of Antoine’s art, this “before and after” picture, but disconcerting and unpleasant to some more sensitive souls!

A little less publicity attends your wave or cut. No screens, however! No barriers! Sometimes you profit by the parade here, for you may observe an operator whose technique you prefer, or a smart wave in the process of evolution which gives you an idea. With these disadvantages of mass production still goes an

amazing lot of individuality if you get a sympathetic coiffeur. You will probably get more personal attention if you can say that X or Y of Saks takes care of you in New York. Antoine's prices are naturally the highest in town. It would be a rare thing to be served by Antoine himself, but if you are having your first cut or are particularly troubled about evaluating your beauty, he will give some very valuable suggestions. And Antoine himself remains a creator, in spite of the rather commercial organization he allows. So do some of his operators.

There are other French coiffeurs where you will have personal attention and artistic appreciation, and an opportunity to relax. One of the most restful houses is that of Delord et Bion which has thoroughly modernized its interior. The cool spaces of the marble and the simple lines are unusual and show the possibilities of this field for the modernist decorator.

The small house of Jénin on the Rue St. Honoré has many American clients. It always has good operators, Armand having done well by me for some time. They take very fine care of white hair and are noted for their *postiches*—transformations. A still smaller house boasting only two operators usually so that privacy and personal attention are assured is that of Jourliac on the Rue des Petits-Champs. This house gives a fine shampoo with soft water! So much care is given to every process that you want to allow plenty of time. If Camille shampoos you and Marcel sets your permanent or cuts and waves your hair, you need not worry about results. This house is also noted for transformations.

Other houses which my experience or that of my friends enables me to recommend are the following: Emil, Calou, Vincent, Desfossé.

BEAUTY PARLORS

- Elizabeth Arden—3 Rue de la Paix.
Lina Cavalieri—61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III.
Dr. Payot—12 Rue Richepanse.
Helena Rubinstein—52 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Styptane—140 Boulevard Haussmann.
Fanny Ward—Champs-Élysées.

COIFFEURS

- Antoine—5 Rue Cambon.
Calou—53 Boulevard Malesherbes.
Delord et Bion—65 Avenue Victor Hugo.
Desfossé—265 Rue St. Honoré.
Frances Fox—5 Rue Cambon.
Emile—400 Rue St. Honoré.
Weyler Crey (Harper Method)—3 Rue Tronchet.
Jénin—368 Rue St. Honoré.
Jourliac—99 Rue des Petits-Champs.
Massé—16 Rue Daunou.
Ogilvie—23 Rue de la Paix.
Vincent—Rue Tronchet.
Rue Royale.

CHAPTER XIII

CALL THE DOCTOR!

It will happen to you—some of you at least. You will wake up in the middle of the night in a pension where your meal-time French makes you feel very competent—you will wake up in the night with a nasty pain. Playfully skipping about your heart, perhaps. Or stabbing you uncomfortably in the region where you think your appendix may be. An entirely new pain with which you think you ought to get better acquainted. It happened to a perfectly healthy friend of mine this summer, one of those annoying people who have never been sick in their lives. She woke up in the middle of the night feeling something clutching at her heart. Resisting the idea that anything could disturb her well-functioning body, she lay until she knew that something must be done. The sleepy night porter stumbled into the room, answering the bell, and my friend tried to make him understand with her meal-time and taxi French what was the matter with her. It did not work, of course. Neither did the pocket dictionary do much good. Finally in desperation she asked for the telephone book and located the American hospital, having vaguely remembered that she had seen pictures of one in the *Times* rotogravure. Then she staggered down to the office, there being no telephone in the room, in the usual pension manner. At last she succeeded in getting the hospital after more than the usual number of misunderstandings with the operator, and broke down like a child when she heard a perfectly

good American voice at the other end of the wire. For she was a very sick woman, as was soon found out. They sent for her immediately after hearing the symptoms, and soon had her relaxed in a good American bed, with a home doctor presiding. She *was* very sick. Engines do break down sometimes! And she would have been in a serious condition by morning. She could not understand French well, so that a French doctor called by the pension would have been of little use in this emergency. French doctors, too, have never been educated to the fly-by-night habits of our physicians, so that getting hold of one in an emergency is a job for a healthy man!

In a situation where the emergency is less immediate, the problem is often serious. Another friend of mine was stricken with a recurrence of a chronic illness, the symptoms of which were familiar so that the anxiety was not great. We called an American friend to ask the name of a specialist in that disease. He told us of an American doctor, the best in Paris. We called him. His assistant came, a young Frenchman, probably very clever. But knowing very well what we wanted to tell him, and knowing French rather well, too, we struggled through a difficult hour. The words which you want in cases like this are rarely in small dictionaries. And the pointing which goes well in so many cases is a little indefinite when the trouble is in your insides! After the struggle was over the doctor gave us a prescription, neglecting to tell us that there was only one drug store near open at that time of night. It was almost midnight, not the best time to buy drugs in Paris, where there seems to be something like an eight-hour day in the drug business. Our taxi driver, through ignorance or self-interest, dashed madly about with us to different parts of the city, always arriving to find the shutters of a

pharmacie closed. Finally he found one which was open.

All this preamble to convince you that there are certain bits of emergency knowledge which are not in guide books, and which your helpful friends do not tell you when you are filling that address book with the names of dressmakers, milliners, and cheap little restaurants. So it may be important that you know that the American Hospital is at Neuilly, 63 Boulevard Victor Hugo, Telephone: Wagram 96:08, or Carnot 51:36, or Maillot 17:89. The best approach is by taxi, through the Porte Champerret, via Boulevard Bineau, and Boulevard Victor Hugo; or Porte des Ternes, and the Boulevard Victor Hugo direct; or Porte Maillot, Rue de Chartres, Avenue du Roule, Boulevard Victor Hugo. Paris drivers are not compelled to pass an examination on the suburbs of Paris, and may waste valuable time. It should take about thirty minutes from the center of Paris to the hospital.

The hospital has clinic hours from nine to twelve except Sundays and holidays, when you can consult the doctors as in an American clinic, without the disadvantages of the American system. A trip to the clinic before being admitted may save time and money. Speaking of clinics, the word—*clinique*—in French has an entirely different meaning. The *clinique* is the doctor's office, or the hospital in a private sense. Not in the sense of public treatment as we use it. So that when some one recommends that you go to Doctor B's *clinique*, do not think that you are being insulted, or believe that you will have a small bill. Any American citizen is eligible for hospital treatment at the American Hospital. The doctors are American, and the nurses are trained in an American training school. The prices are

from five dollars up for private rooms, two dollars for wards. Doctor Edmond L. Gros is at the head.

If you are traveling with children it is imperative that you know the addresses of good children's doctors, in case you do not want to go to the hospital. The following have been recommended by the American Hospital:

Dr. P. F. Armand-Delille—44 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

Dr. G. H. Hélie—1 Avenue St. Philibert—Auteuil 19:96.

Dr. R. Dax—10 Rue Marbeuf—Elysées 71:77.

You can be saved our experience if you know the location of drug stores where English is spoken, and of those which remain open in the evening or all night. The following list covers most of the centers in Paris, so that there will be one in it near your hotel (also telephone numbers).

Roberts—5 Rue de la Paix—Central 29:69.

H. H. Swan—12 Rue de Castiglione—Central 78:13.

A. H. Carteret—9 Rue des Pyramides (cor. Rue St. Honoré).

Guibert—62 Rue des Petits-Champs—Central 63:01.

Pharmacie de la Madeleine—3 Rue Chauveau la Garde—Gutenberg 39:75.

Scott's Drugstore—38 Rue du Mont-Thabor—Central 90:85.

Pharmacie T. Leclerc—10 Rue Vignon—Central 33:16.

English and American Pharmacy—6 Avenue Victor Hugo—Passy 92:54.

Pharmacie Anglaise—62 Avenue des Champs-Elysées—Elysées 22:52.

Pharmacie Internationale—71 Faubourg St. Honoré—Elysées 16:10.

Huchede—1 Rue de l'Odéon—Littre 07:12.

OPEN AT NIGHT

Beral et Cie (until 7:30)—194 Rue de Rivoli—Central 10:31.

Pharmacie Wagram (until midnight)—1 Avenue des Ternes.

Pharmacie Generale (until 1 A.M.)—6 Place des Ternes.

Grande Pharmacie de France (midnight)—13 Place du Havre
—Gutenberg 29:34.

Pharmacie Generale (*all night*)—178 Rue Montmartre—Gut-
enberg 50:22.
Pharmacie Centrale (*all night*)—50 Faubourg Montmartre—
Trudaine 08:14.
Pharmacie Universelle (12:30)—18 Rue Favart—Centrale
17:38.
Carteret (midnight)—9 Rue des Pyramides.
Hocque (midnight)—62 Rue des Petits-Champs.
Poussard (11:30 P.M.)—97 Boulevard St. Germain.
Delagrange (midnight)—114 Boulevard St. Germain.
Roger—117 Boulevard St. Germain.
Remy et Lecocq—6 Place Clichy.
Martin—204 Boulevard Raspail.
Boutroy (8 P.M.)—8 Rue de Passy.
Delachasse (8 P.M.)—14 Avenue Mozart.
Bourdon (8 P.M.)—155 Avenue Victor Hugo.
Thieulin (8 P.M.)—63 Rue de la Faisanderie.
Stouls (8 P.M.)—156 Avenue Victor Hugo.

You can find almost any well-known American prod-
uct at the larger drug stores specializing in them and
in American conversation. These will all sound very
familiar to you, and possibly very comforting some
day.

Lavoris		Chiclets
Sloan's Liniment		Antiphlogistine
Colgate's, Woodbury's,		Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Daggett & Rams-		Harriet Hubbard Ayres'
dell's, Squibbs', Wil-	} everything	(everything)
liams'		
Horlick's Malted Milk		Odorono
Hinds' Honey and Al-		Dioxygen
mond Cream		Zonite
Frostilla		Vapo-Rub
Kleenex		Dr. West's Tooth Brushes
Eno's Fruit Salt		Prophylactic
Palmolive		Mentholatum
Johnson's First Aid		Life Savers
Mennen's		Bromo-Seltzer
		Castoria

and others

Sometimes you may find the French equivalents for the following Americanese useful to you:

Castor Oil—Huile de Ricin
Calomel—Calomel
Quinine—Quinine
Hot Water Bottle—Bouillotte
Enema Bag—Irrigateur
Aspirin—Aspirine
Peppermint—Alcool de Menthe
Bicarbonate of Soda—Bicarbonate de Soude
Peroxide—Eau Oxygénée à 12 volumes
Iodine—Iode (Teinture d'Iode)
Cotton—Coton Hydrophile
Bandages—Bandages

Before the war it was true that there were few good dentists in Paris, in Europe as a matter of fact, and that the few were American. Most "royal heads" were attended by Americans! But since the war the number has increased, so that it is now possible to get very good work done by any one of a number of men. In fact, some American business men of my acquaintance wait until they get to Paris to have their work done, arguing that they have more free time, and that it is easier to get appointments with good men. Incidentally it is usually cheaper. The following have been recommended by friends who have been well pleased:

Dr. Malcolm Goddard—128 Boulevard Haussmann.
Dr. Wilson—33 Boulevard Malesherbes.
Dr. Pinard—20 Rue de la Paix.
Dr. Valdis Blanco—12 Place Victor Hugo.
Dr. W. Rogers—45 Avenue des Ternes.
Dr. H. Orr—7 Rue Portalis.

You may prefer to have the best French doctor available for your particular disease if you speak the lan-

guage well. The following are specialists well known in Paris medical circles:

Children's Specialists

Dr. J. Cathala—64 Rue de Rennes—Passy 60:00.

Dr. Chabrun—36 Boulevard St. Germain.

General Practitioners and Diagnosticians

Dr. R. Robles—4 Rue Thiers—Passy 43:02.

Dr. L. Giroux—3 Rue St. Philippe du Roule—Elysées
19:90.

General Surgery

Dr. B. Cuneo—29 Boulevard de Courcelles—Laborde
20:79.

Dr. V. Pauchet—37 Avenue Charles-Floquet—Segur
44:70.

Dr. V. Delaunay—20 Rue de Madrid—Laborde 14:00.

Eye Specialist

Dr. Poulard—22 Avenue Friedland—Elysées 27:73.

Nose, Throat and Ear Specialists

Dr. Clément—37 Rue de Rome—Laborde 18:88.

Dr. Lemaître—120 Avenue Victor Hugo—Passy 41:62.

Gynecologists

Dr. Portes—141 Boulevard St. Michel—Gobelin 76:26.

Orthopedist

Dr. Lamy—6 Rue Puccini—Passy 53:13.

Kidney

Dr. di Chiara—91 Rue Jouffroy.

Nurses are best obtained by the doctor in charge or by the American Hospital. The American Women's Club has a very good information bureau which will prove a help for many emergencies.

If you are fortunate enough not to be ill yourself, you may have to visit a sick friend in the hospital. It may be a convenience to know the addresses of some good flower shops on the way, as there are none near the hospital at Neuilly.

Lemaître—128 Boulevard Haussmann.
A. Brunet—62 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Chouin—99 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Ménard—73 Avenue Victor Emmanuel.
Guichot—221 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Chevreton—11 Avenue des Ternes.
Lachaume—10 Rue Royale.
Ruffier—7 Rue Scribe.
Housseau—172 Boulevard Haussmann.
Debrie-Million—12 Rue des Capucines.

Lachaume, Debrie-Million, and Ruffier are de luxe shops where you can find rare and precious flowers out of season. Their baskets have the beauty of a "still life." Most of these shops can be passed easily on your way to the hospital if you instruct your taxi driver before you start. Speaking of taxis, it is well to suggest that you have your man wait, as it is difficult to get a return car. You have to pay the driver extra for the trip back to the gates anyway according to the laws of the city, so it is almost as cheap and much more convenient to have him wait for you. If you do not want to go by taxi, Tram No. 35 from the Madeleine will take you within two blocks of the hospital if you get off at Boulevard du Château. You then turn to your right.

It will be a joy to see the fruit at Dupont-Barbiers, 3-7 Rue Gomboust, or at Auge, 118 Boulevard Haussmann. Half the peaches on the tree must have been thrown out in selecting those few lovely things lying for all the world like jewels in cotton. Those luscious wood-strawberries nestling in green leaves would tempt the most difficult appetite. The prices may shock you, for this is rare and choice fruit that you see, but for a friend sick, and away from home, nothing could be a happier choice. If jams or jellies seem a good idea, go to any of the Potin stores; or to Land and Company,

9 Avenue Victor Hugo; or La Montagne, 5 Rue Presbourg, which carry Cross and Blackwell products. Sometimes a simple American "delicacy" like shredded wheat or peanut butter will make a hit! Land and Company, as well as Bureau, 12 Rue de Sèze, carry the more popular American products. Land also has a store on the left bank, at 59 Boulevard Raspail. Wine or brandy may seem the perfect gift for another friend. Prunier, Potin, and Nicolet carry good stocks, not too rare vintages, but very good. Bodega, 1 Rue Castiglione, has liqueurs with intriguing names. The famous macaroons of Nancy make a delicate and unique offering, and may be bought at Delhomme's, 51 Chaussée d'Antin. In addition to the Potin stores, those of Damoy, Couté, and that of Corcellet will furnish you with the more important products of the different provinces of France if you are gourmet enough to seek them. Corcellet is over a hundred years old, an institution of Paris by now. Some day I shall expect the French Academy to make it an award for faithful service to the gourmets of France, as it once did, to my astonishment, to an old servant for faithful service to her master for a lot of years—I have forgotten how many!

If the invalid is safely convalescent, perhaps candy or cakes will be allowed, which will make shopping a pleasure. Selecting French pastry is as much fun as buying a French gown. For confectionery try any of the following:

La Marquise de Sévigné—11 Boulevard de la Madeleine.

1 Place Victor Hugo.

47 Rue de Sèvres.

Fourey-Galland—124 Faubourg St. Honoré.

3 Avenue Victor Hugo.

Merveilleuses—32 Avenue de Champs-Élysées.

Foucher—12 Rue du Bac.

17 Avenue Victor Hugo.

7 Rue de la Boétie.

Fouquet (glacé nuts)—36 Rue Laffitte.

Debauve et Gallais—30 Rue des Sts. Pères.

126 Rue du Bac.

Pihan—4 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Cakes—dozens of places! Perhaps a few will be less confusing.

Latinville—3 Rue de la Boétie.

Poiré et Blanche—196 Boulevard St. Germain.

Rumpelmayer—226 Rue de Rivoli.

Rey—95 Avenue Victor Hugo.

3 Rue Chaillot.

Aux Delicés—39 Avenue de Villiers.

Boissier—7 Boulevard des Capucines.

93 Avenue Malakoff.

Rebattet—121 Faubourg St. Honoré.

For the Americans who must remain one hundred per cent there is always Sherry's—on the Rue Castiglione opposite the Hôtel Continental, or at the Rond-Point next to Lanvin's fur shop. Don't forget that you can buy bottled coffee here, a thoughtful present for an invalid or a traveler who cannot grow fond of Continental coffee. They will also pack American ice-cream for you. Another unusual gift is the delicious sandwiches which you can buy at Ladurée's, on the Rue Royale near the corner of Faubourg St. Honoré.

Books, newspapers, magazines—the invalid will have plenty of time to read where the healthy traveler usually prefers other distractions! There are three American newspapers in Paris—the New York *Herald*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the Paris *Times*. Small-town, chatty papers with the United States of America as the small town. Specializing in items like—"Mr. and Mrs.

X.Y.Z. entertained at luncheon at the Ritz, having as their guests''; recording the Americans registering at their offices; giving news of shops, amusements, trips, etc., interesting to Americans; telling the news of the settled Paris Americans, left and right bank. You can buy the papers at your hotel usually, at the bookshops where there are American publications, and at the kiosks, those bill-plastered stands on street corners. Especially the kiosks on corners popular with Americans, such as Rue Royale and Faubourg St. Honoré and one in front of the Café de la Paix. Look for the French magazines and papers here too, and don't miss the *La Semaine à Paris*, published every Thursday in French or English, an invaluable little book full of information about movies, concerts, restaurants, etc. American and English periodicals are found at the bookshops and often at the French shops in the quarters most frequented by Americans.

W. H. Smith & Sons—248 Rue de Rivoli.
 Brentano's—37 Avenue de l'Opéra.
 Sylvia Beach's—12 Rue de l'Odéon.
 Galignani—224 Rue de Rivoli.

The browsing centers for booklovers, cosmopolitan ones, are the shops listed above, and

Francia—8 Rue Castiglione.
 Terquem—1 Rue Scribe.
 Emile Paul—Place Beauvau.
 Fast's—Rue Royale.
 Flammarion's—Boulevard des Italiens.
 36 Avenue de l'Opéra.
 59 Avenue Victor Hugo.
 Coffin—80 Rue St. Lazare.
 Livre Moderne—Arcades des Champs-Élysées.
 Librairie Gallimard and others on the Boulevards
 Raspail, St. Michel, and St. Germain.

A word here about stationery may be out of place, but helpful. The bookstores carry it, the department stores have miles of it, and the little stationery shops all over Paris offer you gay and dignified selections. What we call a tablet the French call a *bloc*, and give a more honorable place in their scheme of things. This paper, with matching envelopes charmingly lined, satisfies most needs. The little sheets of single notepaper, with perforated edges, which you fold and seal along the sides, are typically French, and serve for *pneumatiques* and other little notes. The *pneumatique* takes the place of telephone and telegram in Paris. You mail it in any post office, in a special slot. Within two hours it is supposed to be at its destination, having been shot through miles of tubes, and then delivered by hand. The de luxe French papers are charming, as you know. You will find the "latest" in stationery at

Cassegrain—422 Rue St. Honoré

Langlois-Chartier—105 Faubourg St. Honoré

at the bookshops which carry English books, and at many smaller stationery shops which you may discover in the course of more serious shopping.

Chalmette—17 Boulevard Malesherbes

Guillot—99 Rue des Petits-Champs

are to be recommended for fine engraving, and Cassegrain for conventionally lovely Christmas cards. *Chez Fortin*, 59 Rue des Petits-Champs, you will find everything to feed your typewriter—carbon, paper, etc. *Flandré*, 26 Faubourg St. Honoré, is a convenient shop to pick up address books, notebooks, pencils.

To come back to the subject of health and comfort again—taxis are cheap in Paris, and still French shoes

may do terrible things to your feet. The following chiropodist was recommended to me by the man whom I inherited from my grandmother in New York:

F. E. Waegali—31 Rue Boissy d'Anglas.

Although Dr. Waegali is Swiss, most of the chiropodists in Paris seem to be Chinese. Just why this race turned to laundry work in America and chiropody in Paris might prove an interesting sociological question. I can recommend one especially in a central location. You will see his shop as you go up to Mary Nowitzky's, at 82 Rue des Petits-Champs, ground floor.

Meyrowitz, 5 Rue Castiglione, is recommended for the emergency of broken glasses.

The following have been recommended to me at one time or another as very good masseuses:

Marguerite McCormack—97 Rue de la Pompe.

Mlle. Miller—183 Boulevard Péreire.

There are baths and baths in Paris: the kind that you take the morning after your first experience with too much champagne, the kind you take when you want to look a little smarter in your new Paquin gown, and the kind that you take just for fun. There is an especially effective method of reducing by baths used by Orcier, 8 Rue Roquepine, tried by many of the smart women of Paris. Recommended because it conveniently allows you to reduce in just the one place where you want to look more sylphlike, leaving you quite the same everywhere else. The method has something to do with a violent play of water from a hose on that part of your anatomy which you want more proportionate. We have heard that after particularly violent "baths" certain smart

women have appeared muffled in evening coats, clinging to them all the evening. But after the temporary tattoo of black and blue has disappeared the results are vouched for. It can be regulated also as the proprietor does not care to beat you up even if you do want quick results. The point is that it does seem to work and has been working for some years now although so many other methods have developed. Other baths are the Hamman, corner Rue Auber and Rue Mathurins, where you can indulge in almost any kind, and have at the same time the services of a hairdresser, a chiropodist or a bartender! If you want to swim you will find many of your friends at Claridge's, which seems a long way from where we started, but perhaps not so far after all. Or at the Lido next door where, instead of a Thé Dansant, you will find a Swim Dansant in progress!

CHAPTER XIV,

MISCELLANEOUS

Artists' Materials

Left Bank

Paris American Art Co.—2 Rue Bonaparte; 125 Boulevard Montparnasse.

Right Bank

Thominet—100 Avenue Victor Hugo.

Dupré—141 Faubourg St. Honoré.

Automobiles—Rental

M. Lareau—Hôtel de France—41 Rue Lauriston.

Town & Touring—55 Rue Chaptal Levallois-Perret.

Count Leo Keyserling—34 Rue de Moscou.

M. Varnusson—83 Avenue Bosquet (with chauffeur or “drive yourself”).

Book Binders

Caffin (20-30 francs)—80 Rue St. Lazare.

Barast—36 Rue des Petits-Champs.

Terquem (expensive)—Avenue de l'Opéra.

Modern

Pierre Legrain.

Germaine Schroeder

Madeleine Gras

Geneviève de Léotard

Rose Adler

Cleaners

Germaine—11 Rue de Surène.

Hallu, Camille—15 Avenue de Segur; 1 Rue d'Argesson;
27 Rue de Bourgogne; 46 Avenue Marceau; 80 Rue de
Passy; 82 Rue des Petits-Champs; 15 Rue de Rivoli;
101 Rue de Seine; 19 Rue de Strasbourg; 16 Rue de
Vignon; 203 bis Boulevard St. Germain.

Parfait (pupil Pouyane, most delicate work)—57 Boulevard Haussmann.

Perrot—37 bis Rue Ponthieu.

Petit Didier—43 Boulevard Haussmann.

Pouyane (considered best in Paris)—16 Avenue Georges V.

Phonograph Records

Right Bank

Durand—4 Place de la Madeleine.

Albert Reich—Place de la Madeleine (two steps from Cook's).

Salabert—35 Boulevard des Capucines (new shop in Avenue Victor Hugo).

Nove-Phone—Salle Pleyel, Faubourg St. Honoré.

Disco—40 Rue de la Boétie.

Salabert—11 Arcade des Champs-Élysées.

Gramophone—18 Boulevard Haussmann; 6 Rue Edouard VII.

Left Bank

Roudanez—9 Rue de Médicis.

La Boîte à Musique—133 Boulevard Raspail.

Kiosks for Papers

Corner Rue Royale and Faubourg St. Honoré (open until midnight).

At beginning of Boulevards, opposite Madeleine (open until midnight. Practically all American magazines).

Pawn Shops

Official-Crédit municipale-centrale administration

53 Rue des Francs-Bourg.; 15 Rue Renard; 28 Rue Servan; 31 Rue Capron; 17 Rue Vienne; 25 Rue Milton; 50 Rue de Malte; 49 Rue de Lyon; 63 Rue de Provence; 19 Rue Brey; 2 Rue de la Jussienne; 26 Boulevard Port Royal; 196 Rue de Vaugirard.

[*Recommended for "buying"—not necessarily for pawning!*]

DATES OF SALONS, FAIRS, EXPOSITIONS, ETC.

Artistic Salons

Salon des Artistes Français—Grand Palais—April 30 and May.

Salon de la Société Nationale des Beaux Arts—Grand Palais—May 1–June 30.

Salon des Artistes Décorateurs—Grand Palais—May 8–July 8.

Salon d'Automne—Grand Palais—October 25–December 5.

- Salon des Independents—Grand Palais—February.
 Salon des Tuileries—Formerly held at Porte Maillot. To
 be announced this year by poster.
 Salon des Humoristes—64 Rue de la Boétie—April-May.
 Salon d'Hiver—Grand Palais—February-March.
 Salon de l'Ecole Française—Grand Palais—February-
 March.
 Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs—Grand Palais
 —January-February.

Industrial Fairs

- Salon Ménager (household appliances)—Porte de Ver-
 sailles—March 15.
 Foire de Paris (products of Paris factories)—Porte de
 Versailles—May 1-8.
 Semaine de Cuir (leather)—Porte de Versailles—Septem-
 ber 28.
 Concours Lepine (inventors') Salon—Porte de Versailles
 —April or June.

Expositions of Technical or Popular Interest

- Salon d'Automobile—Grand Palais—October 15-December
 5.
 Salon Maritime—Grand Palais—November 15-December
 15.
 Salon Hippique—Grand Palais—End of March.
 Salon Horticulture—Cours la Reine—Chrysanthemums—
 2nd week October; Roses—1st week May.
 Salon d'Aviation—Grand Palais—July—every two years.

Street Fairs

- Foire des Croûtes (paintings) Place du Tertre—every
 month.
 Marché aux Puces—Porte Clignancourt—Saturday ex-
 tending through Sunday; Porte Montmartre and Porte
 St. Ouen—Monday.
 Foire au Jambon (ham fair)—Porte Italie, extending to
 Bicêtre, a southern suburb of Paris, Boulevard Richard
 Lenoir to Bastille—one month before Easter.
 Foire aux Pains d'Epices (gingerbread fair)—Place de la
 Nation to Porte de Vincennes—Easter.
 Foire à la Ferrail (iron)—Boulevard Richard Lenoir to
 Canal St. Martin—Easter; Boulevard Sébastopol—De-
 cember.

Marché aux Fleurs (flower market)—Madeleine—Tuesday and Friday; Quai aux Fleurs—Wednesday and Friday.

Marché aux Oiseaux—Rue de Lutèce, Quai de la Cité—Thursday and Sunday.

Marché aux Timbres (stamp market)—Corner Avenue Marigny and Champs-Élysées—Thursday and Sunday afternoon.

Marché aux Perles (diamonds, etc.)—Rue Cadet at the everyday Bourse.

Marché aux Chats—see under animals.

Food Fairs

Foire Gastronomique de Dijon—November 3-19.

Salon de la Gastronomie at Luna Park, Paris—December 7-30.

Animals

Exposition Canine—Terrasse des Tuileries—May.

Exposition of Cat Club of France—January 2.

Public Sale of Cats and Dogs held by the city (Fourrière Rue de Danzig)—Tuesday and Friday at 2:30.

Marché aux Chats—Rue de Lutèce and Place de la Cité—Thursday and Sunday.

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A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS

*M. Thérèse & Louise
Bonney*



